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A QUAKER ADVENTURE



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THE "MAISON MATERNELLE DE LA MARNE" AT CHALONS, BUILT AND GIVEN BY THE FRIENDS

A QUAKER ADVENTURE

THE STORY OF NINE YEARS'
RELIEF AND RECONSTRUCTION

BY

A. RUTH FRY

HONORARY GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE FRIENDS' WAR
VICTIMS' RELIEF COMMITTEE, 1914-23
(LATER FRIENDS' EMERGENCY AND WAR VICTIMS'
RELIEF COMMITTEE)

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
THE RIGHT HON.
VISCOUNT CECIL OF CHELWOOD



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TO
A BAND OF ADVENTURERS ON UNCHARTED SEAS
OF MANKIND'S GOODWILL
WHO SHARED THE DIFFICULTIES, THE LESSONS AND
THE HAPPINESS
OF THE
FRIENDS' WAR VICTIMS' RELIEF
AND TO THOSE FRIENDS
KNOWN AND UNKNOWN
WHO HAD FAITH IN THIS LIVING CHANNEL
OF THEIR GOODWILL
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

"People are always expecting to get peace in heaven ; but you know whatever peace they get there will be ready-made. Whatever of making peace they can be blest for, must be on the earth here."—RUSKIN.

"‘My neighbour, or my servant, or my child, has done me an injury, and it is just that he should suffer an injury in return.’ Such is the doctrine which Jesus Christ summoned his whole resources of persuasion to oppose. ‘Love your enemies, bless those that curse you.’ Such, he says, is the practice of God, and such must ye imitate if ye would be the children of God.”—SHELLEY.

INTRODUCTION

BY VISCOUNT CECIL OF CHELWOOD

WHEN the war broke out Quakers were divided in opinion. Some held that in the special circumstances they were entitled to join the Army. Others took on Red Cross or ambulance work in the field. Others, again, believing that any direct participation in the war itself was wrong, felt a great call to devote themselves to the alleviation of the suffering which the war brought to the civilian population. Perhaps this last section were not sorry to be able thus to prove that their objection to war was really conscientious and not a mere cloak for shirking or cowardice. For this book, which is the record of the Quaker relief work during and after the war, shows that those who did it were prepared to face discomfort, hardship, danger, disease and death itself. Indeed, though little is said directly about it, the courage and endurance of the workers stand clearly out, not in exceptionally gifted persons, but in all. Heroism was the normal thing. The more unpopular, the more repellent, the more dangerous a piece of work, the greater the call to do it was felt to be by this devoted band.

But heroism was not enough. To mitigate the human suffering involved by the war was often a complicated and difficult job. Mere distribution of money or even food and clothing would not have met the case. The French or Belgian occupier of a cottage or farm in the devastated districts, the homeless refugees in Serbia, in Russia, in Poland, or later

on, the starving masses in Vienna, in Hungary, or in Germany, had to be helped in a thousand different ways. True they all required food. But they wanted not less, clothing, warmth, houses, medical assistance, work and many other things, none of which, not even food, were obtainable in most cases by money alone. So that even their material needs could only be supplied by careful planning and organisation, accompanied usually by exhausting toil.

And the Quakers never lost sight of the truth that in the direst extremities man does not live by bread alone. The recipients of their ministration had to be helped by the Friends to recover hope, faith, charity. They had to be taught again belief in virtue, the dignity of labour, the beauty of service. And the lesson was imparted not so much by preaching as by example. The teaching of the Gospels was sought to be put into practice quite literally, and without any of those soothing modifications and explanations by which most Christians interpret it. The hungry were fed, the naked were clothed, the sick were visited, the prisoners were ministered unto, not for any elaborate reason, but just because they were utterly miserable and needed help.

Similarly, the law of love was carried out in its simplest form. When the Friends first established a children's home near Berlin, there was much lawlessness. The house was attacked and the criminals were driven off by a friendly major with a pistol. Next day "the Friends decided that their home could not be protected by fire-arms; a letter was inserted in the papers explaining the Quaker point of view and appealing to the good in everyone to help to bring back health, safety and happiness into the lives of the children cared for." It was announced that no fire-arms would be allowed on the premises, the major and other authorities were persuaded not to give further armed help. Thenceforward the home was not molested.

Nor is this an isolated instance. The Friends were, as always, absolutely consistent, and though they suffered from disease and hardship, they seem, even in a war-torn world, to have been free from violence. Certainly, in their case, Charity bore all things, believed all things, hoped all things, endured all things. And it never failed.

Readers of these pages may find here and there propositions with which they disagree. They may feel that at times the Friends, anxious to see the best in all men, have a less severe standard for our enemies than they have for ourselves and our allies. And yet few candid critics will have any confidence in pitting their judgment against that of those who have given so many proofs of sincerity and single-mindedness. Who can feel sure that he has justice on his side if he differ from men and women who have so often hazarded their lives for the truth's sake? The passions of war are bad counsellors. Miss Fry records that the Quakers were only allowed to carry on their work of mercy in France upon the terms that they did not utilise the opportunity so given for pacifist propaganda. In doubt how far this prohibition might extend, they asked whether they were forbidden to read a chapter of the New Testament to the sick in hospital, and "received the interesting reply, after careful thought, that some of that book might be very dangerous"! This is an illuminating story. It should make us very cautious in condemning even the least acceptable opinions of those who have been through the experiences recorded in this book. Let us rather rejoice that humanity can still show such devotion and self-sacrifice, and in contemplating this wonderful story, let us thank God and take courage.

CECIL.

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PREFACE

AT the outbreak of war in August, 1914, the Society of Friends gave earnest consideration to the policy to be pursued. There were precedents for active relief work, of which the chief one was that of the Franco-German war of 1870, when about £160,000 were raised for the relief of the non-combatants, and administered by volunteers who distributed clothing, food and seeds. The story cannot be told here, but it may be mentioned that the Committee was known as the Friends' War Victims' Relief Committee, and that a black and red double star was used as a badge to distinguish its workers and its goods. It is believed that this badge was invented by Joseph Beck, brother of Ernest Beck, Secretary to the Committee, on a suggestion that, following the precedent of the newly founded Red Cross, some symbol should be used for identification ; but as far as can be found out this had no mystic meaning.

When, therefore, Dr. Hilda Clark and T. Edmund Harvey brought forward to the September meeting (1914) of the Executive body of the Friends (known as the Meeting for Sufferings) their "concern" that work for civilians in the war area should be undertaken, it was natural that the Committee founded to carry out this work should revive the name of the previous Committee, and very shortly afterwards adopt the star. In consequence this badge has become known far and wide in Europe and has over and over again proved an "open sesame" which has most materially aided the work.

From this decision to help the civilian sufferers by the war has developed a movement of totally unexpected dimen-

sions, which has functioned in at least nine European countries, and lasted for over nine years. The number of people affected cannot be estimated, but it is more probably millions than thousands. About 1070 English and 780 American workers have taken part in it, and about 270 in the London Office and Warehouse. The number of those who have given occasional help, including all the devoted people who made clothing to send abroad—an invaluable work—is quite impossible to reckon. Over 20,000 people subscribed to the funds.

In this book I have attempted, perhaps, the impossible. I have desired to make a record, accurate, though necessarily incomplete, of this relief work, which shall be of interest both to the very many people who have had some share in it, and to those to whom the story is new. I feel some apology is due for introducing personal experiences, but in this way I believe it is easier to make a vivid picture, and with that in view I have taken the licence so to do. Perhaps an apology, too, is necessary for introducing passages which may seem like praise of our Society. In answer to which I would explain that this work has not been limited to Quakers; that their name has naturally been seized upon as the originators, but that, where thanks are given to them, it is really to the ideas for which they stand, and which they have in common with many outside the Society. In seeking to explain the practical working out of these principles, it has been necessary to tell of the response with which they have met.

Knowing that some readers will be more interested in one country than another, I have tried to make the story of each complete. The problems encountered in all the nine countries dealt with fall into very similar categories. Roughly they may be grouped into :

- (1) Result of destruction (of houses and property) by invading armies.
- (2) Refugees exiled by invasion of their homes.
- (3) Epidemics and other damage to health through starvation, overcrowding and other war hardships.

This record tells of the attempts made to remedy these sufferings, wherever possible by truly remedial measures and not mere palliatives.

Before dealing with the work itself it may be well to answer the obvious question: What was the motive underlying it and whence did it draw its inspiration? Very briefly I will endeavour to set down the philosophy of life of those responsible for it.

The testimony against all war, which is well known as a Quaker tenet, is not a mere isolated, negative one. It springs from our belief in the potentiality of the divine in all men—the Inner Light, as we call it, which is in every man, however hidden and darkened it may be. It follows that our duty is to move among our fellow-men, kindling their highest nature by the fire in our own souls. Love is a force which burns up the bad in other people. Hatred and violence only feed the flame of evil. The magic of generosity is too often left out of life to the immense detriment of both sides. Not till we realise the spiritual significance of all matter rightly used, shall we truly make our whole life religious, or understand the wonderful richness of life here and now. Earth can sometimes come very near to heaven. If we are honest with ourselves we shall admit the great gamut of change between our best and our worst selves, determined only too often by outward conditions and by what is expected of us by those amongst whom we live. Friendliness and love in us kindle their like in others, and it is therefore our privilege to use them in our dealings with all our fellow human beings.

If this be true of personal relations, we believe it to be true equally of civic and international ones, and that in so far as they are on a much larger scale, they are more delicate and more important, and that they need raising not merely to a moderate standard, but to the very highest. Instead of fear and the seeking of security by material means, we believe that nations need to trust everything to the positive forces of goodwill. If friendship and whole-hearted

generosity were tried, would they not work miracles as they do between individuals ?

Turning to the actual subject of war which, after all, is only the active stage of a state of mind which is but too often found in peace-time, it will be seen that the belief mentioned above, in the inherent divine power in man, must be to many minds conclusive proof that it is impossible to take human life without wrong-doing. It is not alone the cruelty of war to which we object, it is that obscuring of the positive spirit of love which is necessary to man's highest development.

And further, the question meets us, has the practice of force between nations worked ? Is it effective and justified by results ? And it is perhaps here that our relief work has given us an experience which is valuable, for it is difficult to believe that an honest thinker, who has seen the after-effects of war in its intimate results on the lives of nations as our workers have seen it, can justify it from its success. Not only do I allude to the futility of the material destruction, the impoverishment of country after country and the utterly incalculable human suffering. Even more insidious and more productive of evil is the letting loose of hatred and all evil passions, which poison the lives of numberless people. In brief, violence is not effective in producing good results, peace is not the result of war.

What after all, would be the result of an inversion of the cases ? If we can imagine a world in which war had not been invented, in which the idea of the application of force to determine differences and to obtain the desires of one side had not been discovered, what would be the reception of an advocate of war who should come to such a world ? He would describe, with enthusiasm doubtless, the immense power which could be wielded by a strong nation against a weak one. If he described with truth the physical and spiritual condition, such as has been produced in Europe since the Great War, is it easy to think that he would win converts to his scheme ?

Believing, therefore, that ideas are the only victors whose conquests endure, and seeing the vision of the possibility of the family of nations being held together by the power of love rather than driven asunder by the disruptive power of force, we desire ardently to live out this faith in our daily lives. The first step to any accomplishment is to visualise it—to see it by the mind's eye—and just as a battleship must be conceived in the mind before it is built, so must the warless world. That vision has been given to us and we need to share it with others. The war inspired men with a passion for co-operative destruction. Christianity should inspire us with a passion for building a new world, and a demonstration that obedience to Christ's spiritual laws is essential to the continuance of the best in civilisation.

When the war broke out, a great challenge came to everyone. Friends answered the call in various ways. The very essence of the Society is individual responsibility and each person's response must follow the dictates of his conscience. On the one hand, there were those who found no chasm between their views and those of the majority of their fellow-countrymen, and who were able to throw their energies into the prosecution of the war at home or abroad. On the other hand were those who felt the call to absolute resistance, and who, if they were men of military age, followed the example of the Quakers of early days in suffering imprisonment at the hands of their own Government, thus giving unequivocal testimony to the earnestness of their belief. Some of these men patiently suffered the ignominy and the isolation of such imprisonment for as long as three years.

But before Conscription had called for any such decision there was an intermediate group, united to both extremes by thinkers of all shades of opinion, who maintained that the exceptional circumstances called for a new expression of their belief, a constructive effort to remedy the state of things which they found around them, caused as they felt by wrong beliefs, wrong principles and wrong actions. The

war was a fact, no efforts of theirs had availed to prevent it, but the very principles on which their objection to war was founded could be lived out even amidst the clash of arms.

Here again there were different forms of expression. One group found its scope in aid to the wounded under the Friends' Ambulance Unit: another concerned itself with help to so-called enemy aliens in this country, through the Friends' Emergency Committee, whilst the third, as will be shown here, sought to carry a message of help and friendship to the numberless sufferers from the war in foreign countries, entirely irrespective of race, politics or religion. This work was a direct outcome of the religious beliefs, briefly outlined above, and was an effort to give a positive expression of our faith in God and belief in mankind.

How far these last were right in their theories, and how far they have been successful in carrying them out, the reader of this book will judge for himself. I would only add that I believe the great majority of those who have taken part in the work would agree with me that to do so has been an immense privilege. It has given us great happiness despite the awful suffering with which it has brought us into contact. Because we have been seeking to help; because with wonderful fellowship we have been finding friends everywhere; because we have been trying to unify our actions with our deepest beliefs, and because we believe that we have been led by God in a most wonderful way, and our efforts blessed in trying to reach the highest, unattainable goal, we have been at peace and have known deep happiness. Our experiences have made many of us know the great truths of religion with a certainty not reached before.

A few words must be said about the background of the work at home, the machinery of organisation from which emanated the work abroad. When the first group of workers left for France in 1914, there was left behind a committee and one voluntary worker in the office. From these simple beginnings a somewhat large and elaborate organisation gradually evolved. More office workers were very soon

required, and during the war these were to a large extent conscientious objectors who had obtained exemption (in the days of tribunals) to take part in the work, but for reasons of health or suitability were at work at home instead of abroad. Or perhaps they were men to whom tribunals had given no exemption and had left them liable to arrest as deserters. Such people were in a very unenviable position. The expectation of arrest hung over them night and day, a strain on the nerves of the strongest, and at the same time it was illegal to employ them. They were, however, only too glad to give their help to the Committee. The difficulties of office work under war conditions were thus increased by never knowing when a trusted colleague might disappear to prison.

Owing to the unusual circumstances these workers were drawn from all sorts and conditions of men, whose views on war inclined them to this special service. Amongst them were a brilliant mathematician, Fellow of a Cambridge College, a well-known town-planner, a journalist, afterwards Assistant Editor of one of the London dailies, a clergyman, business men, etc. After the Armistice the office workers were less exclusively men, and a staff of between fifty and sixty was occupied at the time of maximum activity. Their duties were very varied. Perhaps first and foremost was that of collecting the money, without which the work could not be carried on, and some idea of this task will be given by stating that about one and a half million pounds went through the London books. This does not include nearly all that was administered by the field units, as all but a very small part of the American Committee's contributions went direct to the fields, and very considerable gifts of money and goods from other organisations, such as the American Red Cross and the Vienna Emergency Fund were treated in the same way. At the time of the Treasury Grant, which gave to approved societies £1 for every £1 collected for certain countries, the Committee received about £24,000 *per mensem* in this way. The London overhead expenses

amounted on an average of all the years, to between 4 per cent and 5 per cent.

A warehouse in London dealt with the gifts of goods—largely clothing and food—which, to about the value of half a million pounds, were received, baled and forwarded to the different fields. This difficult, tedious and essential work owed a very great deal to the devotion of Ethel M. Ashby, Alfred Littleboy¹ and later of Reginald C. Price.

In order to spread information and appeals for the work, a special department in the office dealt with publicity, receiving information from the workers abroad and preparing it for use in this country. Very numerous lectures on the work were arranged, sometimes as many as four or six a day, often with lantern slides, and in 1923 a film was taken of the activities of the Mission abroad, which was widely shown. The Editor of "The Manchester Guardian" organised on two occasions appeals through his paper on behalf of our funds, which were extremely helpful.

Another department dealt with purchasing the curious assortment of goods required abroad, as well as the equipment of the workers. During the war this was no easy matter, but already we have forgotten how great were the restrictions when it was almost impossible to procure such a thing as a bicycle, and cloth for the workers' uniforms had to be ordered months ahead. When the purchases amounted to many thousands of pounds' worth every month, great discretion was needed if the best value for the money was to be obtained. When the goods were purchased they had to be shipped, and this matter also presented grave difficulties owing to war conditions, as well as to ice, in the case of famine supplies for Russia. Shipping and railroad facilities were generously accorded to us from many sources.

Yet another department dealt with the passports and permits required by the workers and with their travelling arrangements. In war-time these presented great complications. For instance, in France each worker, besides a passport,

¹ Who died in 1920.

needed certificates from the French Red Cross (who were placed *in loco parentis* to our work by the French Government) as well as a "Carnet d'Etranger" if going into the war zone. This last was obtained from the military authorities, and was dependent upon their having the time to give to such unimportant matters, and upon everything going superlatively well. If, therefore, there was especial anxiety in the military mind, or if someone had thrown doubts on the advisability of allowing a group of pacifists, whose work was not that of destruction, so near to the fighting front, all *carnets* might be stopped. Suddenly, in London, we should be told that no more were to be issued, and anxious interviews with authorities everywhere would have to be undertaken, and the cloud would lift as suddenly as it came. Meanwhile, however, perhaps a nurse was urgently needed to relieve in an overworked hospital, or a relief worker to undertake some emergency work; but all efforts to send them out would be unavailing. It must frankly be admitted that there was a certain paradox in the position, and it is a testimony to the good hearts of the military authorities that they allowed these queer people, whose interests were not in fighting, but in relieving distress, to come and live within the "sacred" precincts of the war zone. But they did realise that ideas are very dangerous and permeate more than bullets, and in later times very strict regulations were in force against all "propaganda." Exactly what this included was not easy to ascertain, and an enquiry of the Permit Office in London as to whether reading a chapter of the New Testament to an old woman in hospital would come under this heading received the interesting reply, after careful thought, that some of that book might be very dangerous!

There were difficulties, too, in obtaining permission for workers to leave England. After it was recognised that conscientious objectors with tribunal exemption might have passports, it was suggested by the National Service Department that the work might be carried on exclusively by men.

Even the suggestion that this was not wholly suitable in the case of a maternity hospital was denied by a responsible official !

But we have gratefully to record much courtesy and helpfulness from innumerable offices of our own and other Governments, and in particular the privilege of free *visas* granted to us by all the countries worked in, as well as by some only passed through in transit. At the same time may be mentioned the grant of free travel, which personally I have experienced in five foreign countries, and which immensely reduced the expenses of the different units. From our own Government we received the great boon of leave to export practically everything with the simplest formalities, and the use of the army post to France and the diplomatic post to certain other countries.

To return to the London office. There was a large amount of work of the most divers kinds, falling into no classification, from the consideration of a suggested scheme of sending meat pies by aeroplane to famine districts, to giving help to a deputation of Riffis who wanted to place their case before the League of Nations. There was much work in maintaining contact with the many other organisations co-operating with the Committee. During the period of conscription in this country there was the anxious work of keeping *au courant* with the constantly changing regulations in order to inform, or even act on behalf of, the workers in the field, in which work the help of Henry Norton was invaluable. It must be remembered that almost all the men workers abroad were also conscientious objectors, of whom very many had taken up this service voluntarily before conscription came into force. The War Office decided that the workers need not return to appear before their tribunals, which in fact owing to travelling restrictions and military permits was often almost impossible, but each one had to place his application before his Local, and if necessary his Appeal, Tribunal. Often this application was supported by the presence of one of his relations, or by the writer, on

behalf of the Committee, an experience which gave an interesting, if sometimes painful, insight into the sensations of a religious pacifist in the hands of frequently untrained judges of conscience during war-fever. The courtesy and understanding of some tribunals were delightful, while in others one realised that one was speaking in a language of different thought, which it was impossible to make understood. It must be admitted that it would be most difficult even for a body of highly trained and sympathetic investigators to ascertain the springs of a decision of such an intimate nature in an unknown fellow-creature, and for it to be attempted in a few minutes by a body of people such as usually comprised a tribunal would have been ludicrous had it not been tragic.

The cases of some men were very complicated and were interesting legal problems, which in one or two instances were taken to the Courts. As an instance may be given the following :—

This was the case of a man who had been a territorial before the war and had become a conscientious objector. When he applied for exemption on this ground in 1916, he was told that as a time-expired territorial he was not liable to conscription. On the coming into force of the second Military Service Act, he again applied to a tribunal, but received no answer, and was arrested, court-martialled and detained for over three weeks, then discharged as absolutely free. He applied as a volunteer to our Committee, was accepted and worked in France, receiving his passport without hesitation on production of his discharge papers. Nevertheless, when home on leave the following June, although he had again obtained his passport without difficulty, he was arrested without warning just before he was to leave. The magistrate before whom he was brought refused to hear any evidence and handed him over to the military, by whom he was court-martialled and imprisoned. An application for writ of Habeas Corpus was refused, and he remained in prison.

Another department must be noticed, that of the Aliens' information, which attempted to deal with the many and varied enquiries which came from ex-enemy aliens after the war, a large number of whom were of English birth. These people were suffering the hardship of being deprived of their property of various kinds through being obliged to leave England and return to Germany and Austria. The advice given to them often enabled them to recover some at any rate of their belongings, to their great delight, even though they were frequently of little, except sentimental, value. There were very complicated regulations of the Public Trustee as to property which might be released to owners, and without the assistance in understanding the steps necessary to be taken, many of these poor people could not have availed themselves of the relief granted by the Government. Our workers were themselves much indebted to the office of the Public Trustee for information, both as to the agreement between the British and German Governments releasing furniture up to the value of £500, belonging to persons whose income did not exceed £400, and also as to Lord Blanesborough's Necessitous Cases Committee, by means of which sums of money were released.

In addition to help in such cases, much correspondence was undertaken relative to the obtaining of birth, death and marriage certificates in conjunction with our office in Berlin.

There were yet other departments, concerned with the selection of men and women workers, correspondence, which was naturally very large, and the sale of industries, as well as a secretary devoted to the special interests of each country in which a unit worked. Each of these units (or pairs of them in certain cases) was supported by a special London committee, and the meetings of these and departmental sub-committees, in addition to the General and Executive, threatened, so numerous were they, to fill the working days of the week. It may be noted that all these committees were carried on after the usual manner of Friends' business, *i.e.*, they began with a short devotional silence and no vote was ever taken, but (often as the result

of patient elucidation of a subject) a general agreement was always reached and no action was forced against an unwilling minority. It would be pleasant to recall the invaluable help of numerous colleagues, both in office and committee, whose delightful co-operation made the work rich in friendship and fellowship. This is as impossible in the London work as in the foreign, and in both it has seemed better to invite the obvious and inevitable charge of inequality in mentioning some people, and not others whose work was quite equally important, rather than to mask the whole in impersonal anonymity.

So I feel I must bear my testimony to the immense value of the work of E. Wright Brooks, William A. Albright, Harrison Barrow and John B. Henderson, who have borne the heat and burden of the day each in his quite especial way. In the early days the first-named gave daily assistance and wise advice to a very untrained Secretary, and acted in various important positions, including Chairman of the Executive Committee. William A. Albright not only brought to bear his untiring help and wise judgment on all the problems of the home side of the work throughout the Committee's existence, but was always ready to go off at a moment's notice to any part of Europe where advice and guidance were necessary to a unit, and where his help was an invaluable support. For six months he acted as Commissioner, travelling constantly from place to place, and as General Secretary at home whilst the permanent Secretary was herself Commissioner for four months. Harrison Barrow, as Chairman of the General Committee since 1920, was able to give guidance to its decisions on what were often most difficult and complicated problems, whilst John B. Henderson, as Assistant Secretary for the last five years of the Committee's life, dealt efficiently and ably with every sort of question and difficulty in the office. Nor is it possible to mention the very numerous people who have helped in the preparation of this book by suggestions and criticisms. But I should like to express my indebtedness to the letters and reports of very many of our workers from which I have

quoted so freely ; to many of them for their suggestions and help ; to my Mother, to Principal D. S. Cairns and to Mr. Norman Angell, for invaluable criticisms of my MS., to Emmeline Graveson for her compilation of the list of workers, to William Selby, formerly head of the correspondence department in the London office, for much secretarial help, and to Andrew Curtis for drawing the maps. I should add that the majority of the statistics given were obtained for us on the spot by our workers, so that in these cases I have not quoted the authority for them.

The English workers, of whom there have been approximately 1070, were not all drawn from members of the Society of Friends. A sect, numbering about 20,000 all told, would be hardly likely to provide so many men and women in the prime of life and health with the necessary qualifications, and we were very thankful for the volunteers from outside our Society who desired to work with us, and who often proved such excellent comrades. In by far the majority of cases the workers were quite voluntary, though in exceptional cases, and often for doctors and nurses, an honorarium was given. Where possible, worker even paid for their own travelling, equipment and maintenance. The selection of candidates was made by committees in London, as has been said, and as the combination of the many requisite qualifications for such work is extremely rare, the work of selection was a most difficult, and it must be confessed a most uncertain, one. For it is in itself a rare gift to recognise speedily a personality which can adapt itself to the immensely varied requirements of relief work and acquit itself equally well, be the work buying goats or interviewing officials, housekeeping or evacuating children from dangerous war areas. This work of interviewing would-be workers, suitable and unsuitable, in London was no light one, and I should like to acknowledge the untiring and wise help of Dr. Stephen Gloyne who examined, physically as well as mentally, hundreds of applicants.

One of our workers described our achievements as second-

class work done by third-class people, and if that be a somewhat unkind generalisation, the imaginative reader will perhaps realise throughout the following story the resourcefulness and initiative which have been required, and which have been shown by our workers in work in which they were often anything but experts. Perhaps it is admissible from the standpoint of our office at home to say with what admiration we have constantly been filled by the courage and success with which young and inexperienced workers would tackle a seemingly impossible job. A great deal of our work has been to make governmental action function which had lapsed for lack of outside pressure ; to act, say, as the spokesmen for refugees with overburdened officials whose hands were too full to allow them to realise all that was being suffered. Such work is often far harder than to carry out a smaller independent scheme, but it is also likely to be more far-reaching in its results. It may also appear to be a somewhat impudent proceeding for a body of amateurs to endeavour to act as self-appointed agents in a foreign country ; to which it can only be answered that the obvious fact that these foreigners had nothing to gain by their activities, and the transparent motive of their policy, have resulted in very warm relations between our representatives and many of the officials of the Governments in whose countries we have worked.

A word should also be said as to the organisation of the work in the various fields. It was generally the policy of the Home Committee to leave this as much as possible to the workers themselves, and this was especially necessary after the entry of the American Quakers into the work in 1917 ; for even the general supervision of work by two committees with offices 3000 miles apart is no slight feat in internationalism. The result was, therefore, that each unit evolved, and maintained, different characteristics and forms of self-government, acting always through a committee. The Quaker and allied temperaments are very individualistic and yet very democratic, and the critic might certainly aver that at some periods valuable energy

and time were wasted in lengthy discussions on details of constitution, or on the arrangements for control, say, of expert work by the non-expert. It would be impossible to deny that this was the case, and yet after the experience gained, I believe it to be true that taking into account the type of character which is needed to undertake arduous and responsible work of this kind, the gain from well-emphasised self-government is invaluable. It is of the utmost importance that different brains should be brought to bear on the very complicated questions needing to be handled, and that the responsibility of every single worker should be as fully developed as possible, where mere routine work is for the most part absent.

As conditions in each country improved to some extent, it was felt right to diminish and conclude our relief work. Foreign relief, we felt, was at best, a palliative, to be withdrawn at the earliest possible moment. But in every country Friends were anxious to maintain the links which united us so happily to the people who had co-operated with us, and in many cases work of a more permanent character has grown out of the relief.

Another Quaker Committee (Friends' Council for International Service), having been founded after the war, it was decided to hand over the remainder of the work to this more permanent Committee. This was done at various times, according to the conditions obtaining in the different countries, and forms the refrain at the end of several of the chapters.

It is outside the scope of this book to tell of the fresh work which has developed under the International Council. Interested enquirers can obtain information from the Secretary, Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W. 1.

The co-operation of American Friends, it cannot be too strongly emphasised, has been of vital importance in the work, and if this book is of necessity written from one and not both sides of the Atlantic, it is all the more necessary to stress the fact, that since 1917 the work has been a joint

Anglo-American one, frequently with a preponderance of American money and personnel.

In the early days help came from individual American Friends, first of all, I believe, from Sarah Hallowell, of West Medford. A deputation from the London Committee, consisting of M. Catharine Albright and Lettice Jowitt, went to America to interest Friends in what was being done, and contributions increased. The next step was taken by Leah Cadbury, of Philadelphia, who corresponded with the London Secretary as to the possibility of American volunteers, of whom a few came over, and finally, in 1917, the American Friends' Service Committee was founded. One hundred workers received a training for a few weeks at Haverford College and arrived in France in July, 1917. Before their coming, Morris Leeds and Henry Scattergood came over as emissaries from the Committee to make arrangements, which resulted in American workers having membership in the American Red Cross, whilst retaining their freedom of action to work with the Friends' Unit. From this arrangement may be traced the very large grants of money and goods made by the American Red Cross to the Friends in France and other countries. The problem of how this new body of workers should be incorporated into the existing organisation received very careful consideration, with the result that the body of English workers in France decided to accept them unreservedly as part of their own unit, putting all their experience and opportunities at their disposal and throwing open to them all positions of responsibility. The first hundred workers were followed by many more, till there were about 340 Americans and 210 English, with the result that the administration was very largely in American hands. English and American methods are often very different, and it would have been improbable that such a close fusion of people of widely differing outlook should have been accomplished without any difficulty. But, though we cannot claim to have been superhuman, I have no hesitation in recording that the experiment was a very real success,

resulting in a wider outlook, in far better work, and above all, in uniting English and American Friends in quite new bonds of intimacy. These, we believe, will continue to increase in the future, with important results.

To the English reader it should be explained, that since early in last century, American Friends have been divided into sections working quite separately. The European relief has succeeded in uniting all branches, and once again the 120,000 American Friends have a common work and interest which is doing much to bring them together in other ways. When we find, therefore, in crossing America that in every Friend centre, as far as 6000 miles from London, it is possible to speak of "our European relief work" we realise most forcibly the broad basis upon which the work is built up.

That American Friends have been thus united is owing no doubt very largely to the work of Professor Rufus M. Jones as Chairman of the Committee from its inception, and to Wilbur K. Thomas, as Secretary.

The difficulty of supervising the work from such widely divided offices gave rise to the institution of "International Commissioners" in 1920.

It was felt that reference of questions for decision both to London and Philadelphia, often took too much time to be worth while or to be possible, and consultation even then was not complete, as the views expressed might not coincide. An experiment was made of appointing an English and American Commissioner to travel round to different fields together, representing as far as possible the points of view of the two committees, and giving the benefit of their joint advice to the workers. T. Edmund Harvey and Dr. Jesse H. Holmes were respectively the first English and American Commissioners. An office was established at Frankfurt-am-Main as a centre of their activities and to link up the various fields. After rather more than a year the plan was discontinued, having served a useful purpose, particularly in the liquidation of the French field.

A QUAKER ADVENTURE

I. FRANCE

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST FRIENDS' UNIT

THE story of Friends' work in France is the story of the growth of an unusual sort of "Army of Occupation." Beginning with a party of thirty-three pioneers who went out, animated with a deep desire to help, but inevitably uncertain how that help could best be given, this organisation developed beyond expectation. In 1918-19 there were more than five hundred English and American men and women, trained and untrained, in as many as forty-five centres, ministering to the extraordinarily varied needs of a population who had lost practically everything by war, and were endeavouring to piece together their broken lives. Before they left, this group of volunteers was providing houses, food, clothing, furniture, agricultural implements and agricultural work; small stock, such as sheep, goats, poultry, rabbits, bees, as well as medical care of the civil population, both in their homes and in institutions.

In order to accomplish this, they had also to have an elaborate organisation for equipping the workers. These had to be fed, clothed and housed, so that there was a sort of republic on communal lines established, where all the ordinary needs of daily life were provided in return for voluntary service. For it must be remembered that both workers and inhabitants were living in a country denuded

of the ordinary conveniences of civilisation. In particular, transport was almost lacking and a fleet of motor-cars had to deal with the movements of workers and the goods for reconstruction. So entirely did this machinery cover the ground, that I remember travelling from Paris to Châlons-sur-Marne, Bar-le-Duc and various other centres and back to Paris, using only half a franc in cash for a cup of coffee at a station, thanks to the free transport accorded to us on the railways by the French Government and the provision of all other daily needs through the Friends' organisation.

The work accomplished falls into four main divisions, which must be dealt with separately : Building, Agricultural, Medical, and Relief, a term which covers a multitude of activities, and which, as the most general, shall be treated first. It was carried out principally in the Departments of Somme, Aisne, Ardennes, Marne, Meuse and Aube, with lesser activities in Paris, Calvados, Seine-et-Marne, Meurthe-et-Moselle, Jura, Doubs and Haute Savoie, though this does not exhaust the list of districts where help was given. Five hundred and eighty-eight English, and five hundred and seventy American workers took part in it, of whom eight died whilst serving in France. It lasted from November, 1914, to May, 1920. The money spent on it is practically impossible to compute ; it included £392,357 1s. 7d. received in London, \$2,057,985 received in America, besides very large grants from the American Red Cross (including goods to the amount of one million francs). Further, large gifts of clothing were received and forwarded by the London and Philadelphia committees, and in ways far too numerous to mention our workers administered the funds of other societies and of the French Government, so that a rough guess might put the total amount administered by the Mission as nearly one million pounds.

The difficulties encountered owing to the introduction of conscription in England have been dealt with in the Preface, but it should be added that the Prefect of the Marne,

realising the possible effect that this might have on the work of the Mission, wrote a letter to the French Minister of War, outlining the work accomplished, and ending with the following testimony to its value :—

“ I have many times had occasion to praise the magnificent results of the work of the Mission. The General Council of the Marne has voted the sum of 150,000 francs to allow the work to be extended still further. I consider that it is certainly no exaggeration to say that the work of the Mission is of national importance. The activity and method displayed in the work are the admiration of all who see it.”

Despite this generous praise, difficulties in obtaining the necessary permits, etc., still continued, as well as rumours that the workers lived an idle and comfortable life.

The London Committee of the French Red Cross, under whose ægis the permits for workers were obtained, sent a Commission of Enquiry, consisting of Lieut.-Col. Sir W. Hutcheson Poë and Major Sir Arthur W. Mayo-Robson. Their report so entirely discredited these suspicions, that it may be well to quote shortly from it. After describing in detail and with much appreciation the different branches of the work, the Report says :—

“ From our own personal experiences of the conditions under which the members of the Society are living at Sermaize, Troyes and Dôle, their three principal centres, we have no hesitation in affirming that these conditions would be absolutely unendurable were it not that we believe that every member is animated by a single-minded idea of self-sacrifice and self-denial, by a fervent sense of duty, and by an intense desire to alleviate, by every means in his power, the sorrow and suffering by which they are surrounded.”

The very welcome accession of strength to the Mission by the coming in of American Friends has been noticed in the Preface. At first some of their number were attached direct to the American Red Cross, but after a time the whole group was united under the Friends. It cannot be

too strongly emphasised how very much the Mission's work owed to American personnel, goods and money, without which far less could have been achieved.

The winter of 1918-19 brought many sorrows to the Mission. Already Arthur Compton and Sarah Henwood had met their deaths by accident, and the influenza epidemic of that winter took a heavy toll in the deaths of Aubyn Pumphrey, Philip Meyer, Walter Carroll Brinton, Ralph Vipont Brown and Ezra Moore.

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS AND PROBLEMS

SEPTEMBER and October, 1914, were spent in anxious and energetic preparations for the unknown work to be undertaken. It is difficult now to get back into that atmosphere of bewildering novelty, uncertainty and horror of the first days of war. Rumours and reports were everywhere, but it was almost impossible to know what help was needed, and where it could be given. Edmund Harvey, Hilda Clark and Edith Pye were tireless in their interviews with the French authorities in London, Paris and Bordeaux, to which last place it will be remembered that the French Government withdrew for a time. From the first M. Léon Bourgeois gave the greatest assistance, and was throughout a friend to the undertaking. Much help was also received from Mlle de Montmort, Secretary of the Association des Infirmières Visiteuses de France, and from M. Verdé Delisle. At last, on October 16th a letter was sent by the Minister of War to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, accepting the proffered help.

And here it is fitting to express the warm sentiments of gratitude felt by the Society to the extremely numerous French authorities, civil and military, high and low, who have given through many years the benefit of their courteous help. Without them the work could never have been accomplished. Often they must have been overwhelmed with other work, and the requirements of the civil population, for whom the Society worked, must have seemed to them of little importance compared to the pressing military needs, but despite some inevitable difficulties we have to record extraordinary privileges and help accorded to our workers.

We must mention the work of four members of the Mennell family (whose father, Henry Tuke Mennell, had done similar work for the Society of Friends in 1871). They, with John Bellows, were actually the first to take any relief to France in September and early October, 1914, when they journeyed through the villages near Meaux, distributing clothing and boots. They also obtained recognition from the French authorities for the use of the "Quaker Star" described elsewhere.

Meanwhile preparations were going forward for the dispatch of the first main group of workers. On November 5th the four motors were driven to the coast by their chauffeurs, and next day the whole party of thirty-three crossed to France, including three doctors and ten nurses, under the leadership of Dr. Hilda Clark and T. Edmund Harvey (then M.P.). Arrived in Paris, the party found that the preliminary difficulties were after all not yet over. Permits and *sauf-conduits* were promised and refused with lightning rapidity; yet more visits had to be paid to high authorities, including the General commanding the Fifth Army, to whose zone General Joffre had assigned the Mission. However, three weeks of hard work for the leaders, and patience and studying French for the others, saw the party face to face with the problems of actual work in the villages: Hilda Clark was wrestling with the organisation of a maternity hospital which the authorities in Châlons-sur-Marne desired, whilst Edmund Harvey and a band of would-be builders began to tackle the reconstruction of villages round Esternay, in the department of the Marne. Lodging was found for them in the peasants' houses, as this particular village was undestroyed.

The French countryside is but little frequented by English travellers, and few know more than the sight from the train of the rolling fields and soft grey-green poplars. Between the peasants and English people, ignorance is mutual, and many of the villages worked in had never seen a foreigner of any description. To these people, the world of their village is everything. They cultivate their ground

with a devoted passion. This land, thanks to the system of inheritance in France, by which property is divided equally amongst the children, is very often cut up into quite tiny pieces, scattered all about the village in a way to make its cultivation the greatest labour possible. The peasants work exceedingly hard, and economy and thrift seem to become ends in themselves rather than means to comfort or leisure. The intense love of a good bargain, which characterises these people, is, it is to be feared, a certain indication of a selfishness which cannot be gainsaid. Much of their energy goes into provision against every unexpected need, by a great accumulation of possessions, either for the house or farm. Yet this acquisitive instinct availed little against the overwhelming disaster of war. The family is a definite unit, which must look after its own interests with zeal, and the idea of helping, or working for others, is very little understood.

But the importance of the village, too, must not be overlooked. "Thirty or forty families, with the shop-keepers, village tradesmen and unattached persons of different kinds, with the station and post office officials, make up the village or commune, which is the real social and political unit of France. This commune is presided over by the Municipal Council, elected by male suffrage, which itself chooses the Mayor from among its number. On the character of the Mayor depends the ill or well-being of the village. If he is energetic and public-spirited, really interested in the affairs of the village, he is a father of the flock, and on the whole, mayors—small people often, and naturally of limited education—do their work extremely well, and give a good example of democratic institutions working in a small way."¹

Life in these villages before the war, though hard, must have had the possibilities of considerable happiness, even if the petty quarrels and jealousies sometimes loomed unduly large for lack of deeper interests.

¹ Francis Birrell.

Into this well-ordered, conservative and individualistic community, the war, in the form of the Battle of the Marne, burst with appalling suddenness and horror. Coming just at harvest time, it produced the greatest possible amount of damage, and when the German armies were driven back, the people along the long battle front were dazed with the sudden complete change which had come over their whole life. Compared to the scientific way in which the war was later carried out, the Marne battlefield gave a certain sense of amateurishness. The people, instead of being systematically evacuated before an offensive, were so ignorant of what was happening that, in one instance at least, the village people turned out to cheer a German regiment, thinking they were French reinforcements.

“The enemy coming over the hills like a grey wave” will never be forgotten by the inhabitants whose devotion to their own particular village is so great (as expressed in their saying, “Il ne faut jamais quitter le pays natal”) that in many cases they preferred to stay even under foreign occupation.

Even to the invaders the people sometimes showed wonderful kindness. One old lady of seventy-eight, who had walked very far to escape from the approach of the army, at last found a miserable bed, and was preparing to lie on it, when she found a quite young German soldier suffering from high fever. Without thinking her action in the least noteworthy, she gave him the bed, and held his hand till he went to sleep.

This brings us to the three divisions of refugees, all of whom were helped in one way or another by the Friends’ Mission.

(1) The SINISTRÉS, those, who like the inhabitants of the Marne battlefield, had lost their possessions and their homes and who came back to the desolation of destroyed villages, to be built up again from nothing.

(2) The EMIGRÉS, those whose homes were under German occupation from which they had fled, and had to live as

unwanted guests in other parts of France, strangers in their own land.

(3) The RAPATRIÉS, those who stayed for a time in their homes under German occupation, and who, later in the war, were sent back to unoccupied France through Switzerland, thus becoming *émigrés*.

It was to help the *sinistrés* that the Mission first devoted its efforts, although the needs of the *émigrés* soon forced themselves on their attention. The problems of a devastated land, now alas, too terribly familiar, were then appalling in their novelty. The destruction of villages was—happily—irregular. Some would be absolutely razed to the ground, in others a line as if cut with a knife divided the destroyed from the undestroyed, while yet others were left practically intact. In addition to the loss of the houses must be remembered that of the garden and agricultural tools, small stock and the actual crops, as well as the innumerable little possessions which mean so much to everyone of us. Unfortunately in many cases there had been much pillaging, as well as wanton destruction, the invariable accompaniment of war, the greatest source of waste ever invented. The means of best helping the peasants were gradually learned by our workers, and their slow apprenticeship, gained while the continuation of the war limited their scope, was of immense value in attacking the far larger field of action which their preliminary success prompted the French authorities to invite them to undertake. It will be best to trace the development of the work under the different sections already named.

CHAPTER III

RELIEF

THE work coming under this heading was so multitudinous in its forms that it is impossible to give a full account of it without wearying the reader. What follows must be considered to be a selection from the very varied activities. This variety arose to a large extent from the aim of the Mission, which was, not to carry out a uniform scheme on a large scale, but rather to adapt the form of help to the individual idiosyncracies of the people needing it. To a certain extent this was more expensive of the time and energy of the workers. Yet inasmuch as it has been the underlying sympathy, and not merely the material gifts, which have seemed to us of value, this expenditure has been on right lines. Further, the aim of enabling people to become independent of charity is better served by help directed individually to their needs.

In fact, what was sought was not a highly organised machine, which could show impressive statistics tied up with red tape, but something far more human, which should be the result of endless personal trouble and friendship, and should leave behind ideas and not only chairs and tables.

S. Margery Fry, who organised the relief work from 1915 to 1917, thus describes the necessary individuality of the work :

“Scattered in little groups, one or two of ‘Les Amis’ would be responsible for relief in several villages, and any attempt to bind them all down to exactly similar methods would have been bound to fail. Here were those who held firmly that hard cases made bad law, others who at first knew no law but that of hard cases. Here were methodical

workers, whose lists and records, produced by the light of a candle on a rickety table, would have done credit to a London Office, and there were others whose accounts drove "the Office" crazy. And the best work was not the monopoly of any of these types, for we always guessed that more valuable even than the much-needed things we gave was the fact of our having come to share the life of the people, to share their troubles, and to make friends with them. In the early days of the war, at any rate, they were apt to feel that they were forgotten. Ruin had swept over them, and everyone was too much strained by the actual carrying on of the war, or too much occupied with their own safety, and their own concerns, to come to their help. The knowledge that people in England, and later in America, were working for them, and thinking of them, undoubtedly meant much to them. Here the mere distraction of our doings was a great consolation in the monotonous dreariness. Events were dated from 'about the time that the English motors began to be on the roads,' and the countryside rang with our strange doings. When we reached a new village, miles from our former district, we were greeted with the enquiry, 'Is it true that you and your men wear coats just alike, and that you go to mass in those clothes?' This seems a trifle, but you have had to listen, day after day, to the monotonous story of lost comfort and happiness and the perpetual memory of the days of the invasion, to know how real a boon the unexpected doings of 'les Anglais,' their visits and distributions and classes and Christmas parties, even their follies and ignorances (not spared by the conventional business-like criticism of the peasant) were."

Nevertheless, even if statistics were not aimed at, it cannot be doubted that the amount accomplished was really a very substantial contribution to the relief of the district.

Elaborate organisation would not have been easy under the circumstances, where the workers were voluntary and often could only stay for a short time. Distances were great and communication most difficult; letters would take three or four days between neighbouring centres, and telegrams and telephones were often not allowed to be used by private persons. Permits greatly restricted the movements

of individuals, and when each permit expired, as it did every few weeks, the holder was immovable until the quite uncertain time when it was renewed. On the other hand, it must be gratefully admitted that our workers were granted most unusual privileges in the way of locomotion, often far better than that accorded to the local civil authorities. Even the Prefects were sometimes not allowed to visit their own districts.

The relief work was actually begun by Hilda Cashmore at Esternay. Very shortly afterwards Dora Fox began to visit the refugees who were crowded into terrible slums at Châlons-sur-Marne ; some in cellars, some in boats, and some in sheds, lying simply on straw, without any covering whatever, and desperately dirty. One could see at once how much her visits were appreciated. This work was greatly helped by M. and Mme Thévenard, who, as amongst the very first friends of the Mission, deserve special mention.

Early in 1915 a beginning was made at Sermaize-les-Bains, which was destined to be a most important centre of the work.

Before the war, Sermaize must have been a cheerful little town of about 4,000 people, distinguished by a sugar-factory and medicinal waters, which could be taken at the Hôtel de la Source, about a mile from the town. The hotel and the factory remained throughout the war, but the town was destroyed in the Battle of the Marne.

In "The Soul of the War" Sir Philip Gibbs describes what happened :

"The most complete destruction I saw in France was in Champagne, when I walked through places which had been the villages of Sermaize, Heiltz-le-Maurupt, Blesmes and Huiron. Sermaize was utterly wiped out. As far as I could see not one house was left standing. Not one wall was spared. It was laid flat upon the earth, with only a few charred chimney-stacks sticking out of the piles of bricks and cinders. Strange, piteous relics of pretty dwelling places lay about in the litter, signifying that men and women with some love for the arts of life had lived here in decent

comfort. A notice board of a hotel which had given hospitality to many travellers before it became a blazing furnace lay sideways on a mass of broken bricks with a legend so frightfully ironical that I laughed among the ruins : 'Chauffage central'—the system of central heating invented by the Germans in this war had been too hot for the hotel, and had burnt it to a wreck of ashes. Half a dozen peasants stood in one of the 'streets'—marked by a line of rubbish heaps which had once been their homes."

It is interesting to note that the stories of their experiences during the invasion told by the people to our workers, in the early days, often included emphasis on the kindness of individual German soldiers. Such was the answer of a boy of fourteen whose brothers were prisoners with the Germans, who, when asked whether the Germans had done them any harm, replied, " Ah, non, plutôt ils les gâtaient " ; or the old lady who spoke of a big German who, when she was carried off with others by the army, used to come up to them when they were frightened, and, tapping them on the shoulder, would say, " Pas de danger, Madame."

Unusual, perhaps, was the experience of one lady who had a small collection of good pictures. Returning to her house she found it intact, but no pictures were to be seen. Soon, however, she discovered them behind a curtain, with the following note, written by a Lieutenant-Major of Hesse Darmstadt :—

" Je vous félicite de votre Moreau et de quelques autres petites peintures. Artiste moi-même, je sais leur valeur, et je les ai mis de côté pour les sauver. Avec toutes mes bonnes. . . ." (word illegible).

Into the Hôtel de la Source, therefore, were crammed about four hundred of the refugees from the town. Each family or even more, shared a room, and the place became a slum of the worst description, utterly unfitted as it was for such a large population. This hotel, started, doubtless, as rather vulgarly pretentious, must have been going to wrack and ruin before the war, as the management were bankrupt.

The invasion of it by the refugees, and the consequent ill-use of both house and garden, produced an impression of sordid tawdriness which was extremely depressing and was only relieved by the exquisite beauty of the woods around it. The Mayor invited our workers to come and work amongst the people, and offered them the billiard-room and the room where the theatricals took place and where the *Petits Chevaux* were formerly played. These he helped them to make clean enough to inhabit. When I first saw the place early in 1915, Hilda Cashmore and Lettice Jowitt had just established themselves in these very unprepossessing quarters, and were beginning to wage war on the evil conditions. Before long they were joined by Ernest Montford, who was able to improve the sanitary conditions, by Mrs. Jackson who acted as nurse, and by John Stephens, who worked amongst the boys, and by the builders of wooden houses. Extracts from letters by Hilda Cashmore, who first organised the Mission's relief work, will best describe the beginnings of the work :—

“ I visited a most delightful person living in the cellar of her old house ; the husband is at the war ; he fitted it up for her as well as ever he could before he went ; there are planks on the mud floor to keep out the damp, there are three wooden stools to sit on, a wonderful plank bed and rough shelves. The cat and dog and four fowls, one little girl and the woman form the *ménage*. There is no light except what comes in at the cellar's mouth. Madame has a piece of land and a big garden : she had given up in despair the chance of working it, ‘ How can I do it all alone ? ’ It is in cases like this that one can do the most good. Half a day with the plough, three days in the workshop for a hut, a judicious gift of seeds and garden tools, and then will the lady be up in the sunshine with hopes of her harvest in the autumn. She entertained us most beautifully. Finally she dived down into the darkness and produced six fresh eggs, which she insisted on our putting in our pockets.

“ I visited the Didrons in their cabin ; they had deserted their cellar, because it had fallen in ; the cabin is just made ; it is 6 ft. by 7 ft. There is a little stove, a broken chair on

each side, and one chair on which the entire wardrobe is kept ; there was not room for two of us to stand on the remaining space. The floor was wet and slushy with rain pouring in at the wooden door which is not properly set. The old lady lies down on the mud to sleep when night comes on ; she is racked with coughing and has a dreadfully bad leg. She is as black as our stove (our stove is not black-leaded, it is dug out of the ruins and is grey and black in patches). I hope that we can do something even here ; our nurse is tending them. Madame has nothing on at all under a ragged blouse and skirt and at least we can make her warm."

Already the enforced idleness caused by the war was a source of difficulty.

"The poor little wretches in the infant school (as everyone else here) have nothing at all, it is all burnt, and when they are not dismally writing on minute slates, they are doing *rien de tout, de tout, de tout* as Madame, who looks after them, graphically describes it. Crayons and coloured flowers and animal drawing-books and kindergarten mats created a complete upheaval in the little school. Madame was as excited as the children. She taught the bigger ones to crayon butterflies, while I taught babes to make mats and they all cooed with satisfaction together."

The joy caused by the gifts of clothing is shown in the last extract :—

"I went to Madame Mongils, on the bluest of blue days. They are artisans, and had saved bit by bit enough to build their own house and buy their bit of land. It was a fine house, with six rooms. All that remains of it is the cellar and a corner of one of the walls. They live opposite in their own cowhouse. I walked up through slush and mud past their enormous dung-heap, and found the man polishing a gun, and the children playing with a tiny pet lamb. They received me with warmth and we retired into the cowhouse, lamb and all. It was delicious inside—straw beds very tidily made with large eiderdowns on the top saved from the wreck—the feeding stall at the top filled with oddments, the sides hung with German trophies, baskets and so on. There was a cradle for the lamb and under the straw bed apparently was the home of the rabbits who strolled round

and talked to us. The hens came in and fed out of their owners' hands. The family were full of good cheer—courageously reminiscent of the beauties of their little house yonder—absorbed with interest in our Royal family. Madame looks on England as a remote isle in the north, six days' journey by sea, enveloped in fog. Monsieur had gathered that in England were the very rich and the very poor, and that it was not in consequence so good a land as theirs where each man had his own little 'terrain' and can build just such a little house as his. They displayed with great humour the paucity of their clothing, nothing but what they had on and that almost worn-out. I have hardly seen so amusing and cheerful a family since I came over."

From these beginnings work spread out in every direction, and for four years this was the home of a large group of our workers, who radiated out into the country round on their various kinds of work. The little hospital was built quite near, and several wooden houses were erected to accommodate the large family of workers.

At the beginning, money was scarce and very little was available for such accommodation. This, added to the fact that in early days no one imagined that the war would be long continued, disinclined everyone to make elaborate arrangements, with the result that Sermaize was never ship-shape, never properly adapted for the large amount of work carried on. In all this it was a complete contrast to the later centre at Grange le Comte, where, largely owing to the views of our American friends, drastic alterations were made in the beginning, thereby almost certainly making for ultimate economy and efficiency.

At Sermaize was developed for the first time the very unusual community life, which became such a feature of the Mission. It was a real experiment in socialism, and in inter-denominationalism, the most varied characters living together, united in their aim of helping their fellows. Meals were in common, clothing, medical aid, and housing were provided for all alike, as required, not as they were paid for, and the work itself was organised and arranged democratically



MATTRESSES LOADED FOR DISTRIBUTION IN THE VILLAGES



WAITING FOR A FURNITURE DISTRIBUTION, WITH WHEELBARROWS
READY TO CARRY IT HOME

Men and women worked together equally, as has long been the Quaker habit, and the visitor would experience a sense of a big family rather than of an organisation. One visitor, unable to get any food elsewhere in Sermaize, was so grateful for the lunch given by the Mission for which she was not charged that she gave £1 when she next came across a representative of the Friends at a meeting in Scotland.

The distribution of clothing was of course one of the most urgent pieces of work to be done. Bales were sent out from our London warehouse and kept strange company with the sensational scenery in the "theatre" of La Source, which was turned into a store-room. Here patient workers sorted the clothes and matched them as far as possible to the needs of the many families. Endless were the lists of the families, with the ages and sexes of all their members, which had to be made and checked. Every relief worker had to cope with the insoluble problem of how to clothe little boys, when the natural instinct of everyone is to make pretty little clothes for pretty little girls. But somehow or another difficulties were surmounted, and the clothes were distributed to the immense joy and comfort of thousands of people who realised something of the loving work of their unknown friends in thus caring for their wants. Sometimes a written message, or a surprise gift in a pocket, gave extraordinary pleasure, and the workers who distributed wished that those who made could have shared the happiness of seeing the joy of those who received.

Next, in urgency, came the question of distribution of furniture. As our builders erected new houses, our relief workers had to see to the furnishing; and perhaps in no other branch of work was the necessity of co-ordinating the help of other societies greater than in this. For instance, the *Bon Gîte*, a Society of French ladies, collected funds for furnishing new houses throughout the devastated districts, and our workers were able to obtain grants from them for very many villages. The Council-General of the Marne in

the same way made a grant for certain communes. In such cases (and far too many more to detail) our workers had to propose a scheme, make the investigations, draw up the lists and undertake the distribution, which immensely increased the possible scope of their usefulness.¹

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of beds and bedding in the mind of the French peasant. The *lit monté*, with its pile of soft mattresses, huge square pillows, vast down quilt and crochet trimmings, is beyond the dreams of a mere English person, and not only is it prized for its comfort but for its indication of the social status of its owner. The *Préfecture* and the Society of Friends jointly gave one double bed and mattress to every burnt-out household in Sermaize, which amounted to over five hundred, and beds and bedding were certainly amongst the most prized of our gifts everywhere. The supplies of sheets, also, were before the war vastly in excess of anything the English housekeeper ever contemplates. One woman collected seventy-five of everything--pairs of sheets, shirts, chemises, "they looked so glorious folded on the cupboard shelves." One family reported that on the invasion they had buried one hundred and fifty pairs of sheets in a false-bottom cellar. No wonder that the opportunity to buy them very cheaply caused excitement in the hearts of every woman concerned, and that there was an insatiable demand for bedding and sheets.

Each family was allowed to choose an amount of furniture adjusted to their needs and family, and they were keenly susceptible to the idea that another family had fared better. If this were the case, their pleasure in their own possessions might be lost in the cry "*Il n'y a plus d'égalité en France.*" News of the arrival at the station of a consignment of beds for distribution travelled through the villages like wild-fire, and in surprisingly short time the people would crowd to

¹ The confidence with which the Prefecture left all arrangements for the purchase of furniture in the hands of the Mission, contenting themselves with paying the authenticated bills, was a sign of very happy relationship.

the distributing centre to carry them off on their wheelbarrows.

Our Report for 1915 describes some of the problems of this work, which occupied so many days of relief workers' time, from their own point of view :—

“ A formal report conveys little of what the work of distribution really entails. It tells nothing of long wrestlings with lists and orders, of interviews with officials and manufacturers—the two who make respectively beds and mattresses and always go about together, and have such admirable excuses for the absolute non-appearance of their goods by the promised date—or the soldier-priest-director of a co-partnership furniture factory whose splendid venture is now harshly crippled by the absence at the front of all the younger workmen, the men who really entered into his spirit. Neither will it bring, except to those who have shared them, pictures of long days of grilling sun at Huiron, when blankets and bolsters seemed smouldering with their own heat, nor of hours spent in the great goods station at Pargny, unloading and listing and loading again on to motors a most miscellaneous supply of household goods. To make it really represent facts it should include the trying lady who is quite sure that a cupboard is what she asked for, when a buffet had been ordered for her, and should wind up with a triumphant procession of beds and chairs unsafely balanced on tiny barrows going to the new homes. The general application for beds has been the greatest help in enabling the workers to find and know the burnt-out families—the richer and the reticent as well as the poorer and the clamorous.

“ . . . One instance might be given of the happy way in which the different departments sometimes can co-operate to help. In a little one-roomed hut, built for the people by themselves, lay an aged great-grandmother, slowly dying. She first came to our notice through the grand-daughter, whose house it was, asking for a bed. All they had previously had from us had been seeds for the garden, which had been a great success. Within an hour of application a pillow was provided, together with a bed-jacket, blanket, nightdress and some clothes for all, and by evening she was lying on a real mattress and bed, instead of a hard, slippery palliasse. This great-grandmother had passed through

much, and had had to escape alone out of the burning town, trudge many weary kilometres on foot, and finally sleep for many nights in a shed with twenty-five French soldiers. This is only one of the many unwritten stories of those September days of hardship and peril. When the heat of last summer came she was greatly tormented by the flies and mosquitoes, so our sanitary expert provided fly-papers and disinfectants, and examined the land around to make sure that no unhealthy deposit existed near. The builders then made the two little windows of the hut to open, thus creating the possibility of a draught through the room : a muslin veil was hung round the bed, and the nurse called occasionally to see if anything could be done, and other friends went in daily to chat with the family. Though nothing could be done to cure the great-grandmother, the last three months of her life were certainly eased by these little attentions. For constructive work, there remain a healthy little house for the father, mother and child, furnished with beautiful furniture from the *Préfecture*, two beds from the Commune and our Society, and a garden well stocked with vegetables for the winter."

The scale upon which such work was carried out may perhaps be visualised by the fact that in the last seventeen months of the Mission's life in France, from October, 1918, to February, 1920, 72,128 persons in 406 villages were helped ; 8,432 pieces of beds or bedding, 1,376 articles of furniture and 96,316 garments were given away. This was apart from the sales, which amounted to 607,113 pieces of furniture and bedding, and 993,267 articles of clothing, material and hardware.

There was one need which became clearer as time went on, which was that of interest and occupation, especially among the *émigrés* or refugees whose homes were in occupied territory. However sad was the destruction of their home for the *sinistrés*, yet for those who could begin remaking it, there was some interest and aim in life if they could be helped to make a fresh start. But the *émigrés* had no *pied-à-terre*, they were strangers in their own land, and as time wore on their lot grew harder. And here must be told

the story of the old woman who was saved from the invasion with her husband by her own horse and cart, and who stubbornly refused to sell or kill the old mare at the bidding of her master. "For," she said, "she is my friend and saviour. She knew the Germans were following, and she trotted without stopping day and night, just snatching at a bite by the wayside."

These people had not enough of a home to occupy their time, and it was found that the interest of needlework was a godsend to them. Materials had to be cheap and the labour had to be in good proportion to them. Margery Fry invented a form of embroidery in bright wools on sacking cloth which answered these requirements, and which, in addition to proving saleable, gave immense pleasure to the workers.

Some of the first people to be helped in this way were some refugees from Charny, amongst whom was a woman with two hysterical daughters who, she said, since their evacuation, had done nothing but weep, and she begged for work to distract them. A few weeks later she told with delight how she had heard them singing, and found it was over the embroidery, and later she brought her sister-in-law to be cured in the same way. Such work was only given to women who were not strong enough to work in the fields, but there were many centres in which it was given out, and it was delightful to see the women sitting out of doors in the summer time, happy in the creation of something beautiful. At Vitry-le-François the women were so eager to learn that they said they could not possibly wait five weeks for a teacher, or they would be demoralised! But war-time difficulties beset even this innocuous work. First, failure of the stock of Canadian flour sacking, on which it was done, and the impossibility of buying linen, which was all bought up for aeroplanes. Into such small details did the war penetrate! Nevertheless, the industry surmounted these difficulties, and developed to considerable proportions and was carried on for some time, even after the Mission left.

Schools, of course, were non-existent, in countless villages, and though uncertified teachers were not allowed to hold regular schools, yet in many cases our workers coped with wild groups of children without any backing of authority, and taught them games and other occupations, usually out of doors. The children had had so little normal life that they had forgotten how to play, but became very keen when they were taught. Where it was possible to reopen the schools much necessary equipment was given.

It is not possible to treat of each centre opened but, roughly speaking, the main group of relief workers were first in the Marne, spreading, as military exigencies allowed, into the western part of the Meuse, into the Aube, with important centres at Bar-le-Duc and Troyes, to be described separately. In 1917 work became possible in the Somme, but was abruptly cut short by the breaking through of the German Army. This was resumed later. In 1918 began the *magnum opus* of the Mission when work was concentrated in the Communes of Clermont, Varennes and Montfaucon in the Meuse.

Of the scattered activities, some brief mention must here be made. For rather more than a year from early 1915 to spring, 1916, a small group, including Alfred Backhouse, Gertrude Pim and Douglas Ashby undertook the work of distribution of clothing, first in the Aisne and later in Meurthe et Moselle. Making their headquarters in a village, they obtained as much local information as possible as to the needs of each household, before a distribution was made. At Reméréville and Gerbéviller, towns near Lunéville, they were asked by the Prefect to assist him by detailed investigation preliminary to a distribution of furniture. They were able to help a thousand people in this latter place.

Emergency help was given on many occasions in such cases as making arrangements for the reception of 500 refugees at Eaux Bonnes in the Pyrenees, the watching of insane patients at Lourdes, who had to be

evacuated from their asylum, and the conveying of many refugees to their distant places of shelter.

In October, 1917, when constant air-raids made life in Bar-le-Duc a strain upon the strongest, it was decided to make a home elsewhere for some of the old ladies who could no longer stand the constant cellar life and terrors of the bombardment. A delightful house was found at Charmont, entered by a broad gateway over which stood a statue of the Virgin. Inside the house and garden seemed to be meant for an oasis of peace, for such indeed it was.

Here, under the kind care of Constance Gostick and Frances Ferris, these old ladies lived with great contentment and joy. It was far from a railway station and therefore unlikely to be disturbed by war's alarms. It was delightful to see how the stronger helped the weaker, and the most helpless were the most cared for and tended because of their need. All had pathetic stories, and when the time came for them to leave they looked back upon their stay as a time of wonderful peace and happiness.

Mention, too, must be made of a hostel which was run at Reims for refugees coming to see their ruined homes. There was practically no sleeping or feeding accommodation to be had, so this was a great boon to them. Indeed, as one wandered through the ruined streets, one wondered where the inhabitants could possibly be housed. People could only be allowed to stay one night and nearly one hundred were turned away on one occasion; in the three weeks before it was handed over to a local committee, one thousand eight hundred people slept there. A French sergeant and a German prisoner were the invaluable helpers in the work.

When a Chartreuse Monastery at Le Glandier, Pompadour, Corrèze, was emptied of its monks to give place to six hundred Belgian children, a request was made for the help of some of our workers to give instruction in games, physical culture and the general well-being of the children. They were under the charge of a Belgian captain, with very liberal ideas of education, who was most anxious to secure the

advantage of English and American training. The children were brought there to be away from the bad conditions obtaining in Belgium, and the expense was shared between their Government and the American Red Cross. At first they were "a disorderly rabble, doing nothing, wanting to do nothing, pale and anæmic, shivering as the north wind blew, and refusing to play as soon as their very transitory interest waned; who stood or crouched in groups around the trees, obeying lifelessly the hoarse irritated voice of the overworked surveillant." But thanks to the good air, food and care, and partly by means of "Woodcraft Chivalry," a form of scouting, a very different temper soon grew up, and the children, happy, well and orderly, were found to have plenty of initiative. Poor children, they were very homesick, so far away from friends and home, and were very glad of the sympathy and affection of our workers.

When, in March, 1919, the time came for the children to go back, some of the Friends returned with them, and kept them fed with coffee and bread in addition to regular meals at certain stations.

The immense happiness of the home-coming shall be described by Margaret Gold, one of the workers who took part in it :

"As each kilometre brought us nearer to Liège and home, the noise of the engine was drowned by the singing and cheering of the youngsters, already hoarse from excited shouting. Midnight though it was, when we reached Liège, every window was crammed with children firing a volley of questions at the staff on the platform, discussing arrangements. But word went forth that the children were to stay on the train till early next morning, and their impatience had to be curbed for the night. Next morning, something was happening to the mass of little khaki-coloured figures, so wild with excitement the night before, now so quietly grouped on the platform. The long, long year one had had to do without mother was over. Now that it was possible to have her, it was terrible to wait. Where was she? How soon would one be there in her arms? They were in the

streets now, marching, marching; and already a man and a woman were running this way and that, craning, peering, searching the ranks of tired faces. There! she found him, and pushing among the lines, threw all into disorder, while with streaming eyes she clutched our little Hubert to her breast. The father soon had him on his shoulders, and they were all laughing and crying together. . . . At last they met their mothers, and never were there such tears, as mother and child flung themselves into each other's arms. . . . Shouts burst out, games began, and one knew that Le Glandier, with all its wealth of joy and health had really come to Belgium."

CHAPTER IV

BUILDING

TO return to the first building group, we find them settled into simple quarters provided by the little town of Esternay, which, though itself left standing, was in the midst of ruined villages. It can easily be imagined how serious was the overcrowding and lack of houses, where so large a proportion of them was destroyed. But rather than leave their village, the people would put up with any sort of a shelter, either cellar or barn. In one instance an old woman of seventy, the richest in the village, was found to have lived for eight months through the winter in a miserable cellar, rather than hire a room in the next village.

The first idea of the party was to do as much repair work as possible in the different villages, so that by the addition of a roof here and a door there, the existing accommodation could be considerably increased at a minimum outlay of time and money. Enquiries were made of the mayors as to the most needy families and selection made of those whom it was best to help. It was possible to obtain some labour for the bricklaying and skilled joiners' work, while the men of the party began their initiation into the mysteries of house building and repairing, which afterwards reached a high level. The record of this group for January, 1915, shows repairs to ten houses, while five simple wooden houses or barns were erected besides.

In one typical case the work was for an old couple over seventy years old. Formerly they had been prosperous and had two sons living at home. Now their sons were at the war, most of their cattle had been taken away, their tools and implements were destroyed by fire, and their harvest

and barns alike were destroyed. They were living in a damp cellar, and with their grandson of thirteen had to start life afresh. The shoring up of the floor and ceiling and some brickwork gave them at all events a roof over their heads.

In one village, T. E. Harvey wrote, he had suddenly realised that one of the farmers was not an old man as he had thought him to be. So cheered was he by the help brought thus unexpectedly from outside and the hope of even a tiny home of his own again, that the years seemed to fall away from him, and he was erect and vigorous once more. His wife had found among the débris of their former big farm-house her grandmother's old iron grate, and this was proudly reinstated in the new little house.

But it soon became evident that the plan of erecting wooden houses, until final rebuilding became possible, was a more practical way of giving help and, in fact, was essential if the war was not going to be swiftly over, and in villages where complete destruction reigned. Granville Streatfeild, who had joined the Mission to give the great help of his architectural knowledge, worked out the details of standardised wooden huts, which could be made in parts in a workshop, and erected *in situ*. The plans allowed of several types of houses, according to the size of the family and the different tastes of the future inhabitants. The frames were first erected, then covered outside with plain boards. Inside, both walls and floor were of grooved and tongued boarding. At first the roofs were covered with *carton bitumé*, a sort of tarred felt, but as the war went on, this was not found to be solid enough, and tiles were substituted. Four men could erect such a house in four or five days, and a great deal of the work was so simple that it could be done by untrained workers after a very short apprenticeship. Workshops were organised at Vitry-le-François, the centre of a badly ruined district. This was at work and a house already put together by Christmas, 1914. Other centres also were established, including Haussignément and Fère Champenoise, to which the workers moved from Esternay. An arrangement was

made with the French Government, by which the materials for these houses were provided by them as part of the war indemnity promised to all those who had suffered loss, so that the expense to the Committee was very greatly reduced.¹

The necessary materials were often, however, very difficult to obtain, having been commandeered by the military, or the railways could not carry them, being too congested with war requirements. This difficulty in fact never ceased to haunt the Mission till after the war was over. With most urgent need for houses, with workers kept idle waiting for materials, it was very difficult to have the necessary patience.

The eagerness of the people to get their new homes, however small, was pathetic to see, and it was very hard to satisfy everybody in selecting the most needy. The story of the determination of one client, Antoinette M., aged eight, must be told in the words of the worker who received her order.

“ Her grandmother came back from her ten months’ captivity at Sedan, where she was kept in an ordinary prison like a convict—an experience, as she says, with great dignity, of which her children and grandchildren will be proud. Her father was away, ill and dispirited at Verdun, and would sanction no schemes involving expenditure, while her mother was almost too downhearted to make any effort. Only Antoinette, of about eight years old, had pluck and hope for the whole family, and an immense determination to possess a new home. ‘ Ah,’ said the grandmother, tapping the wise little forehead, ‘ she is the one that’s got the brains. She says she has half a franc in her purse and she will pay for the wood for a hut herself.’ Antoinette even coaxed the baby brother to join in her demand, but Maman only said sadly that she did not know what it was all about. But Antoinette was not discouraged: she knew, she said, all about the cost, for the notice was posted up in the village, and at last the mother was persuaded to allow her to come to interview Monsieur l’architecte on a neighbouring site, and even called after her, ‘ Ask about two rooms.’ Antoin-

¹ In later times a grant was made by the American Red Cross for timber to enable the Society to build some houses independently of the war indemnity.

ette needed no prompting. 'Monsieur, je demande pour Maman le prix d'un abri de deux pièces, une cuisine et une chambre à coucher'—as if one ordered houses every day. And even questions of size did not daunt her, and she struggled gallantly to get the details down all by herself, in order to take them home for decisions."

The joy of our workers in being the means of providing houses in such cases can easily be imagined, and the change from despair to hope was wonderful to see, as little by little the rubbish of destruction was cleared away, and the neat little wooden houses rose up like fresh flowers among dead leaves. Happily, too, the people got quickly to work to plant flowers and creepers outside, so that the blank newness soon wore off. Very unexpected was the commentary of one woman when she moved into her new hut, that the light was intolerable after the pleasant darkness of her cellar !

In some cases, too, brick houses were undertaken with the help of local workmen : both at Pargny and Sermaize little garden cities on a small scale were erected. This action arose from the fact that many people did not own any land on which their huts could be built, and were obliged to remain in the unhealthy bathing establishment at Sermaize described elsewhere, which was so damp that fungi grew from the ceilings.

Wilfrid Shewell (then, and for long the able Secretary to the Mission in France) thus describes the " Cité " and the opening ceremony typical of many of the happy co-operative doings of " Les Amis " and the French local authorities.

" Wood being very difficult to obtain, it was decided to use brick in timber framing. The houses are of a much more permanent type than most we have erected, and when the present housing need is diminished by the reconstruction of the town, the ' Cité ' will be used for the aged and infirm.

" The twenty-four red-tiled houses of the Cité are ranged each side of a short street ; the road—' the most scientifically made road in Sermaize '—curves in a small circle at one end round a well, which, with its brickwork pedestal and timber and tile roof, forms a little Place de la Concorde in

this miniature City. Each house has its own little garden back and front, and trees, we hope, will one day line both sides of the road.

"After many weeks of rain, during which the builders have waded over boot-tops in mud, the July sun has appeared, and everything is perfect for the little opening festival.

"Early in the afternoon the cars have plied from the Source to the Cité laden with cups, coffee, gingerbread and biscuits (for the *arrosage* of the new buildings must not be forgotten, though in this case the 'sprinkling' must be of coffee and not of champagne). At three o'clock the guests have assembled: the new tenants, mostly women and children; the French workmen who have helped in the building; the four soldiers who have worked with us for a year past; Monsieur le Maire and Monsieur le Curé who chat amicably together forgetting past differences, and all the available members of the Mission.

"After the drinking of black coffee, into which for once we are allowed to put the glorious slabs of French sugar without stint, and the eating of gingerbread and biscuits, we all move to the Place de la Concorde where Maire, Curé and President of the Society of Friends have taken up their position under the friendly shade of the well roof. T. Edmund Harvey presents to the commune the labour of our hands and heads, and gives a little advice to the tenants on behalf of architect and engineer; he also suggests a name for the new garden city—'La Cité des Bons Voisins' (acclamations from the crowd, tempered by some murmurs of 'Penses-tu!'). Afterwards, Monsieur le Curé, very diffident, makes a few remarks, followed by Monsieur le Maire, very important, who reads his carefully prepared speech (destined to appear in the local paper). . . .

"Then all disperse in the cool of the evening: the tenants at last persuaded that the houses are 'really for them,' several declaring that though they had felt they would never be happy again, yet now the world really did seem to have something good in store for them."

In the summer of 1916 it was decided to open a workshop for the manufacture of wooden houses at Dôle in the Jura. This was, of course, much nearer to the supplies of wood, of which Lons le Saulnier was a great centre: it was away from the War Zone and therefore permits for our workers were far



FRIENDS' WORKERS BUILDING A WOODEN HOUSE



A HOME BUILT BY THE FRIENDS

less complicated and less difficult to obtain. Workshops and a camp of wooden houses were built by the workers themselves on a high position above the town, which offered a very occasional glimpse of Mont Blanc, as perhaps its chief attraction. In the autumn of 1917 this accommodation proved insufficient, thanks to the splendid reinforcements of workers from America who were then arriving, and a second workshop in the very picturesque town of Ornans (Doubs), was started. The machinery was worked with power from the water of the River Loue, which unfortunately was sometimes so disobliging as to be too dry to do its work. The machinery for this workshop was sent over from America. Here for about eighteen months, and at Dôle for nearly three years a considerable body of workers (sometimes eighty to one hundred) lived and worked. They were most of them boys or quite young men, to whom the work appeared often very monotonous and dull, especially at a time when heroic deeds and great dangers were the order of the day. It was hard to keep steadily inspired with the thought that the work was just as much a service to the suffering civilians as the work in the War Zone more obviously was. All the more credit to these boys, who steadily and industriously stuck to their work, taking night shifts in order to get more done, knowing that theirs was a quite necessary part of the whole reconstruction policy of the Mission. It was a great encouragement to them when they, too, were able to see the result of their work, by the erection of thirty huts at Dôle and Besançon for the refugees who had reached these far-away towns and badly needed more accommodation.

After the end of the war, most of these workers were moved to the War Zone and took part in the reconstruction work near Verdun.

One especially interesting piece of repair work must be described. The Civil Hospital of Reims occupied the site of the old Benedictine Abbey of St. Rémy, a number of its wards having been built above the Cloister, which dates from the 17th century, and above several vaulted Gothic

rooms of an earlier date. The upper part had been badly injured by fire, caused by bombs, thus making useless the hospital and endangering the beautiful old building below. The civil authorities appealed to the Mission to reroof the building in order to save the fabric and preserve their hospital. A French architect had made plans, involving an expenditure of 300,000 francs; Cyril Walmesley, an engineer of our party, with help from Harold Trew, then head of the Building Department, was able to carry it through at a cost of about 40,000 francs, including cost of material and labour. This was a very difficult piece of work from two reasons: first there were 3,000 square metres to roof and tile, and owing to the age of the building only very light materials could be used; secondly, all the work had to be done under liability to shell-fire and gas attacks. Cyril Walmesley supervised the work throughout, helped for part of the time by Henry Dearden, as well as by some elderly French workmen, one of whom was killed by a shell whilst at work. These two workers were able to give help at times of emergency, when our cars were sent in to fetch out the sick or wounded civilians: they shared, too, the extraordinary life—or death—of this city, almost entirely shut off from the outside world, with

“an atmosphere constantly filled with the sense of impending danger; about one are the silent streets, sometimes almost deathly in their stillness, the grass growing even beside the tram lines, many districts uninhabited, numbers quite uninhabitable, others with here and there a shop open or with some old man or woman walking down them; now and then, too, a child is still to be seen, for there are still over 200 children in the city and school is held underground; you can hear the children’s voices coming up from below the pavement as you walk on the street overhead.”¹

Another isolated job was that of repairing the Clermont Hospital, also damaged in the war. As much as thirty-five tons of rubbish were cleared away, water was laid on and

¹ *The Friend*, II, iii, 1918.

much plumbing and sanitary work carried out, to the great satisfaction of Sœur Gabrielle, the courageous and distinguished matron of the hospital. When our own hospitals were closed, our nurses gave some help there, and accommodation was provided for any sick Mission members.

It may be well to sum up what was accomplished before work was begun in the Verdun district. From 1914 to the end of August, 1918, 543 houses were built and 46 houses repaired in 41 villages of the Departments of Aisne, Marne, Meuse, Somme, Doubs, Jura and Aube, housing over 2,000 people. In addition, 35 stables and barns were put up and 40 huts and barracks either for the hospital work of the Mission or housing of the workers. Reference should also be made to a considerable amount of sanitary work which was done—wells were cleansed, water analysed and better sanitation carried out at Sermaize, where the hotel, overcrowded with refugees, threatened to become a source of great danger. War against flies was also initiated.

With the opening up of the new Verdun district immense scope was offered to the building department and the summer of 1919 was the period of greatest activity. In village after village, *équipes*¹ were started, who erected not only houses built by our workers, but also those supplied by the Ministry of the Liberated Regions, which were of French and Swiss manufacture. Thanks to the increased number of workers the output was greatly expedited, and in the summer months 710 houses were built in the Meuse and over 80 in the Aisne, housing, it was computed, 2,500 people.

¹ The French word was adopted throughout the Mission to indicate a group of workers.

CHAPTER V

AGRICULTURE

LIKE the building work, the agricultural started with the first *équipe* at Esternay. Here Theodore Rigg, the first head of this work, gave several months' study to the problem of reconstructing the agricultural life of the destroyed villages, and thus laid down on a sound basis the lines which were followed during the life of the Mission. Beginning at Esternay and going east through Fère Champenoise to Vitry-le-François, he found the damage increasingly severe. The farming was almost entirely mixed, with soil suited for barley, oats, wheat and potatoes. Large farms were unusual, and as has been pointed out, many people were farming on very uneconomic lines, owing to the subdivision of their land. Lack of co-operation intensified this difficulty as each man had his own barn, mowing-machine, reaper-and-binder, drill, horse rake and roller, and even his own thrashing-machine, called a *tripoteuse*, a machine worked by a horse walking on an inclined plane. So unused were these peasants to any form of co-operation that, even when after the war some of them had machines intact, the idea of lending them to others less fortunate did not occur to them. The villages were made up almost entirely of the small farm houses of the peasants.

Theodore Rigg, after a detailed investigation into the war losses of over seventy villages, reported that the three lines upon which help was most wanted and could best be given were as follows :

1. Distribution of seeds.
2. The renewal of machinery and tools lost by fire.
3. The restocking of farms.

By April, 1915, about 20,000 complete packets of garden seeds containing peas, haricots, cabbages, lettuce, beetroot and onion seeds were distributed. This distribution of garden seeds took place year after year, and on at least one occasion contained a gift of 10,000 packets from English Sunday-school children, distributed through French schools.

Over 8,000 kilograms of artificial manure were also distributed, and 80,000 cabbage plants raised by our workers at Sermaize.

Most unfortunately, during the war, any real recovery of agricultural prosperity was almost impossible, for the following reasons, against which all possible efforts could only struggle with difficulty.

(1) The invasion of 1914 lost completely the whole of an admirable harvest, and very greatly interfered with preparation and sowing of the next, partly owing to loss of all machinery.

(2) The drastic mobilisation of men called off all the really active people. The mobilisation of the village blacksmith, often the only person able to do repairs, was very disastrous.

(3) The mobilisation of horses, including mares, added yet a further difficulty, also the boldness of the greatly increased wild boars, who were "refugees" from the Ardennes, and made great ravages.

The problem of the agricultural machinery was tackled in the spring of 1915. Some machines were purchased by the Committee, some were most kindly given by the Relief of Allies Agricultural Committee, and others by the American Relief Clearing House. At first the plan followed was that of presenting a machine to a Commune for joint use, but this was not successful. Naturally, where everyone was in crying need, it was difficult to arrange a fair distribution of its use, though it was doubtless an extreme case in which an old man took away an irreplaceable part so as to keep the machine idle until he needed it himself! It was found to be a far better plan to keep the machines in the hands of the Committee, and to arrange a rota in each village

in which it was to be used, and in cases where there was no man of the family to do the work, a Mission member undertook it himself.

On beginning work in a village, a meeting would be held to ascertain as far as possible the actual requirements of the different people and the fairest way to meet them. This meeting was often made the occasion of an eloquent address by the Mission members on the benefit of sharing and of the spirit of co-operation. Such speakers had also to become specialists in the complicated nomenclature of the various agricultural implements, so that no mistake should arise on that score. Hay-mowers, reapers, binders, hay-tedders, horse-rakes—all had to be kept in stock and lent out as required, and perhaps most important of all was the thrashing. Francis Birrell, who himself worked as a thrasher for a considerable time, has given a description of the life which must be quoted, as it is typical of the intimate share in the village life which our workers so often took, helping as they did the actual village work.

“As the autumn approaches, it becomes necessary to decide to what villages it is best to send our ‘*batteuses*’ (thrashing-machines). . . . The Mayor is asked to draw up a list of the *sinistrés* (i.e. persons whose worldly goods have been burned in the war) who wish to use our machines, and after a decent interval has elapsed some sort of list arrives, though it usually undergoes many alterations before the end of the season. Then, as soon as may be, our ‘*batteuse*’ grumbles off with its equipment of two workers, one to look after the engine, and one to ‘*engrainer*’ or feed the sheaves into the machine. . . .

“A room in the village has been procured in advance—with luck it contains a bed for each person ; or it may be that our workers will pitch their camp beds with French soldiers, in a barn loft, or in the stables over the horses. In any case it will be fairly uncomfortable, or frightfully cold, though there is the consolation of knowing that one is living as the French live. Or one may have the luck to drop into a gigantic French bed—huge, deep, soft and warm, the most comfortable thing in the world. Bed comes soon after nightfall, and we are up just before dawn. . . . We have our meals

with the family, who also pay the price of the gasoline and grease, which now amounts to about a franc a litre, bringing the average cost up to about 16 francs a day excluding food. The machine and our labour are free.

"A company of six or seven people have assembled, two or three men as nearly able-bodied as the village can produce, two German prisoners perhaps, or French soldiers, *en repos*, two girls to do the lighter work and an old Trojan woman of over sixty, whose heart never fails and whose spirit never flags. Bowls of coffee and milk (made as only the French can) with two or three hunks of toast are produced. . . . breakfast takes but a few minutes, and soon our friends are tramping once more through the frozen slush to the machine. It is probably about half-past seven. It is difficult to believe that one can ever be warm. The same doubt afflicts the engine, which will not start for some minutes, to the evident contempt of the French members of the party. But nothing gets the blood circulating like continued cranking; and eventually, with a groan and a gasp, the engine gets under weigh. One of the workers leaps up to *engrain*; the other stays down to look after the engine and tend the rapidly filling sacks. The forks work in unison: the *botteleurs* (those who tie the straw into sheaves) curse and swear and sweat, the bags fill up, the sheaves swish through and the engines pound on in delightful harmony. From the deepest misery spirits rise to bursting-point. It is the most delightful part of the day. The first flush of enthusiasm has not given way to incipient exhaustion and the air is not yet thick with floating dust."

So the work goes on through the day with various meals interspersed, and talk of politics and cracking of local jokes. At these meals, French, English, Americans, and German prisoners all sit happily together.

"Such is the life of the thrasher with most of the irritation left out; the irritation of coughs and colds caught from the dust; the irritation of people who will not work together, who put you off at the last moment, who will not lend their horses, who have no sacks; the irritation of cold, rain and snow, of bad gasoline and continual repairs, of losses, of breakages and thefts."

In 1917 nine hundred tons were thrashed, altogether,

which almost certainly would have been lost but for this help, as there were no other machines in the district. In some ways, this, with the harvesting and other similar agricultural work, was one of the most valued forms of help given, so directly productive was it, as well of actual food as of friendship between villagers and workers.

The repair of agricultural machines was also an increasingly important contribution. Often those machines, partly ruined by the war, could be assembled by clever workmen, making a few good machines out of many wrecks. More and more it became necessary for our centres to keep stores of spare parts, or to act as agents for the merchants, whose businesses were entirely upset, and finally in 1918, repair shops with forges were established. In June of that year, the four or five shops repaired 450 machines, entailing 3,000 new parts. Competition in this work between the different *équipes* was very keen, and at least one could boast that it refused no machine as too bad to repair. The overhauling and keeping in repair of those used by the Mission was also no light work. The sale of binder twine was most necessary, and was dealt in to the amount of very many tons.

Howard Elkinton, head of the chief repair shop at Evres, gives the following account of the sort of case that frequently had to be dealt with :

“ ‘ But you can solder that bracket in no time ! ’ pleaded Père Raulin.

“ He cut a pathetic figure in the dark, slightly under the influence of drink, very hazy as to the mechanical repair needed for a broken rachet of cast iron, and stung all the while by the thought of failing to cut his harvest while the fine weather lasted.

“ ‘ Surely you can mend it, say to-night ? ’ It was then ten o’clock and quite black.

“ ‘ My friend,’ I answered, ‘ it is quite impossible to solder cast iron, and there is no doing it to-night ! ’ I was forced to be firm. ‘ Take your binder up on the flats and we will look at it to-morrow.’

“ ‘ You will do it first thing in the morning, nine, ten, twelve o’clock ? ’

“‘I can’t promise, *mon ami*. Some repairs take a long time.’

“‘But I will pay you all you ask,’ he rejoined, trying corruption. ‘Make it quite right now.’

“I explained, slightly nettled by the inferred bribery, that everything depended upon the difficulty of the repair, following which came a long string of inducements, indicating very clearly Père Raulin’s idea of his break.

“‘I shall give you a fine drink at the café.’

“‘But we don’t drink!’

“‘Yes, I’ll pay you well, right away, if you like.’

“‘Money’s not the question.’

“‘You’ll have it done by two o’clock to-morrow afternoon?’

“‘I can’t promise, you understand. We’ll do the best possible.’

“‘Say three o’clock! . . . All the beer you can drink!’

“After repeating this round a dozen times, Père Raulin finally consented to leave his machine to our tender mercies. After we had shaken hands at least five times, he drove down the road into the night. . . .

“The Raulin binder was rather difficult to mend—a broken bracket which could be repaired for the moment, but which sooner or later would need a new piece. To have held up his binder until we got a replace piece would have been too cruel, so, in anticipation of Père Raulin’s visit on the morrow, we started to treat the machine as we have had to treat many others, with a tonic that should carry it through the crisis of the harvest, trusting that during the winter months, there would be time to cure the trouble properly with a brand new lever ratchet. . . .

“So when Père Raulin came for his binder and asked how much it was, I said one franc. He fumbled to pay more handsomely.

“‘Oh no!’ I explained; ‘it is not the cash, *mon vieux*, but the possibility of fixing the thing.’

“‘But do come and have a drink,’ he inveigled. I was forced to explain that we didn’t drink.

“‘But you have done beautifully, *mes amis*. You have finished by 2.30 o’clock.’

“Old Raulin shook hands all round and toddled off down the road to the café, chuckling over his binder, and clucking to his horses.

“ ‘ *Allons, mes belles . . . viens toi, coquette. Charlotte, Marquise . . . allons mes mignonnes. Un verre de bière pour tout le monde. Allez mes enfants !* ’ ”

A certain amount of land was rented and cultivated by the Mission itself, including at one time a farm at Vanault-les-Dames, which had lain fallow for seven years. A large quantity of vegetables were grown for the use of the ever-increasing family of workers who needed an extensive commissariat to keep them fed !

With the opening up of work in the Verdun area considerable changes took place. In many cases the Mission workers were there before the return of the inhabitants, who would come to take a look at their land and talk over the future with our workers on the spot. Edward G. West (who had succeeded Theodore Rigg as head of the agricultural department when the latter left to undertake relief in Serbia) conceived the bold idea of ploughing land belonging to many owners in preparation for their return. There was the risk, that, clinging to their individualistic ideas, they would resent this blurring of boundaries of such great importance to their feelings : but, supported by the Mayor and Council and in faith that the subdivision could be arranged, the plan was carried out. Greatly to the joy of the agricultural workers, “ this lonely, desolate valley (of Brabant) full of ruin and munition dumps, has now become peopled with thirty families amicably arranging their crops on the seventy-three acres of ploughing already accomplished there.” Not only this, but at the first service held since 1914 at the little church, the Curé gave thanks for the ploughed fields that gladdened the hearts of the returning inhabitants. Communal kitchen-gardens, too, were planted in six centres. These were indeed indications of the change which had come over the work. From helping individuals along many lines, it became possible to help communes to get started as units. The co-operation which the Mission had preached became not only advisable but necessary. In the same year

nearly 1,000 acres were mown in 30 communes, and nearly 500 acres of grain cut. The agricultural department at this time numbered about 50 members.

Quite early in the work a start was made in the rearing of chickens and rabbits for distribution. Beginning on quite a small scale, this went on, steadily growing in importance and size. To be successful it needed much careful organisation. First, the importation of good strains, and the skilled breeding and care of the animals, under conditions none too favourable. Then the animals had to be sent by our motor lorries to the different *équipes*, who meanwhile would have prepared lists of the people selected to receive them, and lastly, the actual distribution in the villages, often very difficult of access owing to the bad state of the roads.

On the usual principle of the Mission, the people were asked to pay something towards the cost, and in Verdun days the report tells of a total of over half a million francs received in cash payments for stock which included 18,000 chickens, 6,000 rabbits, 460 goats, 698 sheep, 229 pigs, 87 cattle and 41 horses. Weekly sales of both animals and tools were held in some centres, winding up with the great excitement of an auction. The result may fairly be said to have been that the people were pretty well supplied with all the small stock which they could manage, and which was of such immense importance to their new start in life. The goats had been mostly procured from other parts of France, under the special care of Geoffrey Franklin, whilst Edward Addison and Martin Walker (of Australia) superintended the importation of South Down sheep from England. George Downing, an American worker, thus describes the thrills of a chicken sale.

“Two hundred and fifty birds had been ordered, but as fortune and the *crise de transport* would have it, only 60 arrived. We decided on 2 chickens apiece as the limit for each family ; and so set out to Ville on the appointed day, the chicken crates piled high on one of those seesaw

French hay-carts. Arrived in the village, we asked for the house of the *garde-champêtre*, and borrowed his barn for the market. The door was held until the table was transmuted into a weighing-stand and the desk of the money-changers was installed ; then we admitted the populace.

"In they flocked, baskets and paniers in hand, to inspect the fowls in their cages. '*A combien le kilo ?*' they asked, and upon hearing the price, 7 francs, 25 centimes, they would raise their eyebrows, and say, '*Cher, n'est-ce pas ?*' 'Yes, but they are 22 francs apiece in Paris,' we would answer, adding, 'and you can get only two.'

"Then the fun began. All talking at once—choosing chickens and comparing choices. Up comes an old lady, bent, shrivelled and wrinkled, her grey hair set off by her snow-white Lorraine cap—and with three nice chickens tucked under her arms. 'But you can only have two, Madame.' '*Eh bien,*' she answers, 'but weigh them all for me ; then I will choose.' So we do, and after much changing of chickens and refiguring of sums, she is arranged.

"A general cry of, 'Oh ! your chickens are running away !' Out two of us go, and by dint of scrambling over walls, and running in all directions we manage to collect five of the strays, decide that they must be all, and return to our bartering. The man with the purse reckons the cost of two chickens, and turns to Madame to collect the money. 'But I have another,' she says. Again a long explanation of the facts ; patiently pointing out that we can only give her two chickens at this time, and again a reweighing and several recalculations, until all is straight. Then she protests that we are wrong—we have charged her too much. Once more the accounts are shown to be correct. She grumbles. With a touch of warmth she is told that the chickens are sold to her at exactly the price they cost at Bar, and that she is not charged for transportation, nor for the food given them. 'Ah !' she says with cunning, 'you feed them to make them weigh heavy, eh ?' After a tremendous struggle, humanity puts its foot on the neck of human nature, and we say nothing, while taking the money that she gingerly offers, guarding with suspicion her pocket-book the while."

Special attention also was paid to the question of bees, under the skilled care of Graham Burt. Before the war, the Northern Meuse and the Ardennes were well stocked with

apiaries, but these practically all disappeared in the war, and it was at the suggestion of the Sous-préfet of Verdun that restocking was undertaken. To begin with, sixty frame-hives were made in our workshop at Dôle, and an apiary of twelve skeps established at Evres, in the spring of 1918, afterwards moved to Dombasle. Unfortunately, during the summer permits for a bee-worker to live at Evres were not obtainable, and the bees had to take care of themselves! Sad to say, they took advantage of the lack of military interest in them, and did very little work. The final results were, however, that in the area of the Mission's work near Verdun, strong colonies of bees were available for any who wished to buy them at about one-third current prices, and that in the Ardennes four wagon loads of bees were sold at reduced prices to the Abeille Ardennaise, and in the Meuse a permanent apiary of thirty colonies and material worth 7,500 francs were handed to the *Société d'Agriculture Meusienne*. Much appreciation was felt at these arrangements, and one man ended his thanks with "*Vraiment vous pensez de tout.*"

Another side-line of agricultural work was the provision of fruit trees, which naturally were much needed, though it was interesting to notice apple trees unharmed by the roadside in districts where almost everything was destroyed. Partly owing to the generosity of the York Old Scholars' Association, about 24,000 fruit trees were distributed in 130 communes at the rate of five to each family, who agreed to plant them at once. They were received with great enthusiasm.

Last, but perhaps not least, the veterinary surgeon provided by the Mission was kept busy with the care of our own and French animals.

CHAPTER VI

MEDICAL WORK

FROM the very first it was expected that medical work would be one of the chief activities of the Mission, and although at first the limited area accessible, and the fortunate lack of expected epidemics caused some professional disappointment, yet, looking back on the six years' service, the importance of the medical help and the extreme appreciation of it by the French are very obvious. There was especial need for such work, owing to the fact that the civil hospitals were in use for the military, that the civilian doctors had to a great extent been mobilised, and that crowds of refugees, added to the population, increased the likelihood of epidemics.

The first, and the last, medical work of the Mission was the Maternity Hospital at Châlons-sur-Marne, which opened on December 14th, 1914, and was handed over to the French as a permanent memorial of the Mission of the Society of Friends. This is dealt with later.

Other medical institutions carried on for longer or shorter times were the Hospitals at La Source and Le Château, Sermaize (transferred later to Brizeaux), the Convalescent Homes at Bettancourt la Longue, Samoëns, Entremont and Saint Rémy-en-Bouzémont, in addition to very considerable country practices by our doctors, and district nursing both in towns and villages by our nurses. Finally, dental and optical work were undertaken.

La Source Hospital, Sermaize, the first hospital to be started after Châlons, was a collection of wooden barracks, built early in 1915 by our then somewhat inexperienced carpenters, on a waterless site. This was quite near to the

hotel inhabited by our relief workers and by very many refugees. Here, with the very simplest equipment, very gallant work was done, though often entailing great discomfort on the staff, particularly in the unusually cruel winter of 1916-17, when, with the thermometer below zero for days together, nothing would keep liquid. Primarily, the little hospital was intended for emergency cases amongst the refugees in the neighbourhood, but it was often used for boys needing prolonged convalescent treatment, either those who had been wounded in Reims or who had incipient tuberculosis. Later on, additions and improvements were made, which enabled surgical cases from the Château Hospital to be cared for, thus relieving the pressure on the former. The names of Margaret Evans and Brenda Friend are especially connected with this work.

Not all the patients immediately appreciated the strict régime of these strange foreigners. The story is told of an old wandering chair-mender suffering from pneumonia, who was found by one of the Mission car-drivers lying on a pile of stones by the road. Of course he was brought back to the hospital, where it was discovered that he was suffering also from diabetes. When he found that he was obliged to take nasty medicine and was allowed no sugar in his diet, he decided that "*Le bon Dieu*" would not wish him to remain in an English hospital. He was only allowed to leave on signing a paper that he was doing so contrary to doctor's orders and at great personal risk. He departed, a pathetic shaky little figure, only to be discovered again, two days later, in a collapsed condition, and brought back to the hospital, where this time he admitted he was glad to be.

Next to be established was the home in the Château at Bettancourt-la-Longue, most kindly lent by its owner, Madame la Comtesse Morillot. This was made possible by the offer of Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Lucas, who, helped by a very generous anonymous friend, equipped, supported and managed the institution for a year. It is a fine house in beautiful grounds, and made a delightful home for refugee

children suffering from the effects of the war, and yet not strong enough to stand the journey further away from their homes. After Mr. and Mrs. Lucas left it was maintained largely through the generosity of Mrs. Ashby, under the superintendence of Gertrude Pim. At first there were no arrangements for taking any serious cases, but as the needs of the people and the medical strength of the Mission increased, a doctor resided there, and it became more and more an actual hospital. Here, too, were received some of the invasions of babies which poured in at times from nearer the front. Much good will, much hard work, and much initiative were needed to cope with these sudden emergencies. One of the workers thus describes such an occasion : —

“ We thought we were busy, but when two of us came in from gathering nettles, we found two cars at the door, and the floor of one ward literally paved with babies under eighteen months, twelve of them for us to keep, and the others to be fed and sent on. They were as hungry as little wolves. I fed three that sat in a row ; the one to whose mouth I held the basin gulped it down in great snorts, and the one on each side tried to grab the basin away in little pink paws. Everybody was busy over them, in one way and another. They were evidently used to bottles, and we do not run to bottles, so they had to get used to spoons and basins. Now, after about eight meals they are toning down a little. . . .

“ Those that can sit up have a low form on the floor and sit on the floor each side of it, five a side, with their oil-cloth bibs tucked in. Léon, who is a little gentleman of six years, had a two-year-old allotted to him to feed, and he did it beautifully, and would not touch his own food until it had done. . . . There is a double door between two wards, leaving two feet of darkness when both are closed ; one small girl resides there entirely because she has been living in a cellar, and that is our nearest approach to it ! ”

Little Suzanne was another inmate. Her mother wrote to the Mission asking them to remove her from her home as she was so intractable, she would not wear her gas mask,

and it was not safe. Suzanne, when fetched, was found to be about two years' old !

In the spring of 1916 attention was called to the convoys of *rapatriés*—refugees from occupied territory returned to their country through Switzerland, of whom one hundred thousand were said to have come through Annemasse, near Geneva. It was decided to open a home for a few of those needing medical care, near the place of their arrival. A delightful location was found in the Hôtel Belle Vue, Samoëns, about 2,000 feet high, in the valley of the Giffre—tributary of the Aire—a place which any of us might be happy to choose for a holiday, with its abundance of flowers and other sub-Alpine joys.

Unfortunately, as soon as the place was taken, the convoys of *rapatriés* ceased, owing to the concentration of German energies on the Battle of Verdun. Nevertheless, till it was finally closed in December, 1918 (with occasional pauses in the winters owing to technical difficulties), the home gave great benefit and happiness to numbers of people, so much so that a similar one was opened at Entremont, not very far away, during the summer of 1917.

To begin with, refugees from Paris, needing rest and care, were sent to Samoëns. Hilda Clark, on investigation, found that in Paris the condition of many of the people was naturally seriously deteriorating from the overcrowded conditions. As in every big city, many of the poorer people were suffering from phthisis, and it was in these poor quarters that many of the refugees were living. Coming from healthy country homes, they were especially prone to become affected, and it was felt that they would benefit very much from a stay at Samoëns. As the result of much visiting and medical examination, suitable cases were selected and sent down in parties to the good air and care of the Home.

Later on some of the *rapatriés* did also stay there, but often it was found that they were too eager to regain their friends after their long exile, and they did not realise to what bad conditions they were usually returning, nor how

useful this rest and building up would be to them. Their impatience was little to be wondered at. I remember once, returning from a visit to Samoëns, I entered a full train at Annemasse, and wondered what there was so strange about it. Then the tickets round everyone's neck, and the tired, tired look on their faces explained it to me, and I knew that they were fresh from the unknown world of Germany— isolated during long years, and now returning as strangers to a strange part of their own land. For four days and nights they had travelled and they were full of the *accueil merveilleux* of the Swiss ladies at the frontier, who had divined just what they wanted to make them feel welcomed and cared for.

About eighty persons could be housed at Samoëns, with a staff of ten or twelve, though the number of patients was sometimes greater. They were of all ages, from babies to old women of over eighty, and it was not an easy company to arrange for. One of the workers has given a picture of some of the cases, which shall be quoted :—

“Some of them were indescribably pathetic. One family of five, a mother and four children, had been wounded by British shells, and all were deplorably dirty. Their condition was so hopeless that there was no alternative but to burn all their possessions. It seemed dreadful to take away from them even the few things they had saved, but when the matter was broached to the mother, it appeared that she was much too apathetic to mind what was done to her. Happily, they cheered up a good deal before they left us.

“Grand'mère, aged 82, and the oldest member of our community, was a patient whom it would have been impossible to describe as melancholy. She had been evacuated from near St. Mihiel, early in the war, and had been at Bar-le-Duc till the air-raids drove her away. Nor was this her first experience of war, as she had witnessed the invasion of 1870. She had no malady but old age, and had come to us on the pretext of finding a home with a nephew in Savoie, but she was a wily old dame, and once she had taken up her quarters with us, she discovered a number of reasons

for not going to the nephew. Like all the French, she adored medicines, but she took her own line as to whether a particular remedy should be applied internally or externally—her neuralgia derived great benefit from bathing with Epsom Salts. The French mania for *tisanes* was in her raised to the *n*th degree, and she was constantly sallying forth to fetch some precious root or herb. Her remedies were not always harmless, but she had a fair constitution and was able to survive them herself. When, however, she recommended Marthe, our very Bœotian servant, to make an application of candle-grease to a sore leg, the doctor was roused to considerable wrath. Of our medical advisers Grand'mère had, upon the whole, but a poor opinion, and when, on the departure of one of them, for whom she had a warm, though unprofessional regard, she made a complimentary farewell speech; she explained that as long as she was well, she was willing to follow the doctor's advice, but when she was ill it was, at her time of life, impossible. In spite of her age, she retained the sprightliness of youth, she had remarkable social gifts, and her manners were as elegant, as her conversation was engrossing."

One other character deserves a place in history.

"All personalities pale before Eliza. Who but must feel himself a faint and pulseless phantom before this amazing packet of vitality? We always allude to her as Eliza, pronounced English-fashion—the French way is too soft and euphonious to express her. She had many qualities, too, in common with Eliza our great queen—red hair and a pale face, a hasty temper and a sharp tongue, unlimited energy and a genius for the government of her fellows. She was only eleven, but as soon as she arrived she took possession of her corridor and ruled the small fry on it with a rod of iron. She was so useful that we felt that we ought to put her on the staff, a course of action which would have had the additional merit of legitimising activities beyond our power to check, for Eliza paralysed the boldest of us. She would take the children's clothes off, wash them, air them, put them on again. I was once wakened at half-past five by a mysterious splashing noise—it was Eliza washing the floor in her nightgown. The day after her arrival she organised a school for babes, and twelve meek children sitting in a row against the wall with Eliza erect and terrific

in front of them, would bawl the Marseillaise in every kind of time until they were hoarse and faint. If they were naughty, she stood them in the corner, because, as she explained, she did not approve of corporal punishment. When she thought that they had had school long enough, she put them to bed, and woe betide them if they spoke or moved. If we were ever rash enough to require Eliza to do anything, she stamped her foot, tossed her carrot-coloured hair, and refused ; but herself, she required obedience from her babes.

“ Eliza’s past was as lurid as her present. When she was at Bouquois with the Bosches, the English and French patrols broke through the lines (so she declares), the streets ran with blood, the Germans threw down their guns and ran away, there were explosions and fires and shrieking and deaths. She had also seen eighteen French aeroplanes in the sky at once, with German shrapnel bursting all round them. What she had not seen in the way of war is not worth talking about, and she was boarded out in a family where there were ten children, and she was the only one to be repatriated, such are a foundling’s advantages over ordinary humanity, and *she* was not sorry to come away, but all the ten cried at her departure.

“ Yesterday Eliza left us to go to an orphanage at Lyons. The house seems empty and silent, and we, its inmates, still dazed by her meteoric passage, wander about, uncertain and lost, but no doubt already the orphans at Lyons are marshalled in breathless bands, and are singing and sleeping in turns, as Eliza wills it.”

With the American reinforcements in 1917, it became possible to develop the medical side of the work considerably and the Château Hospital at Sermaize was an American undertaking. Typically American, in the best sense, it was in its wonderfully rapid development, its splendid equipment and achievements.

This is best described by a report at the time :

“ The active service of the hospital dates from just before Christmas when the advance guard of three American nurses sent by the Friends’ Service Committee arrived *via* Paris. So pressing were the needs of the neighbouring villages for surgical treatment and so faint seemed the

chances of soon obtaining the hoped for 'installations,' that it was decided not to postpone the opening of the hospital for these conveniences, and one by one the bedrooms and *salons* of the mansion were fitted up with the iron enamel beds and patients tucked in to recover from anæsthetic. It required scrupulous care and fatiguing labour to look after the *malades* in a house *sans* modern sewage disposal, *sans* adequate sterilising facilities, lighted by petrol lamps when there was petrol (and there usually wasn't), supplied with water by a lame and halting ram which required veterinary surgery at too frequent intervals, heated by central heating that wouldn't heat, burning wood that wouldn't burn, the staff under constant fear of having to retire because the laundry of week-before-last hadn't put in an appearance.

"But interest centred constantly around the operating theatre. Critical cases, except in emergency, were almost out of the question at first, but as sanitary conditions were improved, more and more severe operations were attempted and attempted successfully. There were times of stress—of night operations performed under the fading glimmer of a flash-lamp—of days when the staff worked sadly short-handed, when the house-keeping and building departments had to be drafted into service to guard the recently operated patients as they regained consciousness. A tableau long to be remembered portrays the junior electrician industriously engaged in amusing a semi-intelligent baby—and incidentally, the rest of the staff.

"Soon the gratitude of the patients and their families were amply manifest, and most cherished gifts of butter, eggs and livestock began filtering in. The ward orderly found himself the guardian not only of a double row of men's beds, but of a miscellaneous assortment of rabbits, chickens and ducks, whose ranks suffered frightful carnage at each Sunday dinner. The occasions when the surgeon-chief, his assistant and two chauffeurs were called to the colours to round up a proudly irate goose were rare though amusing."

To anyone who saw the hospital in its heyday with one hundred beds, such a picture only emphasises the ultimate achievement, when first-rate equipment of every sort and kind was installed, from baths and electric light to X-ray apparatus; when Dr. James Babbit, the inspirer of it all, in his complete devotion to the work almost lived in the

operating-room. Operations of every degree of horror, which it had been so difficult to get performed owing to shortage of accommodation, could now be undertaken, and in November, 1918, when the Château was needed by its owner and arrangements were made to close, the thousandth operation was performed. Some of the equipment was transferred to Brizeaux and later to Varennes, where work was carried on in wooden hospitals till the close of the Mission. Then the X-ray apparatus was erected by our workers at Verdun where it was greatly appreciated.

The medical work of the Mission outside the institutions is even more difficult to chronicle, so varied was it and so changing. But this I think may safely be said, that it would be difficult to find more arduous, more selfless or more Christian work than that done by some of our nurses in the French villages and towns. One thinks of those like Ethel Dunbar or Jane Hanna, working from early morning till late at night, tramping or bicycling in impossible mud, wholly devoted to the good of the people. They received little outward reward, but instead, the very real one of the extreme affection and appreciation of those amongst whom they lived. This work was developed early—by July, 1915, seven nurses were at work in different villages—and was long continued, for district nurses are at the best of times an unknown luxury in France. In war-time, with many of the civilian doctors mobilised, they were far more needed than usual. No charge was made for their services, and they distributed sheets, pillows, basins, etc., amongst their patients.

In Bar-le-Duc, where the sanitary conditions were scandalous owing to the overcrowding of the refugees, it may well be claimed, that the work of our nurses did something to prevent worse effects than actually occurred. The nurses cared for German prisoners, where necessary, as well as for French civilians and Mission workers. Margaret Evans, who had worked for years with the Mission, both in Holland

and France, remained on after its close, as a village nurse in Les Senades, under a French Society, and only returned home in 1924.

Where necessary, too, one of the Mission doctors was stationed in a village when the civilians were left destitute of all medical help. For instance, Dr. Rosslyn Earp was one of the very first workers to enter the new Verdun area, being asked to do medical work at Jubécourt before the Armistice. In earlier days Dr. Egbert Morland was stationed at Fère Champenoise, and afterwards at Nettancourt—a centre for a wide area where no French civilian doctor could be obtained. There were very cordial relations with the French doctors, who were only too glad to co-operate with the Mission and to find someone willing to help in their difficult position. Often those who were left were old and found it impossible to do all that was required. Nettancourt was at one side of the line of devastation in a district crowded with refugees.

Dr. Hilda Clark writes :

“ After a while the headquarters of an Army Corps was established there, and the Mission had to move. The need for our medical help was also lessened by this, as the French military doctors were nearly always very kind in attending to the civilian population of the neighbourhood. As regards epidemics, they were bound to do this for the sake of their men, and many were very kind in looking after other illnesses and even the old ‘chronics’ of the district. The changing troops and the changing medical service made the Mission work very difficult to organise. For months the people in any village might be excellently well looked after, the military doctor happening to be a noted Paris children’s specialist, who gladly gave all his leisure to the village needs. Then an urgent call would come to the Mission from someone who would explain that new troops had come in and the doctor would not see anything but infectious cases. Or we might be sent for by the military doctor to take charge of a child with diphtheria because he was moving out with his men next day, and no fresh troops were expected for a few days.”

Differences of medical customs and treatment were not always quite easy to harmonise either.

It will be seen that the medical needs were difficult to forecast, and even harder was it to supply them. Every one remembers the shortage of doctors in the war and those belonging to or in sympathy with the Society of Friends had great demands upon them too. The work of the Mission required at one time the help of as many as ten doctors. Very often they could only give help for a short time, and further, all the work was limited by permits, both for the doctor and his car, and the extreme difficulty of obtaining enough petrol. Frequently, therefore, a doctor would have to combine the work of evacuating children with the daily rounds, and might have to drive twenty or thirty miles with one arm round a frightened and homesick child.

The permit regulations were constantly changing, and suddenly one road would be forbidden, entailing perhaps a much longer route to reach patients. In cases of emergency, the military authorities were very good in giving special permits quickly, but this could not be asked for in routine matters.

In addition to medical work, dental and optical help were given. First, William Matheson from England and afterwards Dr. Maris of Philadelphia gave their services in the much-needed dental work which had been very much neglected. The latter, during his year's work, treated 500 Mission members, over 800 French and 200 German prisoner patients.

It should be mentioned in addition that Dr. Joseph Woods, a dentist from Liverpool, representing the Committee, lived in Switzerland for a considerable time in order to give free dental help to English prisoners of war who were interned there.

The supply of spectacles was one of the smaller pieces of the work which gave unbounded satisfaction. So many people had lost their spectacles in the war and saw no hope of being able to read again, or alas! had shed so many



ABLE TO READ ONCE MORE WITH THE SPECTACLES GIVEN
BY THE FRIENDS

tears since the beginning of the war that it was to that they attributed their need for them. Robert Tatlock, expert in optical matters, went through many villages examining all those who came forward, or handing over serious cases for treatment by Dr. Egbert Morland. Over 500 people were supplied with spectacles, which were procured to the prescriptions. Robert Tatlock has told of the lighter side of the work—of how he pushed spectacles in a wheelbarrow and was taken for a commercial traveller, of how patients tried to hide their spectacles and how their neighbours gave away their secret, and finally of how much patience was sometimes required :—

“Immediately before leaving for England, I was told of a pathetic case of a poor old woman whose eyes were very bad. I had just time to hurry there with my trial box and charts in a motor-car. She was one of those charming old smiling French ladies in a white cap, with a quiet beauty of frailty on her face, and a kind of peaceful old-world courtesy in her mien. One of those for whom our workers have grown to care so much, and with whom, however unreasonable they may be, one cannot feel annoyed. She was delighted. I was given her best chair, and offered wine. She assured me that every member of the Society of Friends except myself had been in her house. I explained that I must be so discourteous as to hurry her as I was just leaving for England.

“ ‘*Mais pas pour toujours.*’

“ ‘*Mais, oui, Madame, pour toujours.*’

“ ‘*Oh, là, là, quel malheur. Mais pourquoi, ça, mon petit ?*’ ”

(R. T. then explained that he was going to take part in relief work in Serbia.)

“At length I got her to the subject of her eyesight. ‘Ah, yes,’ she said, ‘it was very kind of you to come ; I should have nothing without the Friends. First, it was clothes, then a house, then furniture, then a meat-safe, and now it is my spectacles. Oh, no, I do not want a new pair—although I know of a lady who lives not so very far from here

who broke her spectacles the day before you came so as to have a new pair. No, I shall make no pretence. My spectacles suit me very well ; but I want you to straighten them for me. Not that they are very badly bent, but . . . '

"I hereby record and take credit for the fact that without a reproach I straightened them and we parted good friends, her last words wishing me '*la bonne chance*' in Siberia." (*sic.*)

Further optical work was done in later days by other workers.

CHAPTER VII

MATERNITY HOSPITAL AT CHÂLONS-SUR-MARNE

THERE was no expectation of undertaking maternity work in France, but when Dr. Hilda Clark and Dr. Holdsworth and the party of nurses arrived in Châlons-sur-Marne in November, 1914, they found the town authorities most anxious for such help for the poor refugees from bombed areas, who could not possibly be looked after at such a time in the miserable hovels in which they were finding shelter. A tour which the Prefect of the department had recently taken had impressed upon him the shocking conditions and the imperative need for some proper accommodation if the Marne's precious babies were not to die miserably. He was prepared to offer for such a purpose one wing of the Châlons Asile des Vieillards, the home of the aged, the imbecile and the epileptics.

By no stretch of the imagination can it be said that the proffered accommodation was attractive. It was a gaunt building, permeated by that indescribable horror, the institution atmosphere, with stone floors, an uncertain water supply, insufficient oil lamps, and totally inadequate stoves, which failed to heat. The position, at the northern end of Châlons, proved later to be a very exposed one from the war point of view, a fact which was emphasised by the huge windows and lack of cellars.

But the Mission had come to help, and this help was wanted ; so one and all set to work to the task of cleaning the beds, bedding and woodwork, which needed to be so scrupulously clean for maternity work. Some of the imbeciles acted as servants, and provided the only help which the nurses could get, which did not, naturally, prove

to be efficient aid. Appropriately, on St. Nicholas' Day, the first ward was opened, and on the 9th December, 1914, Marie Louise appeared to claim the proud position of "*filie aînée*" of the hospital. Her mother, a refugee from the Ardennes, brought six other children to be cared for during her confinement, and left two more behind her. Poor little Marie Louise had learnt to write before it was possible for the family to return home.

This very first case made evident the fact that, under conditions obtaining, it was essential to arrange for the care of the older children of the mothers who had no safe place to leave them; a ward was, therefore, kept as a crèche for them, while war conditions lasted.

Another need was transport for the mothers to the hospital. With train services entirely disorganised, it was imperative that a mission car should be available for such cases, and before long this was arranged.

Edith Pye, who from the earliest days has been the "mother" of the hospital, acting as matron for the greater part of the Mission's life, and continuing her close connection with it up till the present, was also largely responsible for placing it upon a permanent footing after the Mission left. I am indebted to her accounts for much of what follows. First, shall be quoted extracts from her experiences in fetching in the mothers from their miserable shelters :

"Madame Ledoux, had taken refuge at Chamery, a village just outside Reims, and there we went to fetch her with the motor. We found her cleanly lodged, but there was no possibility of her being cared for there, and her mother-in-law, also a refugee there with her, spoke most gratefully of the provision of the hospital. 'I confide her to your care,' she said, and in spite of the fact that we were unknown to them, of foreign country, arriving late in the dusk of a winter evening, this young mother-to-be rose up, laid down her sewing, put on her hat and cloak, and came away with us into the dark. It was her first baby. Her husband, a compositor in Reims before he was called up, had been seriously wounded four months before, and since then she

had had no news at all. She spoke during the long ride back of their happy life together, then of his being called out, of the horrors of the bombardment, and her six weeks' nightly sojourn in the cellars. She spoke of the Germans in Reims, but said they were '*très gentils*' and that many of her friends had found the same. One she met had been so sad, and had wept over having to fight and leave his wife and children. She showed him the picture of her husband, and he wished her good fortune, and his safe return. Her courage was splendid. She said, 'If he never comes back to me, I must bring up my child and work for him; one must have courage these days; one has moments, but it is no good to weep, it only brings weakness. . . .' Just before a little daughter was born to her the news came that her husband was dead. Her courage never failed. 'For my dear little girl I want to be strong,' she said. Mercifully she has relations on a little farm in the south, to whom she can go when she is strong enough, but of her parents she has had no news since the war began, and knows not whether they are alive or dead."

Such patience, such endurance, and such courage could not fail to endear the women to our workers, who felt that all they could possibly do would not be as much as they wished.

When our cars were seen in the streets of Reims, the mothers used to come out, imploring that their children might be taken away. One poor child who could not be taken on one such journey had been killed by a shell before the car returned.

Sometimes the children were already maimed by shells and it seemed tragic to add the terror of another bomb to their gloomy outlook of a crippled life.

These expeditions to rescue children went on fairly continuously from January, 1915, to April, 1917. Altogether about 1,000 children were thus evacuated, and the majority sent on to other places, after being housed, fed and often outfitted at Châlons.

Relations with the local doctors, both civil and military, were most friendly, and both were willing to help in any way

necessary. The Director of the Asile, from a state of suspicion as to the doings of these strange foreigners, became most friendly and began to talk of "our Maternité."

Except for a few months in 1915 when the supply was diminished from natural causes, mothers and babies poured in, in a ceaseless and ever-increasing stream. Despite all the difficulties of equipment, and shortage of staff, the results were extraordinarily satisfactory. Dr. Morris Slemmons, Professor of Obstetrics at Yale University, inspected the hospital, in 1917, and the following paragraph from his report is of interest. It should be said, however, that the proportion of abnormal cases was much lower than that in most maternity hospitals :—

"The medical results which have been obtained are of a very high order. There has been but one maternal death in the course of three years. . . . The infant mortality has been less than 5 per cent, a figure as good as that obtained in any institution with which I am familiar. In point of fact, the infant mortality in American institutions of the highest order, as, for example, the Sloane Maternity, is 7 per cent. It is also pertinent that the infant mortality in the large clinics in Paris is roundly 14 per cent. Therefore, from the standpoint of both mother and baby, the work done by the Maternité at Châlons is excellent."

Gratitude, as well as babies, poured in, and one letter only can be given as a type of a very large number received. This was from the husband of one of the patients :

"I beg that you will receive my thanks for all the care that you have lavished on my wife. I should have fallen short of my duty if I had neglected to testify my gratitude to you personally, and to all the devoted persons who surround you. I hope also that my wife, whom you have saved from death, and also my little children, so beautifully cared for, will carry away an unforgettable memory of the Society of Friends."

Besides the maternity hospital and the crèche for older brothers and sisters, a *pouponnière* or hospital for sick

children and a weekly clinic were instituted. By these means touch was kept with the ex-babies who were nursed through their childish ills and advice given to the mothers at the weekly consultations as to how to keep them well. A house was taken near the hospital to give the extra accommodation needed. A big country house was found, too, at St. Rémy-en-Bouzémont, and after extensive alterations by our builders, thirty children were established there for a time under the care of Blanche Chambers¹ and other helpers. The country life away from bombs worked wonders in their health, and one soldier father could scarcely believe he saw his own child, so changed for the better was it.

As the war went on, air-raids at Châlons became more and more frequent and more terrifying, and the following picture by Edith Pye, of a night experience which was only too common, will show what an added strain fell upon the workers as well as the mothers :—

“ Quiet is the long ward with its rows of beds and little cots. Silence and rest enfold the sleepers, and a muffled hum, as of a swarm of bees, adds to the drowsiness of the atmosphere. Poor refugee mothers who have passed through who knows how much suffering and privation, lie at peace, their infants by their side.

“ Through the cracks in the curtains that shut out the starry night, the night nurse anxiously watches the pointing fingers of the searchlights and the chain of signal stars that rise and drift away on the horizon.

“ Suddenly, without warning, crash! bang! bang! and with every bang a blaze of light. At once the wards are darkened absolutely and in another instant the day nurses whose turn it is for raid duty, are beside the trembling mothers.

“ ‘ O, mon Dieu, les Boches,’ and the babies are clasped more closely. Some of the little things start with every gun fire: others sleep stolidly through it all. The darkened ward is ablaze with light from the battery close to it, and the noise is deafening. The building shakes and rattles, and the shrapnel patters on the roofs and trees like hail,

¹ Who died in 1926.

but after the first moment of surprise and fear, there is no further outcry. There are no cellars, so the safest place is bed, and the nurses go from one to another, calming, soothing, making conversation, staying with any that are frightened, handing round bowls of cocoa, very comforting. The mothers with the new life safely in their arms are wonderfully calm, but here and there in the waiting ward is trembling and terror, and a mother just come in, whose house was yesterday destroyed over her head, lies with white lips, shaking. Here another, who for ten years has had no child, is in fear for the little life to come : but most are calm and reassure each other. 'This is nothing to me—you ought to hear the big gun behind our house—far worse than this'; or, 'What do you expect? You have to be brave. *C'est la guerre.*' And in spite of the noise and the blaze of light, calm and almost indifference soon reign. . . .

"Half an hour of silence, perhaps, and then the soft humming sound is heard and it all begins again. This time a few of the mothers do not even wake; many just turn over with a little sigh, 'Again,' and then to sleep once more.

"With the dawn comes peace and welcome rest to all. Two or three such nights, and so great is the force of habit that several mothers do not wake unless it is the proper hour for waking.

"'One gets used to it, and here, with you, one is not afraid.'"

Already, in 1917, the maternity block of the Reims hospital was evacuated to ours at Châlons, and as the raids became more and more serious this caused also the evacuation of the Hôtel-Dieu in the spring of 1918, necessitating the same course. Three months later the same occurred with the Epernay Maternity Hospital, leaving the Châlons Maternity as the only one in the Department. However, arrangements were made for its evacuation in case of need, and a suitable locale was found at Méry-sur-Seine, at a distance of two hours by motor-car.

These arrangements had, unfortunately, to be called into being. On the morning of 12th July, after an ominously still night, the Lieutenant de la Place came to announce that the German preparations for bombarding Châlons,

which were known to them, made it essential that the evacuation should take place. Happily, a good many of the patients were in a condition to allow of their being sent home, but the problem of moving the hospital and its furniture in such a way that beds occupied by patients at one end would be ready for them on arrival at the other, will be seen to have been no easy one.

“However, it was safely accomplished, and neither then, nor at any other time during the summer, when mothers and new-born infants were constantly transported by ambulance within three hours of the birth from the *Poste de Secours* we kept up in Châlons, was there the slightest accident or evil result.

“The last mother left the *Maternité* at 7 p.m., having presented the world with twins at 5 a.m., and the bombardment by long-range guns started at midnight. On the following Wednesday an aerial torpedo exploding about 20 yards away, broke every pane of glass and damaged half the roof of our old house, fortunately empty, besides wrecking the dispensary and one of the wooden huts. This proved a blessing in disguise, as it necessitated the renovation of the whole building before we returned.”

It was necessary, in addition, to retain a “*Poste de Secours*” in Châlons, and as the hospital was too unsafe, the Prefecture gladly arranged for a little enclosure to be reserved in one of the big champagne cellars under the Côte de Troyes. This meant taking outfit down there every night and remaining from about 8.30 p.m. till 3 or 4 a.m. We quote again from Edith Pye’s description of one such night :

“The little Ford ambulance is loaded up, and in the dusk you join the curious procession of cave-dwellers which fills the streets. In thousands—each carrying his bundles or wheeling his bedding on wheelbarrows—the inhabitants seek the friendly shelter of the great champagne cellars under the hill at the edge of the town ; old couples, wearily resigned to this added burden to the day ; mothers with many children, the youngest perhaps in a handcart, bearing the impress of the anxiety with which each day is renewed.

“Will they find their house standing in the morning, or

will they, too, have joined the ranks of the homeless? Soldiers, women, children, dogs and even cats and donkeys are to be found, plodding or strolling to the caves. Those who possess a vehicle of any kind are away long ere this, to spend the night in the surrounding villages, where sleep is safe. . . . A breath of cold, damp air greets you from the great sliding door which shuts in the tunnels under the hill, for all the world like a London tube. Inside it is as black as pitch, and you light a torch to pick your way to the little corner reserved for you—a quaint shelter, railed off from the public gaze by carton bitumé, on a slight wooden frame about eight feet by six, and eight feet high.

“The bedstead is already there—being iron it cannot absorb the damp which keeps the fungus on the walls happy, and soaks everything. You make the bed, put in hot bottles, set out the necessaries, light the lanterns with their legend—*Maternité, Poste de Secours*—and then wander back to see what the rest of the world is doing. For the moment it is enjoying itself. On the terrace in front of the caves, groups of people move and break up. A hum of conversation and laughter greets you. . . .

“... Bang—Bang—Bang—and a wail from the siren. The donkey joins in, and imitates it to the life. A scurry, a scuttle, and all the little rabbits, or almost all, have bolted to their shelters. It was only the signal, and you wait a while, with a handful or so of others, to see the wonderful fireworks of signals and searchlights. Then business begins and ‘En cave, Messieurs et Dames s’il vous plaît.’ You are quite courteously but firmly induced to retire to the interior, where you have eighteen metres of good earth between yourself and that pandemonium above. The cave booms and rattles and re-echoes, but that is all. Now you wander round and speak to any baby friends whom you may find.

“Picture a rounded tunnel with three branches, each of them fifteen to eighteen feet wide. Up both sides of these, besides the huge wine barrels, rows and rows of beds touching each other—real beds with duvets and frilly pillows; improvised wooden beds, mattresses on boards, folding-chairs—every imaginable description of furniture on which to pass the night. Here one old lady has rigged up an umbrella over her bed, and fastened blankets and shawls round the sides of it—a very fair imitation of the four-poster her soul loves; next her is a poor old body severely upright on a wooden



LITTLE PATIENTS AT CHALONS-SUR-MARNE

chair ; then a comfortable double bed, with a father and mother and two or three children, all asleep. It is the most democratic of hotels, this. One is cheek-by-jowl with the world and his wife, and all his relatives, male and female, not to mention his dog and cat."

The writer settled as best she might.

"Suddenly you are aroused by an anxious voice : 'La Maternité, s'il vous plait, où est-elle ? ' You are up in an instant, for this means work. Your blankets are whipped off the bed and rolled into a corner, and in two minutes your poor patient is installed in it. She has come from one of the other great cellars, where she has her nightly shelter. . . .

"Presently a new sound joins all the others in that curious medley—the indignant wail of the newly born, who finds the cave quite horribly cold and damp. But hot bottles and spirit lamps come to the rescue, and soon mother and babe are tucked up warm and cosy to wait for the dawn.

"At daybreak the procession again, this time the ambulance loaded with its new burden. You look curiously round to see which familiar landmarks have disappeared with last night's racket, and are thankful to find your house still standing, and your beds ready to welcome you for that delicious two or three hours before the day's work begins. Mother and babe sleep well, and are refreshed and ready for their journey down to safety at Méry in the afternoon."

After a six months' exile, the hospital was able to be reinstated in renovated quarters at Châlons, and war terrors were at last a thing of the past. Later in the same year (1919) the Maternité was handed over to a French Committee as La Maison Maternelle de la Marne, to be maintained as a permanent institution for the good of the Department. M. Léon Bourgeois, remained till his death its Président d'Honneur and M. Fréminet is the President. Two English and two American Friends unite with members belonging to various forms of religion and politics in forming a representative voluntary committee. Nurses and nurses' helpers, not only from England and America but from several other countries, continue to give their help and maintain the international spirit of the enterprise. During the four years and

ten months that the hospital was under the care of the Mission, there were 981 births and 1,909 other infants and children were nursed at the Pouponnière. Altogether a total of 3,789 persons had been sheltered and cared for at the institution. The cost of each baby, including the care of the mother, the housing and care of the older children and assurance of care in the Pouponnière during childish illnesses, was about £16.

Finally, it was found possible to leave not only an endowment to pay the salaries of the staff for ten years, but also to erect a completely new building as a permanent home for the hospital. This was made possible by subscriptions raised in England and America, as well as by large sums of money realised by sales of the American engineering dumps which, as described elsewhere, were procured.

The building, costing about $1\frac{1}{2}$ million francs, fitted with up-to-date equipment, was designed, and the erection supervised by Melvin Cawl, one of the American workers, who stayed on after the Mission had left, for this purpose. Over the entrance, at the special request of the French Committee, is the Quaker star, to symbolise the spirit in which they desire the work to be continued.

The gift of this building was intended as a lasting memorial of the work of the Society of Friends for the French people. On 22nd June, 1922, the building was opened, and formally handed over to the French Committee.

CHAPTER VIII

BAR-LE-DUC

EARLY in 1915 some workers settled in Bar-le-Duc to try to cope with the most difficult problem of the *émigré* refugees there. A picturesque town on a hill only twenty-seven miles from Verdun, Bar, although not actually destroyed in the war, had a very heavy, anxious share in it. Added to its 20,000 inhabitants were about 3,000 refugees, and despite the public spirit of many of its citizens, this burden was a very heavy one. Every possible corner was occupied, and in one of the *salons* in a fine old house in the upper part of the town, thirty-seven basket-makers from one village lived, slept and worked all together.

The Friends began a systematic visitation of these people, and a distribution of clothes.

The provision of work and interest as well as the essentials of life, was most necessary. The beautifully fine white embroidery which many of these people had formerly done for the Paris shops, was restarted under Rachel Alexander's skilful supervision, and, like the coloured embroidery, became quite a business. When the *équipe* at Bar closed, the headquarters of the embroidery industry were transferred to Clermont, whence the work was distributed to the embroidresses, now back in their devastated villages, and the work goes on in some of the villages until the present time. In addition a workroom was started, where refugees who could not do such fine work, came to make garments for distribution. Not only did they value the benefit of the work, but they enjoyed coming together into a cheerful room and forgetting for a time their hardships.

Another great need in the town was discovered early in 1916. As so many wounded soldiers were brought down to Bar from the front, their relatives were frequently summoned there by telegram. Arriving there very often late at night, they had the greatest difficulty in finding any accommodation, and frequently passed the night on benches in the streets or in the churches in the town. Often, a soldier died, and his relations, actually in the town, could not be found, as they were wandering about in this way. Some of the residents in Bar became alive to this fact, and arranged very primitive accommodation for these poor people in the *Marché Couvert*, divisions into rooms being made by unbleached calico stretched on light wooden frames. The guests, unless too poor, paid the bare cost of their board, and our workers were glad to be able to co-operate with the town committee by the gift of beds, and by taking their turn, whenever possible, with the French helpers in serving the meals, and helping in various ways. Another scheme which gave great pleasure was that of the "Linen Chest." Each person joining paid Fr. 1.50 and provided a packing-case. They received 3 or 4 sheets, 4 pillow-cases, 6 towels and a blanket, and were encouraged to embroider their initials on the linen. A refugee carpenter transformed the packing-case into a chest by adding hinges and clasps, and in this way nearly 700 families were made to feel they had a nucleus of goods for the new home they hoped for.

I am indebted for what follows to an account written by Sophia M. Fry, who for long was head of the *équipe* at Bar, until she succeeded Margery Fry as head of the relief work throughout the Mission.

"It is always possible to aid individual cases, but to give any adequate help to crowds of distressed people is quite another matter. Readers will remember that in February, 1916, the only main line to Verdun was cut during the first hours of the great offensive. There remained one small line, the Meusienne, which could carry 1,000 tons

per day. All the rest of the transport for the supplies and support of 250,000 combatants, and the removal of the wounded, was effected by road. For weeks, 1,700 lorries and motors passed daily each way, and reached Verdun by the *Voie Sacrée*. It is easy to understand that in these circumstances the people, who were evacuated by military orders, had to find their own way on foot, or in carts, and owing to the congestion of the roads, they had frequently to spend days on a journey that would normally occupy an hour by train. Bar-le-Duc was the centre and clearing-house to which they were directed.

“Here, as many as 1,500 would lie huddled together on straw in a large building, but as soon as possible another dormitory was arranged for the old people, the sick and women with little children. A good meal was always given, and sympathy expressed, but everyone was sent on as soon as possible to some destination unknown to themselves. They were allocated to every department in France which could receive them, and before the end of the war, almost every village had received its quota of new residents. For six weeks parties of people drifted in, ranging from 20 to 400 at a time. They came at any and every hour of the day or night—no notice was given and a great cauldron of soup was always in readiness. Snow, sleet, oil lamps and an absence of running water, did not make the organisation more easy.”

Of the refugees coming in this way to sleep, another worker writes :—

“Great parties from the same village wanted to cling together, feed and sleep as close to each other as possible. I think you could almost have mapped out the floor covered with heaps of sleepers into districts, each from one commune. But through it all they remained, with but very rare exceptions, civil, grateful, pre-eminently reasonable. They can manage with one blanket, you may not have enough for all, one can do on the ground quite well, but ‘one is a little old,’ an extra pillow would be all that is necessary—a precious bundle is lost, containing mattress, quilt, pillow, the invalid’s hot-water bottle, but she will make shift with a wine-bottle of boiling water. An old man wiping the face of his wife, too sick and ill to take notice of anything, the half-paralysed old lady whom I put to bed, substituting a night cap for

a bonnet, and removing the middle one of three petticoats, but retaining her stiff cloth jacket—and her black gloves—they seem to show war even more than those thudding guns which go on all the time as I write here in a little wood with oxlips and chiff-chaffs rubbing in the perpetual contrast of Nature's kind intent."

Some of our workers at this time went a few miles north, and found 500 persons installed in three large army huts, sleeping one above another in bunks. They stayed with them for a fortnight, until they could be moved on. Another party was directed to a large asylum, at Fains, three miles away, which had been cleared of its inmates, and was used for a few weeks to house the refugees. Here, influenza broke out, and there were three or four deaths a day. The nurses and helpers fell ill in such numbers, one only escaping, that the only remedy was to disperse the multitude and close the doors.

One of the most terrible places in all France where our workers were called on to help was La Besace, near Sedan. Gertrude Powicke (who afterwards died in Poland) motored Rachel Alexander and Jane Pontefract there five days after the Armistice. This journey across the recent battlefield was naturally full of danger, not only because of the almost impassable roads, but because they were frequently mined. The American Army had had no time to clear the ground, and the dead were lying buried under the houses. The following is quoted from Rachel Alexander's journal, written at the time :—

"The Germans had forced the people of many villages near Sedan to leave their homes and had formed a concentration camp of nearly 3,000 people in this small village. They walked, dragging their sacks and bundles, through pouring rain, along roads crowded with army transport, those unable to walk were brought in lorries. They were crowded into stables, cowsheds and outhouses, 200 of them in the bare little church, many had only a little hay to lie on. Many died of exposure, mostly from pneumonia. To make things worse, the

Americans, who did not know that the place was packed with civilians, bombed the village from aeroplanes ; some of the villagers were killed and many wounded, till the Curé of Pourru St. Remy, brought here with the people of his village, mounted the church tower with a white flag, and so prevented the repetition of air-raids.

“When the Armistice was signed and the Germans had left it was almost impossible for the people herded together at La Besace to get back to their homes. The road to Sedan had been mined in five or more places, the village was dirty and unhealthy, and three or four deaths took place every day. It was difficult even to find wood and nails enough for the coffins.

“We found that the French doctor was left without any medical stores, so ours were very useful. We did what we could for the sick people, and distributed all the clothes which arrived in the lorry late on Sunday evening, after a very difficult and dangerous journey. The lorry returned next day to Sermaize. Gertrude Powicke drove that same night of our arrival to Raucourt, a very dangerous drive in the dark, along a road which had been mined in several places, to get some serum for a diphtheria patient. Next day she drove the lieutenant to Sedan to try to get help in sending the people back to their homes, or the sick to hospital. He had no other means of communication with the outside world, no telephone, no car or even horse. There was no possibility of sending letters or telegrams even from Sedan.

“The people are sleeping on mud floors in outhouses and sheds, many have died of pneumonia, and there have been five cases of diphtheria. The filth of the village is quite indescribable, and in the mud and on the rubbish heaps you could pick up among the rags and tins any number of unexploded shells, cartridges, incendiary bombs—there is even a small dump of live dynamite quite near the village. Looking out of the window of the little room where we eat, and where the German Kommandatur was not a fortnight ago, I can see a little boy, with his face bandaged up, part of it having been blown away by an incendiary bomb he was playing with.”

Sad to say, their villages had been pillaged by the Germans, but the one desire of the refugees was to leave La Besace,

where they felt imprisoned, and return to their denuded homes.

Happily, before long, many of the people were taken away by American ambulances attached to the French Army, and our workers were able to return to their work at Bar.

Sophia Fry writes :

“ Another source of anxiety to the relief worker in Bar-le-Duc, was how to look after people who were losing their nerve through air raids. The first experience of this occurred on Ascension Day, 1916—a public holiday, when there was no thought of the enemy, but the result of that day’s toll was about 30 killed and at least 70 others who died subsequently from injuries received (numbers were never published). Within two days we had collected 100 pale-faced children, and sent them to Bettancourt, where members of the Mission took care of them for three weeks in outbuildings hastily got ready for them, while we made arrangements with a French society which sent them to Brittany, where they were distributed in families to remain until their mothers thought well for them to return, or until the end of the war. After this raid, every house with a cellar was placarded with the numbers it could receive, and a bell, a siren and a hooter sounded simultaneously when an enemy airship crossed the lines. Everyone ran like rabbits to burrow, and emerged when another note from the trio declared a respite from danger. Sometimes the raids continued at intervals all through the night. In 1917 there were three attacks on the town in six days. Each of them lasted from 8 p.m. till 4 a.m. The first night about 80 houses were burnt down, and some of the inmates perished in them. On the second, a large bank and some large shops in the main street were destroyed, and on the third there was also much destruction. A stampede ensued, and in six weeks half of the inhabitants and refugees had left the town, and it looked as though the work were coming to an end, but newcomers gradually filled many of the rooms. During the month, scarcely a woman slept in her house. About 4 p.m. a procession of women and children streamed out of the town by every road, and slept in barns or houses, or in the open if they could not find accommodation, returning in the morning for the day’s work. There had been many casualties and many narrow escapes. One

woman was killed in the street, while the baby she carried was untouched. A man who lived in a little house on the canal was blown into it lying on his mattress, and was unhurt. The house was destroyed, and he and his wife lost their all for the third time. The infirm and the ill suffered, perhaps, the most. One man used to put his mother, aged 80, into a wheelbarrow every time the siren sounded, and take her into the nearest cellar."

It will easily be realised that the workers at Bar staying through all these terrible incidents, quietly carrying on their work undaunted by them, and inspiring the poor people with their courage, had one of the heaviest tasks in the Mission.

They were, on their part, very much impressed with the wonderful endurance and heroism of the women refugees.

"Left with their children, or alone, as the case may be, with very little money, without a change of clothes, they immediately settled down in the place assigned to them and began to save and collect the beginnings of a new home. There was always one thought uppermost, that if the men of the household returned alive, and they could all go back and camp upon the ashes of their homes, nothing else that had to be endured would be of any consequence. Again, there was extraordinarily little expression of bitterness against the Germans amongst this class. I had expected some recrimination from a woman whose boy had been killed, when she returned to her little cottage in a field, to find a German had been buried, just at her front door. She only said gently: 'I shall care for that grave, he was some mother's son.' After the Armistice, when German prisoners were sometimes lent to the French farmers, they were often taken into the home and treated as members of the family, frequently becoming good friends."

CHAPTER IX

TROYES

THE problems of the refugees in the city of Troyes bore a strong resemblance to those found at Bar-le-Duc, and in the autumn of 1915 a group of workers settled there to give very similar help. Here was a military and industrial centre with over 50,000 inhabitants, which had been suddenly invaded by about 5,000 refugees and another 15,000 were scattered about the Department of the Aube. The authorities did what they could to arrange shelter for them, but had nothing better to offer, for the most part, than buildings which were condemned for habitation. The town is old and picturesque, attractive to the archæologist, but not very healthy, and it is easy to imagine the misery of these people, many of them prosperous country people, who were crowded into insanitary, ill-furnished and often verminous rooms.

Bernard I. Macalpine, who took a prominent part in our work in France and was leader of the work at Troyes, has written an account of it, from which I have extracted freely. Of the types of cases to be found amongst the refugees, he writes :—

“ Hardest of all were the cases where a child had been lost in the course of the flight. One such family we were able to help by providing housing and employment for the mother, a poor little lame woman, whose husband was in the trenches, while she had come away with her four small children in front of the German advance. The eldest child, a girl of nine years old, had been lost in the crowd, and for two years there was no news of her. At last, one day, the mother was found all smiles. A repatriated friend had brought word that the girl was well and with her grand-

mother. She had been walking with some neighbours in the crowd, and they had been overtaken by the advancing army and compelled to turn back."

Very frequently there were tragedies and anxieties, such as these, to add to the miserable conditions in which the people found themselves. Many, of course, were ne'er-dowells from elsewhere, but even the thrifty and well-to-do had a hard fight to keep from becoming demoralised and despairing.

Happily, there was a good deal of work to be had for such families as had a wage-earner ; for those who had not, the meagre Government allocation left nothing for the purchase of clothes, or for anything but the barest minimum of necessities. A distribution of clothing to 800 of the most needy families occupied most of the energies of the workers during the first month of their stay.

Another very urgent problem was that of the housing. Some of the inhabitants of the town were not above taking advantage of the needs of their less fortunate fellow-countrymen. Those who had rooms they could let, charged exorbitant rents, especially for rooms containing any furniture, however miserable. The usual rent for a room (which in many cases was a mere garret with barely space for a bed) was from 20 to 40 francs a month, a very serious charge for these poor people.

"Often the bed was insufficient, and either a mattress had to be put on the floor at night, or an extra bed, when there was room for it, hired at very high rates. In one case, a child's bed worth about 20 francs had been hired for 14 months at 6 francs a month. The shops would give no credit, and the refugees could not buy enough furniture to set themselves up in empty rooms, hence they continued month after month, paying these heavy rents.

"Accordingly in the autumn of 1916, a scheme was developed for the supply of simple furniture on easy terms. This was sold to the refugees at three-quarters of its cost price, and they were allowed to pay for it in small monthly instalments, according to their means. A limit was fixed of 300 francs

per family (later increased to 400), and the payment made varied from 5 francs a month upward, the object being to supply a sufficient minimum of simplest furniture, beds, bedding, stoves, chairs and white wood tables and cupboards, to make possible a move into unfurnished rooms. In this way a smaller sum than had been previously paid in rent sufficed for the gradual purchase of the furniture and gave them something of their own which they would be able to take home with them when the war was over. The sales soon became popular, and by the following summer, in spite of difficulties of supply and delays of transport, seven hundred families were buying on credit, and there were as yet no bad debts—a record of honesty continued with few exceptions till the work closed at the end of the war. By that time, the number of families helped in this way amounted to well over a thousand.”

By collecting the payments personally, the workers were able to keep in touch with the families and their needs. But a further difficulty presented itself, that so few unfurnished rooms were to be had.

“Accordingly, the Mission turned its attention to the matter of renting houses, and letting out the rooms at low rents to the refugees, thus giving a reasonable security to the landlord, and at the same time preventing profiteering in rents. Three houses were secured, one of them a large house on the outskirts of the town, where the landlord gave us preference over a would-be tenant for the sake of helping the refugees.”

Several other houses, or parts of them, were procured and let similarly.

In one case helped, “a woman was found almost destitute, living in a tiny attic with her son of sixteen and two nephews of thirteen and eight. At home she had been comfortably off, and she had refused to ask for relief though she was unable to afford a fire. All four had slept in one bed, until she had contrived to buy a small eiderdown on which the smallest boy slept on the floor. When she was visited, at the suggestion of the neighbours, she was ill in bed with erysipelas. There was no room for another bed, but a mat-

tress was at once sent in with the necessary sheets and blankets, so that the boys might sleep on the floor. And in the morning, the little lad was heard cheerfully calling out to his aunt: 'I'm comfortable now, Auntie: I'm not cold!''

It is pleasant to record that a sum of money, the proceeds of a tax on the cinemas, was put into our hands by the Mayor of Troyes, to supplement the supplies of sheets. From this source 500 pairs were distributed, each of the selected recipients buying one pair and receiving a second as a gift.

Later on it became possible to arrange for many much-needed articles, such as pillows, feather-beds and mattresses to be made by refugees wanting work. These were sold, as well as dress materials, etc., in a shop opened by the Mission. Most of the goods were sold at three-quarters of wholesale price, but without credit.

"Until September, 1917, the Mission staff available for work in Troyes had varied in number from two to four. The arrival of the American Friends made it possible to increase the number, and to undertake an extension outside the town. Refugees from the villages round were allowed to come in and share in the advantages of the sales of furniture and materials, though in their case visitation was rarely possible, and for some time weekly sales were held at Bar-sur-Seine. In addition, a group was established at Bar-sur-Aube and undertook similar work and visiting in all the villages of the arrondissement, and later, in conjunction with the American Red Cross for the sale of materials and food at Romilly, a railway centre where conditions were not unlike those in Troyes. Lastly, in the spring of 1918 a temporary group worked for a short time at Arcis-sur-Aube, to deal with a rush of fresh refugees passing through at the time.

"This fresh influx of refugees, fleeing before the German advance of that year, added seriously to the difficulties of the situation in Troyes. The town had already seemed full to overflowing in 1915. By the end of 1917, the 5,000 refugees had become 7,000 and now in three months another 3,000 poured in, lodging where they could in barns, passages and anything that could serve as a temporary shelter. Their

condition was as pitiful as that of the original refugees had been at the beginning of the war, with the added hardship of a still greater strain on the available accommodation. And among them were some who had been refugees before, had returned to their villages after one or another of the German retreats, or had established a temporary home for themselves in some village now again overrun, and for whom this was the second or even the third time that they had been forced to fly."

Another case was that of a family of six, including a baby at the breast, who shared a stable with their two horses. They had an old palliasse and two blankets, and were glad of the company of the animals, because of their warmth, at night. Not infrequently, the *chaleur des bêtes* was a welcome substitute for blankets.

"This sudden increase of the already serious housing difficulty led to the revival of a plan which had been already discussed two years previously, the erection on a site provided by the town of a group of wooden houses constructed at Dôle. On the previous occasion their erection had already been arranged, when the first Allied advance on the Somme made it necessary to send every available house to the liberated area, and the plan had to be dropped. It was now carried out, on the site in question (as well as on two others elsewhere) and twenty houses were erected, giving decent shelter, at any rate, to a few of the refugee families. Among these was a widow of 32 years of age, who had become totally blind from the continual shock of bursting shells in Reims. The Mission had placed her with a blind chair caner to learn his trade, which she practised in her little wooden house."

It was understood that she went back afterwards to Reims and practised her trade there.

CHAPTER X

WORK IN THE SOMME AND EVACUATIONS

IN 1917 reconstruction work was begun in the Department of the Somme, centring round Ham, where relief work was carried on. There were 150 villages, quite near to each other in this district which had been systematically destroyed. Agricultural and building work was in progress, about 70 huts having been erected and 300 acres of land ploughed for various farmers, when a sudden end was put to the activities by the German advance in April, 1918. The poor people in the district thus, for a second time, had to flee before the invasion of an army, and the fresh start they had made after the ruin of their homes was brought to nothing.

Our workers were so intimately concerned with this retreat, and gave so much help in all directions that extracts from their vivid accounts of it must be given. The first is by E. Carleton MacDowell, an American worker. His description begins just after a very heavy bombardment at Gruny, on which they had been notified that the villages must be evacuated.

“Ernest Brown appeared about dawn, with a load of stores saved from Ham. Kenneth Cross went about the village telling everyone of the chance to be evacuated at once. I stopped in to see Madame C. but after that decided I could not bear to say good-bye to anyone. Madame R., our recently discovered spotless cook, came to the door; and as she saw the desolation of our going and realised the state of affairs, her sturdy courage snapped and her sobs cut so that we had to turn away or just frankly blink. We tried to paint a more hopeful prospect, but what was this

to a woman who'd had to leave her house twice before, twice lost her new belongings and fled before the Germans."

They started off, to walk with everyone else towards the railway at Roye, encouraged by the glory of a perfect spring morning.

"And all the time the skylarks were doing as only they know how ; their exultation and jubilation would win your heart and hold your attention for a minute, then the pangs of the hour would sweep back with more overcoming realisation. . . . As we passed out of the town we met the long line of carts and wheelbarrows and people standing by the roadside ; and over in a large field a hospital of many tents had sprung up. Scotch and English *blessés* all bound up with red-soaked dressings were basking in the sun of the roadside and finding what diversion they could in watching the procession pass.

"Here was a group of two women and several girls hopelessly gazing at the broken tongue of their two-wheeled cart. The situation looked very difficult at first, but by strings and a strap the broken tongue was secured in place, and a redistribution of the weight of the luggage finished the job. We pulled it along a little way to test its running, and then marched on ahead, searching for other service.

"We met Madame B. with her weary cow. The beast had walked as far as it could ; it refused to move a hoof. As Madame told us how far they had come, and how all her luggage had gone ahead on a French *camion*, the cow gradually sank to the ground. If Madame did not hurry on she would never more see her baggage : but the cow was such a fine cow ; how could she leave it ? We could do nothing. Finally, we urged her to let the cow rest a little longer ; and said that we would try to leave a message at the first café in Montdidier where her things were to be dumped. That seemed to be some comfort, so we left her."

On and on they went, sharing the exodus of the people who had become their real friends.

"We had grown close enough to a few people who had braved the odds of a new start to give us a certain understanding of them all. These people were retracing their steps ; once before they had turned their backs on their

homes. Perhaps they had been a little hardened by their first experience ; perhaps the crushing of their new commencement was all the more terrible for its very incompleteness. Was it worth while to have made that new start ? Would it have been better to have remained refugees than to suffer the intensity of the war again ? ”

Our workers were able to bring away quite a number of people in the lorries, taking first, of course, the infirm, the sick and young children. So loath were the people to leave their homes that one old woman was rescued from the same bombarded house three times in two days, and is believed to have managed to stay behind after all ! When you reflect that they were going to entirely unknown conditions, it was not strange that they clung to their own homes, whatever happened. One of the first questions they asked when they reached a train was as to where it was going. All the answer that could be given was *destination inconnue*, which naturally gave them little satisfaction.

At the stations, the scene presented was a piteous one. At Ham, where the town-crier announced one evening that all civilians must leave before 10 a.m. on the following morning :

“ Everybody bundled into the cattle trucks and dirty old third-class compartments that composed the long train of 48 carriages. Some of the refugees tried to get their large wheelbarrows through the much smaller carriage doors, and one woman with a small boy, brought a miserable old cow down to the station, hoping to get her on board. One noticeable thing was the entire absence of panic or rush, in spite of the fact that two large British guns were firing from points less than a mile away, and that enemy shells were bursting at various points also. We were very mercifully preserved from shelling on the station itself, however, a fact for which we were very thankful.

“ At 10.30 the train drew out leaving a long line of deserted wheelbarrows on the side of the lines, and the solitary cow tied to a post in the corner. As we passed them a party of Y.M.C.A. men threw packets of biscuits into the carriages. It was pathetic to see a group consisting of a woman and two

children with their bundles who remained on the platform, apparently having missed the train. The oldest child, a girl of twelve or thirteen, burst out sobbing as the train steamed out.”¹

Our workers were able to do a number of other odd jobs—carrying wounded soldiers to dressing-stations, transporting valuable papers for officials, including the official maps showing exact divisions of property, making tea for wounded soldiers, British and German, scouring villages for milk for babies; but one of the principal activities was at Montdidier where the refugees were fed as they passed through. The authorities knew nothing of their coming till Richard Clements and Benjamin Gough hurrying on ahead of the stream informed them of the approaching crowd. A feeding-place was hastily arranged and our workers, with some American Red Cross personnel, were able to provide refreshment for 2,000 or 3,000 tired folk in three days. But this, too, had to be vacated, and as they set out from it for Amiens it seemed like the town of the dead.

The material losses sustained by our Mission owing to the German invasion in the Somme, were estimated at over 76,000 francs. It was not possible to repeat exactly the work which had been done, but help was given again after the Armistice. The people were extremely anxious for our workers' return, as was expressed by one villager, who, seeing them back again exclaimed, “*Vous voyez, le bon Dieu est bon, puis qu'ils-sont revenues.*”

In particular, the distribution of furniture must be mentioned, for it was furniture with an interesting history. The Friends' Emergency Committee, which, as has been told, devoted its energies to helping aliens in England, arranged for handicraft classes for the interned Germans in Knockaloe Camp, Isle of Man. In these classes, simple furniture was made, for the express purpose of refurnishing French houses, which the men were delighted to do. After the Armistice,

¹ Ronald F. Theobald.

this was sent to France, and distributed free of cost to the French peasants, mainly in the Somme.

Much help in evacuations was given by our workers on other occasions than in the Somme ; two other occasions shall be described, one the evacuation from Reims, the other from Epernay. The work was made possible by the combined energies of our medical relief and transport departments.

“ It was on April 4th, 1917, that an urgent telegram was received by our workers at Châlons from the Sous-Préfet at Reims, asking for immediate help in the evacuation of the maternity wards there. A special permit was granted in an hour, and on arrival it was found that the whole hospital was to be evacuated owing to the serious state of affairs. It was necessary to wait an hour and a half till a heavy bombardment near the hospital was over, and then as many maternity patients as possible were taken away.”

Next day, as promised, all the cars were brought again, and the report says :

“ On Friday the convoy started soon after 5 a.m. and reached the hospital about 7.30 where we received a great welcome. They instantly asked us if we could make a second journey as there were so many stretcher cases. While the first cars were loaded up, the others went into the town to pick up two helpless cases from their own homes. We left between 10 and 11 and a considerable number of shells had fallen already on the town though none near the hospital. The cases were taken straight to Châlons hospital and hospice, and we started at 2 p.m. for the second journey. . . . Loading up was more difficult this time, as the cars had to be kept under shelter while it was effected, and the shelling was very heavy all the afternoon, but we got off with our second load about 7 p.m., making up 25 wounded and infirm evacuated to safety that day. When we left we saw flames springing up in two places and shells bursting steadily over the city.”

The next day the same work was repeated, but a half-way house was established in a village outside Reims, so that it was possible to choose the quietest time to enter Reims and

bring the patients away. Matters in Reims were going from bad to worse. About 8,000 to 10,000 shells were said to have been sent into the city the day before and people were streaming out of the city.

"There had been many deaths and there was an indescribable atmosphere of apprehension and dismay. Avenues of trees had been mown down as with a sickle—whole streets destroyed, and people were running about aimlessly and trying to pick out their few remaining possessions from the ruins.

"Happily the cars stood the heavy work very well, and very little time was wasted on repairs. In two days, four cars ran 1,200 miles."

The children from two villages, Verzy and Verzenay, were also all brought to safety. Owing to the sudden danger to which they were exposed, 104 children were brought out in one day, of whom over 30 were under 3 years old. Another contingent of 189 were fetched, and by the help of the *équipes* at Châlons, Bettancourt and Sermaize, which last had to be turned without any warning into a boys' camp at 10 p.m., all were safely housed and fed. The labels round each child's neck giving its name and village had all the wording sucked off by some of the babies on their journey, but it is not recorded that any were lost or exchanged! Happily, it was possible for many of them to be sent on to the interior with little delay, to the homes of the *Colonies des Vacances*, so that the large invasion was soon over, but on one occasion at Châlons, our workers had to cope with finding accommodation for an invasion of 334 refugees, aged from two months to eighty years.

In May, 1918, about twenty of our workers gave help in the Epernay district. It was found that the refugees needed food on their way more than any other help, so a canteen was started in surprisingly short time at Montmort, where hundreds of people were fed. Then the cars were sent searching the district for those who were willing to come away. In one village they found about thirty people huddled in

a cellar, most of whom, in spite of the imminent prospect of danger, refused to leave their homes and property. Those, however, who wished, were brought away, and it was possible also to arrange for a distribution of bread, which was very necessary, as some of the bakeries were closed.

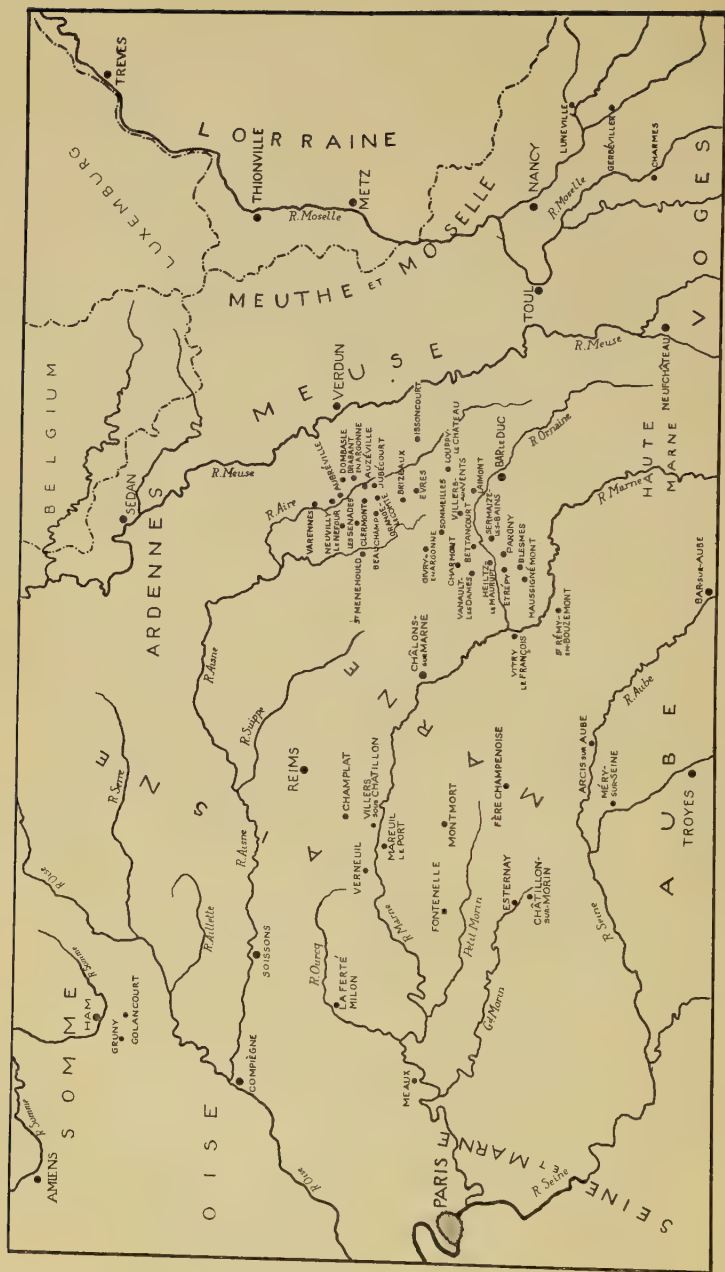
Finally, the civil hospitals at Ay and Epernay were evacuated.

CHAPTER XI

PARIS

THE work in Paris was an essential background to that in the field, and must not be passed over without mention. The first group took rooms at the Hôtel Britannique, 20 Avenue Victoria, close to the Châtelet, and here, throughout the Mission's life, the grey-clad members with their black and red stars came and went with bewildering frequency. Everybody coming and going had to pass through Paris, and, thanks to permit hunting, their stay there was often rather cruelly prolonged from the point of view of those responsible for finding them beds. In later days the "Brit." was supplemented by a hostel for American workers. In these days, too, the office accommodation was large and extended to various buildings—the American leaders having offices in the spacious American Red Cross buildings, a great contrast to those frequented in early times by the English. Here, in Paris, the workers made their first acquaintance with the Mission, and very often with foreign life.

The business transacted in Paris consisted of the general administrative work, the linking of London and Philadelphia with the centres in the field; the keeping of the very elaborate and complicated accounts, which were not only using three currencies, but included complicated buying and selling operations—at a loss and not for a profit. Ralph Elliott for long held the arduous position of Treasurer in Paris. A very large amount of purchases too had to be made, especially as buying in England and transport thence became more and more difficult. For instance, in one month over 200,000 francs' worth of hardware, food, etc., was bought for



MAP SHOWING CENTRES OF FRIENDS' WORK IN FRANCE, 1914-1920

the Relief Department alone. As has been said the science of permits had here to be studied and practised. In fact a quite bewildering variety of jobs had to be performed by the overstrained workers, from finding pieces of luggage lost by their fellows, to attending to invalids, dealing with the thousand and one odd requests from workers at hand and at a distance, and finding employment for newcomers stranded in Paris, and without any of the necessary knowledge of how to do it ! Finally, they had to cope with the ever-changing plans of travelling workers, and cheerfully meet parties who arrived generally about midnight, after a long and arduous day.

As Paris itself became more and more a centre for refugees, help for them was undertaken. By the generosity of an American lady, some houses in the suburbs were rented where they could be provided with better accommodation. Then, too, those selected by Hilda Clark to be sent to Samoëns, or other institutions, had to be helped with necessary preparations, and groups of them arranged to go together on the long journey. The Hôtel Britannique would be crowded with applicants waiting to be interviewed or examined or helped in other ways. Finally, in spring, 1918, when the German offensive drove out the last wave of refugees, our workers gave much help in caring for them at the railway stations on their way through Paris.¹ Wilfrid Shewell gives a very vivid picture of this scene :

“The great station is in almost complete darkness. A crowd of country people is drifting down one of the platforms, for a refugee train has just arrived from the North. Most of these people are old folks, women and children ; nearly all carry heavy bundles and baskets which contain the most precious of their portable household goods. On the station benches sit rows of weary but patient people, waiting till someone shall tell them where they must go next. Each little corner and bay of the great hall has its little family of refugees squatting on the ground.

¹ This service, as far as the voluntary part was concerned, was, with few exceptions, carried out by foreigners,

"The arrival platform is stacked with trunks, boxes and bundles, representing the salvage of many thousands of homes ; there are hundreds of perambulators too, nearly all packed to the utmost limit and covered in with canvas.

"Half-way up the platform there is a doorway on the right. An American Red Cross man stands near the entrance, and with the assistance of a kindly gendarme, he steers a large proportion of the new arrivals into this doorway and down to the basement where an emergency canteen has been established by women of the French Red Cross. Here a score of workers, mostly men and women of the American Red Cross and Y.M.C.A., are endeavouring to feed all who arrive. A long table is ranged down the centre of the great room, flanked by two rows of iron bedsteads.

"In one corner a dozen active workers are preparing food amongst a litter of empty cans and packing-cases ; the inadequate cooking apparatus is taxed to the uttermost to produce hot milk, cocoa and coffee. The food consists of bread, plain biscuits and corned beef. Many of the refugees have been on the train twelve hours and more and all seem eager for food ; the little children have insatiable thirsts and drink cup after cup of cold water if they have to wait for the cocoa.

"After a meal the crowds must move back to the platform to make room for fresh arrivals, except those who are allowed to remain on the beds ; these are mothers with children, and the aged and infirm, who cannot go any further to-night. Here is a young mother with five little children, the youngest a baby of two months asleep in a pram ; she has the second youngest in her lap, but after a little persuasion she is willing to put it down on the bed where three others already lie asleep curled up like kittens. In the next bed is an old man almost completely paralysed. Here is a mother who started her journey with five children, but three have been lost on the way. An old woman of 90 had been found by a gendarme in a corner of the platform, and he has carried her on his back down the stairs and laid her on a bed.

"Many families have brought their pet animals ; a beautiful white goat is tethered to a bed, and numbers of small dogs are to be seen. A favourite cat brought away in a box has taken the opportunity to have a family. Many have brought live rabbits and fowls in sacks ; there is even a live hare which the owner is offering for sale.

“ Outside in the courtyard of the station a crowd of refugees awaits the motor lorries of the American Red Cross which will convey them to their sleeping barracks. A group of volunteer workers, again assisted by the genial gendarmes, help the people into the capacious vans and load up the baggage ; when all are in, the door is slammed with a cheery good night, and the van moves off in the darkened streets. The next day the refugees will be shepherded to another station and dispatched to unknown destinations in the south and west of France.”

CHAPTER XII

RECONSTRUCTION WEST OF VERDUN

THE idea of concentrating all the energies and the results of the experience of the Mission in one definite unit of work, took shape at the end of 1917 when M. Crillon, Sous-Préfet of Verdun, wrote to the Friends, outlining a scheme by which they should be solely responsible for the reconstruction in certain districts west of Verdun. In reply, some of our workers accompanied M. Crillon on a visit to the area in question, and accepted the invitation extended to them. From this time forward, very careful preparations for the work were made, which it was realised could not really begin till after an armistice ; but the work differed from all the rest, in that definite plans could, to a much greater extent, be made and kept to without the customary interference of military interruptions, although naturally, in the light of fuller knowledge, plans were often modified or given up.

The district assigned to us, of about 200 square miles, lies in the old Duchy of Lorraine. It is beautiful country, of great rolling farm-lands and magnificent forests. It includes the town of Varennes, famous as the place where Louis XVI, flying from the Tuileries, lingered too long over his lunch, and was brought back in ignominy to Paris. In the late war it was reoccupied by the French after the Battle of the Marne, and was very speedily retaken by the Germans, in whose hands it remained, practically uninjured, till the very end of the war, when it was almost completely destroyed by the Americans in their advance.

The fighting in this area was as continuous as on almost any part of the front—the stagnation, which eased some

places for a time, did not seem to occur here, with the result that the destruction was as complete as anywhere; the poverty and remoteness of the district only caused it to be less known. It was estimated that only 5 per cent of the houses were left standing and very many of these were damaged. The destruction in parts was appalling, as, for instance, at the celebrated hill of Vauquois, which no one who has seen can ever forget. The whole top of the hill and the village which stood on it were blown completely away, and the hill itself—riddled with trenches and cement passages, covered with gun emplacements and barbed wire—was the scene of complete desolation, and bore no trace of the orchards which had formerly been terraced on its sides. A worker thus describes the battlefield round his centre :—

“ On all sides can be seen the débris of an army, shells, cartridges, rotting clothes and boots, and rusty food tins by the hundreds. It is these last which give an air of everyday reality to the scene which otherwise (so bare and blasted is it) might be taken almost for a freak of the imagination or the work of some supernatural power. When one sees a ‘ Skipper ’ sardine tin amongst all this chaos, then with a jump one is brought to the astounding fact that all this destruction is the work of modern civilisation and that all the resources of civilisation are behind it.”

With such destruction, and the fact that for the most part the land was poor, common sense might seem to dictate its abandonment for more fortunate places. But that was to reckon without the psychology of the peasants; their affection for it was far too great to make such a course possible. Before the work could be begun, the Mission circularised about 3,000 of the former inhabitants, scattered over France, asking whether they wished to return, and if so what were their possessions and assets, with a view to making plans accordingly. Of those who replied, barely 5 per cent did not express a strong desire to return at once. Amongst the answers were such as the following : “ *Malgré mon grand âge (86) mon seul désir c’est de retourner au*

pays natal." "*J'attends le jour du retour avec impatience.*" "*Nous voulons retourner le premier moment possible.*" Many old people between seventy and eighty wrote that they were enjoying perfect health, in the obvious hope that this fact would facilitate their return. A refugee of ninety-three was living at Andernay with no intention of dying till she got back to her native Froméreville.

In some parts of this district the inhabitants had not yet returned, and it was very curious to see, as I remember doing, a country, entirely inhabited by foreigners, so far as it was inhabited at all. The American Army, including many negroes, were there, and the Anglo-American Mission. There were often also German prisoners, sent after the Armistice to clear up the battle débris; there were Chinese coolies, Spanish and Portuguese labourers, as well as the so-called Russian prisoners, remnants of the Tsarist army corps sent to fight in France, and now unable to return to their homes.

Our workers established themselves in a large isolated house at Grange-le-Comte. This was intended for a large cattle-farm, so extensive barns and outbuildings were gathered about the château. It had been the divisional headquarters of the French and American Armies in succession, and as the etiquette of war apparently leaves generals in peace, it was undestroyed. Two kilometres away was Auzéville, the railhead of the little Meusienne line from Bar, and a railway line built by the American Army from Clermont came quite near the farm, by which about ten to twenty truckloads of the materials needed for reconstruction were often unloaded in one week.

It was in November, 1918, that the pioneers entered Grange, only just vacated by soldiers; the work of cleaning and preparation for its new occupation was no slight one, but before long the work was in full swing. By January builders were at work in the villages, aided by German prisoners (see Germany, p. 320), and at Grange itself as many as one hundred workers would often sit down to

supper, for here was concentrated the work of many departments. A tour of the outbuildings, both old and those erected for the purpose, showed one the large maintenance stores necessary for the supply of the 500 Mission workers ; the even larger supplies of goods to be sold to the people ; the stores of agricultural machinery, tractors and tools ; the stables for the Mission's horses ; the breeding-places for rabbits and poultry ; the garage, with the large fleet of motors obtained from the American Army, and the power-house for the electric light installed by Leslie Heath, the chief Mission electrician. The necessary work of installing the Mission here and in the many village centres had called for the establishment of a new department, called the Works Department, upon whose labours the health and efficiency of the Mission very greatly depended. As was pointed out before, the workers in early days "muddled through" with very inadequate arrangements, but in the Verdun district, I think it may be claimed that this was not the case, and simple baths and sanitation, electric light and telephones from headquarters to other important centres, were all installed most efficiently, and certainly the same amount of work could not possibly have been achieved without this considerable equipment. The Transport Department was one upon which the whole work of reconstruction very greatly depended. The development was immense, from the days when a few motors lent or given by Friends in England were strained to the utmost to accomplish the work required. In 1919, 200 cycles were in use and 55 cars, of which over 30 were procured from the American Army, which also gave leave for obtaining spare parts and general supplies from their dumps. In ten days in July, 1919, these cars carried goods to the weight of 1,600,000 kilograms. Owing to the courtesy of the American Red Cross large quantities of goods were also handled by the use of their *ordres de transport*, and in perhaps no other department was the generous co-operation of the French authorities more noticeable. Both military and civil authorities gave help in actual transport,

in petrol and otherwise unobtainable supplies, frequently at real inconvenience to themselves. H. Wright Baker, who for long acted as organiser of our transport department, writes of the appreciation of himself and his staff for the many kindly acts, personal friendliness and whole-hearted sympathy of the French officials. The Mission even ran its own train, for a German motor engine was "salvaged" and run upon a disused military railway.

Salvage was in these days a very important source of supply. There were hundreds of pounds worth of material—emphasising again the futile waste of war—lying about the countryside, and it was better that it should be used in reconstruction than left to waste.

"Salvaging" on a magnificent and authorised scale was to become an immense asset to the Mission through the energy of Henry J. Scattergood of Philadelphia. Not only did he procure from the American Army the motor-cars already mentioned, but he obtained the purchase of two Engineers' dumps. From this supply the Mission obtained most valuable material for its own use, as well as selling cheaply very large quantities to the returning inhabitants to their great advantage. And here, perhaps, a word of tribute may be paid to the splendid leaders sent by the Philadelphia Committee to follow Henry Scattergood. To Charles Evans, to Charles Rhoads and to William Biddle, to mention only three, the Mission owes more than can be told.

Another new department which was established to cope with the requirements of the Verdun work was that of the Purchase and Sales.

A capital sum of £10,000 was provided by the London and Philadelphia Committees for use in providing goods for the returning inhabitants. It was realised that returning to a wilderness they would need to acquire everything afresh, from a pin to a harrow, and it fell to our Mission to provide them. Shops were accordingly set up in thirteen centres which supplied about 5,000 families in 200 villages. They

were, in fact, miniature Selfridges, meeting practically all the wants of the people, and doing a flourishing trade in all but profits, for the goods were sold under cost price. In some shops the weekly takings would be on an average 10,000 francs per week. Tools and farm implements sold steadily, crockery as fast as it could be obtained, and dress-materials were most popular. In addition, one of the Mission cars went the round of villages too distant for the inhabitants to come to the shops, taking them their goods. In some places even bread had to be distributed. The turnover in thirteen months' work amounted to 3,574,109 francs.

It was the great desire of the Mission workers to leave behind them some permanent trace of this activity, and finally all the shops were handed over as running concerns to a local society, the Meusienne Co-operative. As far as possible, personal visits were paid to the families who were customers, and a 25-franc share in the concern was given to each of 1,200 families. These shares were set over against the value of the goods when handed over to the Meusienne.

Many of the goods sold in the shops were made in a work-room at Les Islettes, organised by the Mission. Here mattresses, quilts, pillows, etc., were made as fast as possible to meet the incessant demand.

It is not proposed to recapitulate the various activities described in earlier chapters, which were carried on in the Verdun district, but perhaps the following extracts from a description by a relief worker in Neuville, typical of very many other centres, will serve to make the life and the work more vivid :—

“ When I arrived in July (1919) the builders had departed, having finished their task. The inhabitants, now some 200, were settling down into normal life, and hay harvest was in full swing. Few signs of the trenches, which had seamed the fields, were left. The tractors had done their work, and strips of oats and barley gave promise of harvest. The barbed wire was stacked along the roads, its unsightliness half

hidden by masses of chicory and salvia, heavenly blue following the blood-red poppies, a symbol of the happy change. Beyond, and out of sight of the gaunt, blackened walls and heaps of masonry that marked the streets of the old village, I came upon a group of huts, dotted about a level green, and bordering the high road. It was the *Cité des Amis*. Already many of the huts were surrounded by vegetable plots, and here and there they were gay with flowers. A swing had been set up and attracted a group of happy children. Numerous fowls, ducks, a goat, a pig and a donkey added to the liveliness of the scene, and had it not been for the roofless walls and shattered steeple of the church in the near distance, we might have been freed from the spectre of war, if only for a moment."

The home of the workers was a wooden house of the simplest description, erected by the builders, with similar furniture. Supplies of food and drinking water were brought round by a Mission lorry every week, the food consisting for the most part of American tinned foods, bought from the supplies of the Army.

"Our day began by sweeping out and preparing the shop for our customers. In they came from 8.30 onwards in a steady stream. Our wholesale department had acquired an expert knowledge of household wants and there were few requests that we could not supply. Rice for feeding the fowls was always in huge demand, and boxes of acid drops went as fast as we could put them on the counter. . . . Calico at a franc a yard we could not supply fast enough. My arms ached with measuring out 50 yards at a time, but the customer was always ready to take pity on Madame's weak wrists and measure for herself when the weight got too heavy."

Anything in the nature of a bargain was snapped up at once.

On the whole, extreme honesty was the order of the day, but "one old lady who carried off a pot of jam she had not paid for caused intense excitement. Neuville plumed itself that she was an *étrangère*—Aubréville, who owned her, was ashamed of her."

The shop was not opened every day, as time had to be allowed for visits to the people in their homes.

“Except among the old people, who had seen their houses destroyed before their eyes, who had lost the savings so carefully laid up for their old age, and who knew only too well that they would never live to see any return of their former comfort, there was little complaint. ‘What does it matter, Madame?’ said one woman to me, pointing to the blackened scraps of wall, all that remained of a prosperous homestead: ‘My husband is safe, my son was three years in the trenches and is unwounded, and we are home again. We can bear everything else!’”

The gifts of sheets and towels, etc., which were made to every returning family, were immensely appreciated.

“I gave a feather-bed to an elderly couple whose only bed had been a lumpy mattress stuffed with hay. It was indeed a precious gift. They broke down as they tried to thank me, but their son, a boy of fourteen, stood up and made me a touching speech thanking me in the name of his parents, for a gift which would give them such infinite warmth and the comfort of which they had been deprived of so long.”

In this village, too, the Mission was able to help in the reopening of a church in an iron shed belonging to the Mission.

“It was only of corrugated iron, but it was transformed into a bower of greenery. The Curé of Auzéville had made no less than six journeys under fire to save the ornaments of the old church, and now he brought them back in triumph; somewhat battered and in need of fresh paint, but hailed as old friends. The High Altar was draped with a Mission sheet, and Madame B. had bought silver lace and spangles in Paris with which to brighten it. The hum of happy voices sounded across the road, and when I looked in, it was to see the village women cleaning the candlesticks and washing the bedraggled statues of the Virgin and Joan of Arc, with a little crowd of children round them who watched with wondering and unaccustomed eyes. Then came the sound of an harmonium, and I was drawn again to the shed, to

see the village carpenter in his shirt-sleeves surrounded by children, practising the Office for the morrow. *Mais, oui*, he[?] was out of practice, he had had other work on hand for five years, *que voulez vous?* but he played with great fervour and spirit, and the sight was a charming one, with the grave wondering faces of the children, and the pathetic thankfulness of the elders. M. le Curé, busy with confessions all the morning, now appeared to give final directions. Great branches of green were brought in, and the images of the saints were wreathed with flowers. On August 9th, the Feast of the Assumption, Mass was said once more in Neuville."

In another centre, that of Mareuil-le-Port, the report tells of closing down in June, 1919, after eight months' strenuous work. The sale of cheap food was an immense boon, for it was almost unprocurable in any other way. Three tons of garden seeds and nine tons of planting potatoes were distributed to help future food supplies. At a two days' sale more than 16,000 francs were taken. About 2,680 families were established with bedding, food, clothing, tools and furniture. Where needed, we gave parcels of clothing and a blanket to every family in seven villages and 650 parcels to demobilised men. It will be seen that much hard work was entailed, and in fact a visitor to the Mission about this time reported that it seemed you could get about twice as much work out of a human being who worked for love as out of one who worked for pay!

Various other activities were developed, including libraries for children at Neuville and Clermont, and also canteens and simple hostels for returning refugees at Clermont and Aubréville. At *La Maison de l'Etoile*, Clermont, more than one hundred people stayed in one month, thankful for the shelter it afforded them while waiting for their huts to be completed, or their furniture to arrive, and larger numbers still were fed there by day.

But the patience of the reader would fail, were we to tell of all the other schemes for benefiting the people, elaborated in the fertile brains of our workers—of the sewing-machines

distributed, of the building materials to enable people to restore their own houses, of the brush-making industry, and of the Christmas parties, for which on one occasion a member of the Mission cooked 1,000 cakes, and another was in immense request for his wonderful conjuring tricks.

In the spring of 1920, one after another of the centres were closed down, all available equipment and stores were packed up and dispatched to the new fields of Poland and Vienna and the workers went home to England and America.

In conclusion, it may be said that a visit to other parts of the battlefield gave Wilmer Young, the last General Secretary in France, the impression that our work had meant the advance of the condition of the refugees by about one year's time.

II. HOLLAND

CHAPTER XIII

THE BELGIAN INVASION

IN the earliest days of the war, attention was focussed on what was happening in Holland. Belgium was invaded by an army; Holland was invaded by a people. Early in October, 1914, on the fall of Antwerp, it is estimated that nearly half a million Belgians poured into Holland, filling to excess all the towns in the south—Flushing, Middelburg, Bergen-op-Zoom, Breda, etc. Through Bergen-op-Zoom, for instance, 300,000 refugees poured in three days, eating out of house and home the 15,000 inhabitants. Dutch hospitality to these unfortunate people has from first to last been exemplary, even if the hosts have sometimes naturally tired a little of their well-doing and their uninvited guests. Common law in Holland holds that in any city where an alien is in distress, the Burgomaster must feed him, give him one night's lodging, and supply him with a ticket to the frontier. But the law did not anticipate such invasions as that of 1914, and it is said that telegrams poured into The Hague from the Burgomaster of town after town on these fateful October days, saying, "You must help us; our resources are exhausted." Public-spirited citizens everywhere came to the aid of the authorities; emergency shelter in warehouses and sheds was arranged; Dutch ladies spent whole nights cooking and arranging accommodation; hundreds of refugees were drafted off quickly to towns all over the country. Pathetic notices were to be read in public places, with messages from parents

seeking their lost children. The Government formed a representative committee to deal with the continuation of the problem, for though it was an emergency one, it was to last—though happily no one then knew it—till the end of the war, more than four years later.

The newly formed Friends' War Victims' Committee felt gravely concerned at these conditions, and a visit was paid in September, 1914, by T. Edmund Harvey and Dr. Dyson Holdsworth, who brought back information about the situation. They visited some of the refugees, for whom only the most primitive arrangements had then been made. They found a state of great tension and nervousness, for a German invasion was imminently feared, and the presence and help of nationals of a belligerent country were not thought to be wise. A little later, however, Mrs. Albert J. Crosfield and Mrs. Henry T. Hodgkin visited Flushing, Middelburg and some other towns, and found the position more settled. They were able to distribute some money entrusted to them by the Committee, chiefly to keep open a maternity home at Flushing. Grants for this purpose were continued till May, 1915, during which time more than seventy babies were born there. As the work at Flushing was always distinct from the main activities, we may deal with it first. To begin with, help was given to the refugees who were often stranded at Flushing, either by lack of money, passports or boats, on their attempted journey to England. For such people (sometimes as many as fifty at a time) accommodation was arranged in a hotel. This work, and afterwards that in the Camps formed by the Dutch Government for housing the refugees, owed very much to the great initiative and efficiency of Grace C. Vulliamy, who worked with the Committee for a long time. She had been acting as the representative of the Local Government Board, who undertook assistance to fugitive Belgians, and on the withdrawal of this official help, ours was all the more necessary.

When the lessened numbers of refugees crossing to England made so much accommodation unnecessary, a hostel

called the Home Belge was maintained, where Belgian educated girls could be taken in for a short time, for Flushing was not a suitable place for homeless girls. Some were on their way to England, others were going back to Belgium, whilst others had just come away from it. One girl in the last category had made her escape from Antwerp on foot, being unable to get a passport to join her former mistress, a French officer's wife, who had gone to Tours. She and two lads, her brother and cousin, after hairbreadth escapes, got through the morasses which border the frontier. They hid from sentries in the sandhills; they were helped by friendly peasants, and finally arrived in Flushing, the fourth day after leaving Antwerp. For such girls the Home was a haven of refuge before they set out on further adventures. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, British residents, kindly gave great help in supervision of the Home, but after they left one of our workers was in charge.

Madame Goffart, the energetic wife of the Belgian Consul-General, was also assisted in her efforts to give employment in needlework to numerous Belgian women and girls, particularly to those who were living on barges. Visits, too, were paid to the interned soldiers and sailors in the fort, who were very grateful for news of the outside world and for materials to occupy their time in handicrafts.

Early in 1915, a visit was paid to Holland by Philip Burt and Fred Rowntree, who thenceforward took a very active part in the work, paying frequent visits in the early days. They initiated a plan for building wooden houses, which was adopted as one of the main activities of our Committee.

CHAPTER XIV

THE REFUGEE CAMPS AND THE FRIENDS' WORK IN THEM

MEANTIME the Dutch were going forward vigorously with their plans for caring for the Belgians. Very many were settled in private families in large and small towns, but for the rest large camps, called Vluchtoorden (literally, Flight-places), were established. It was in reality a work of great magnitude in which this neutral country found itself involved. It consisted, in fact, in making emergency towns for about 20,000 people, for a quite unknown length of time. Of these the four principal ones were at Gouda, Ede, Uden and Nunspeet, while there were others for interned soldiers and sailors at Amersfoort, Harderwyck and Groningen. At Gouda the authorities rented a large expanse of greenhouses from a nursery-gardener, whose trade was ruined by the war, in which to house the refugees. But greenhouses do not make a good substitute for homes, and after a visit, one carried away the impression of people lying on shelves, as useless as bulbs in summer, but not so easily stored.

The other camps were built for the purpose, long low wooden sheds dumped down on the flat moors, unsheltered from heat in summer or cold in winter. These were in charge of a Dutch official, sometimes a civilian, but more often a military officer, who was assisted by a small staff, accommodated in a wooden office in the camp. Here was the centre of administration and here went on from morning to night, quiet, unostentatious, self-sacrificing work. In these camps the Commandant's word was law, and it speaks volumes for the justice of his rule, when one recalls the

heterogeneous collection of refugees who were under his charge, that at only one of the camps was there anything in the nature of a prison.

On the goodwill of the Commandant, naturally, the whole efficiency of our work in the camps largely depended, and it may be said without reserve, that during the whole period our workers never experienced anything but the most cordial goodwill and assistance, and whatever success attended their efforts may be largely ascribed to the help and kindness of the officials controlling the administration of the respective camps.

The different needs of mankind were provided for in separate buildings; for example, there was an Eetzaal (dining-room), Slaapzaal (dormitory), hospital, kitchen, clothing store and school. But of privacy or individuality of taste in such accommodation there could be none. The nearest approach to a home was the cubicle about 15 ft. by 10 ft. curtained off from a passage, rather after the style of an American Pullman sleeper. Sometimes a sloping board provided the families' bed, table, chair and playground; sometimes straw mattresses covered the floor at night. Here was the only scope for home-making instincts; some were certainly tidier than others, some were more miserable.

These, indeed, were communal towns; in one building all the potatoes for the town's supper would be peeled, in another all the clothes were made. Inevitably the colour of life would depart for most of us if we had to live under such conditions, but it is only fair to see what splendid organisation and friendly help lay behind these dreary places. On the other side of the reckoning must be put the fact that here people were housed, fed and cared for in healthy situations, without any fear of starvation or homelessness, and one could not fail to be struck by the immense amount which had been done for them.

Philip Burt and Fred Rowntree approached the Dutch authorities with offers of help in the Camps. It was felt that, despite all the efforts which the Dutch were making,

there was scope for a great deal of voluntary help in making life for the refugees more interesting, and the exile from their homes less depressing. There was scope, too, for making this exile in some sense a time of training for the future, especially in the case of the numbers of boys who were turned out from the slums of Antwerp and other cities into the difficult life of a large camp. It was found that the Dutch authorities (in particular the Baron von Tuyll, Chairman of the Dutch Government Commission for the employment of Belgians) were very favourable to such help being given, and the summer of 1915 saw the establishment of English workers in the four camps. Before following them into their camp life, we must turn to the Committee's housing scheme, which was an important part of the whole policy, and mention that the administration of our work was carried on from an office, first in Rotterdam, kindly lent to us by the American Relief Commission, and then at the Hague. By 1916, forty workers of the Friends were established in the country.

It was obvious that the accommodation provided in the camps was a very poor substitute for the homes left by many of the refugees. Further, it was clear that, whenever they were able to return to Belgium, many new homes would be needed to replace those destroyed, and that many skilled refugees would be thankful for employment in house-building during their idleness. A cure for all these ills—on a very modest scale—was found in the Committee's building scheme which was largely due to Fred Rowntree, who developed it, designed the houses and supervised their making. The houses were of the simplest possible type, wooden one-storied bungalows, containing a sitting-room and two tiny bedrooms, built in pairs in such a way that the two could be afterwards put together to make a larger house. They were known as *maisons démontables*, for their construction was so simplified that they could be taken to pieces and re-erected on another site by ten men in three hours. The Committee financed the building of more than

one hundred of such houses at a cost of about £50 each, and, in addition, the Dutch Government asked us to supervise the erection of a village of similar houses at the Ede camp with the sum of £27,000 given for the purpose by the Danish Government, and known as the Deensche Dorp (Danish Village). The Committee's houses were distributed amongst the various camps, including some at the interned soldiers' camp at Gaasterland, where the men, with their wives who had come to join them, were found to be living literally in cattle sheds, for which they paid substantial rent. Others were erected at Amersfoort, about which camp we shall speak later.

It was delightful, when visiting the camps, to leave their monotonous and unhomelike expanse and to come suddenly upon one of these groups of little white and green cottages, with gay gardens. To walk down Fred Rowntree Straat, or The Avenue Baron de Tuyl, showed a picture of very proud and happy inhabitants. The carpenters who made them were given houses free, but other applicants paid rent.

In each camp one house at least was reserved for the Friends' workers, who to this extent shared the camp life and devoted themselves to helping the refugees in all sorts of ways, primarily by providing employment for both men and women, boys and girls; before leaving the subject of the houses we may mention that some very simple equipment for them was provided by Friends, which the inhabitants paid for by weekly instalments. The pails, jugs and basins were made in the Dutch workshops in the camp, but the curtains were made in the Friends' work-rooms.

The Dutch authorities arranged employment for as many men and women as possible in the various services of the camp (cooking, tailoring, sanitary work, etc.). The Friends were invited to employ as many of the others as possible, but were asked not to pay such wages as would tempt the refugees away from the necessary camp employments. The result was that there were two categories of people in the

Friends' workrooms : the comparatively unfit, and the few who preferred to work for a small wage in return for which they learned a handicraft. The Friends selected those people whom they felt likely to benefit most from the training given.

The camp authorities generally provided a room, and here day by day the people came to work at a variety of activities. The numbers were not large, perhaps 150 in each camp. The women and girls were taught to make woollen rugs, embroidery, dresses, appliqué work, raffia shoes and baskets, and the mental change effected by the interest of their work was delightful to see. Reports tell of one girl who, having lost both her brother and her sister, as well as her home, by the war, came a sad, silent and depressed little fugitive, but before long she was bright and happy, taking an intelligent interest in her work, and was a great help to the class.

One of our workers reported :

"The regular hours of work, the games, the sight of the little exhibition of their productions at the end of the workroom, growing larger and more varied every day, all these things are telling on the impressionable lives of the girls and are unconsciously lifting them from the more demoralising influences of the camp life into which they may so easily fall."

It was, of course, this human friendship which was the keynote of the Committee's work.

In the Gouda camp our workers were asked by the authorities to undertake the making of seaweed mattresses for all the 1,500 refugees. They took on thirty extra workers with a view to coping with the big job, and announced that they were ready to receive the seaweed. What was their horror next morning on arriving at the workroom to find it absolutely deluged with seaweed, piled up everywhere, making even the air almost choking, and to hear that there were twenty more wagon loads following up the streets ! After very energetic measures the seaweed flood was abated.

There were outdoor activities as well: girls were taught to garden, and to dye the materials used in their crafts, with heather, alder bark and sundew gathered on the moors. In the men's workrooms the occupations were very various: fretwork and wooden toys, the speciality of Burleigh Fincken and Felix Eames, fibre mats, largely for use in the camps, inlaid woodwork, chair-making taught by Alfred Powell and Martin Walker, baskets and brushes. To teach this last trade a brushmaker, Thos. Cox, volunteered to go from England and was helped by Gilbert Yeoman. Thomas Cox tells some of his difficulties in the following letter from Uden:—

“We arrived here on Saturday evening at 9 p.m. and fixed our quarters at this hotel in the centre of the town, whence we go on our cycles to the camp at 9 a.m. and return any time from 7 to 10 p.m. Monday was spent at Rotterdam in search of materials, in which we were very successful. We bought fibre on the understanding that we should not interfere with the Dutch brushmakers in cutting down their prices. . . . In the meantime we were busy getting our workroom fitted up. . . . After some dumb show amongst the candidates for work, I managed to find a man who said he had a brother who had been a brushmaker in Belgium. Eventually his brother turned up. With a little more dumb show we soon found that he could do sufficient brushmaking to answer our purpose, and made an arrangement to pay him a little more than the others if he would teach them to fill the holes, and although not a brushmaker, as I should term him, he has turned out a useful man and taught about 15 men. . . . I should say that we have painted the brush backs with the Belgian colours, which seems to please the Belgians very much indeed. With regard to the men, they are most eager to work, and when we put them on a job we rarely have to speak to them for wasting time. To see men of 40 to 60 years of age trying to learn a trade is most unusual, but they struggle through. . . . They seem to catch the enthusiasm and very soon those who did not want us altered their opinion, and the Dutch have the names of 60 men waiting to be employed.”

(It is needless to say that the dumb show was called into

play as an exception, as most of our workers became proficient in French or Flemish.)

From these beginnings quite an industry developed. Ten months later 70 men were in the workshop and 70 others had passed through it. Our workers held £83 in the bank, representing the savings of these men from their wages, and the camps were supplied with brushes. Others were sent over for sale in England, until this importation was prohibited. At Nunspeet the camp prisoners, *i.e.* the drunk and disorderly who had broken camp regulations and were being detained accordingly, were allowed to share in the classes held by our workers.

Considering that the work in Holland was in a neutral country, the difficulties owing to the war were unexpectedly great. Materials needed for the industries very often could not be obtained in Holland, and had to be bought in England. But the difficulties of export were considerable, owing to the intricacies of War Trade Permits and the Netherlands Overseas Trust, which were instituted to guard against the passage of goods into Germany. These produced many delays and put barriers in the way of innocent relief work. Raffia, too, one of our staple materials, became needed secretly for the making of camouflage fences, and we had to use very inferior substitutes.

The difficulties of communication and travel, too, were great. One after another of the boats was torpedoed, and often no regular service at all was maintained. A worker travelling to and from Holland had to wait indefinitely, absolutely ready to leave at a moment's notice, but when on board there was no certainty of sailing. The passage was only made by day, because of the mines, and a favourable opportunity was awaited. The voyage usually effected in seven or eight hours, took on one occasion ten days and nights, and two or three was quite common. The Customs examination was so strict that even passengers' sponges were examined in case notes were hidden in them.

To return to the camp work. Great ingenuity and

initiative were needed on the part of the workers to keep the work always alive and free from the unreality which the artificial life so easily introduced. Fresh experiments were always being tried, and fresh goods being made. There was a rope-making machine introduced into one camp, there was a loom on which raffia could be woven in another, and many were the wooden coffers made for the refugees to store their possessions in.

To a certain extent our workers suffered from the monotony and weariness of the refugees. They could only rarely come home to visit their families owing to the difficulties of travel, and though in some places so near to Germany that one day some of them inadvertently walked over the frontier, and in others so near to the Belgian coast that one could hear any naval bombardment, there was yet a sense of being shut away in a back-water. Many of the workers remained year after year, including Harold Ellis, who acted as Chairman of the Workers' Committee and supervised all the work after Grace Vulliamy left.

The camps differed somewhat in character. Gouda was less formal, though the discomfort of its greenhouses has been described and before the end of the war the refugees were moved elsewhere. Nunspeet, the largest camp, housing 10,000 refugees, was, on the other hand, under quasi-military discipline. One of our workers, Mary Rees, thus describes her arrival at the camp :—

“ Miss Vulliamy, Miss Pim and I arrived at Nunspeet on Tuesday, October 12th (1915), to begin work there. We were met at the station in the afternoon by Miss Lelyveld, a Dutch lady, who has charge of the women's work in the camp, and leaving our luggage at the station hotel, we were driven up with her in General Dryber's red car to the camp. . . . The General's chauffeur rushed us through the entrance to the camp and rattled us up through the barracks, along earthy roads paved with discarded sheets of asbestos, to where our own white and green hut, made by the refugees in Gouda, awaited us. It stands on a sandy ridge facing the southern boundary of the camp, so that out of our five

south windows we look over the barbed wire fence below, on to the road made by the refugees, where two sentinels walk up and down, comforting our hearts on dark nights with their measured tread. By and bye we hope to have our own private gate in the fence, so that we can step right across the sand-dunes covered with patches of straggling pine scrub and heather to full-grown pine woods. At present, one must approach the house as we approached it through the camp and its not too pleasant odours and up between the camp 'Magazyn,' where the clothes for the refugees are kept, and the sewing school. The space between these two buildings, on to which our six north windows look, is generally full of children playing, or queues of Belgians waiting at the door of the 'Magazyn.' We excited much curiosity therefore when we drove up. We sent to fetch the key of the house, and meantime peering in at the windows we could see the chairs and tables of white pine made for us at Gouda, the chairs with a special inset of carving on the back to welcome us."

Though that is a detailed impression of first days, it gives a good idea of the life, always on the edge of a crowd, and under very primitive conditions, none too comfortable in winter.

In addition to the workrooms, much was done by way of recreation. In the evenings the "Zaal" was opened and perhaps one hundred people would come for various quiet amusements, or reading and writing, and later on, very lively games would hold the field. English classes, too, were everywhere a very favourite occupation. Music, country dances and outdoor games were taught, with all their attendant virtues of hardihood and fair play, and one of the most helpful influences was that introduced by the Scouts and "Friendly Girls," whose activities were received with gusto by the boys and girls, and several troops of "Padvindiers," as they are called in Dutch, were formed. Burleigh Fincken, leader of the work at Nunspeet, writes of the first beginnings thus :—

"We have started a troop here and have about 90 already. We're teaching them their knots, Scout signs and law, etc.,

and on Sunday took them all out, and incidentally half the camp who followed—for a Scouting game in the woods. You never saw such excitement ! They turned up in the nearest approach to Scout clothes they could manage out of old coats, shirts, mothers' stockings, and dented hats ! The enthusiasm was terrific, and we're getting about ten times as many salutes as the General himself ! They haven't got the same ideas as the English boy as to ' playing the game ' yet, and it's quite O.K. for 6 or 7 to set on a small opponent and punch him black and blue. Scratching, kicking, etc., are recognised as weapons and a favourite trick is to get behind your enemy, dig your finger-nails deep into his cheeks or forehead and then hang on for all you're worth. Enemy generally looks like a Zebra afterwards ! ”

At one time a great enthusiasm for first-aid was kindled among them, for one of the Belgian boys broke his leg when out on an expedition. Two scouts were dispatched to tell his mother, and to report that a stretcher was being made on which he was being brought home in state. But within a few minutes the tale was transformed to the effect that one of the English “ Heeren ” had fallen out of a tree, and that his neck was thoroughly broken in several places, and the crowd which turned out was worthy of this remarkable spectacle ! There were some very cheering incidents. One small boy and his brother had been confirmed thieves, but were allowed to become Scouts. They came of a very poor family, and temptation was once more too strong for them. After this, the Scout leader had them alone with him, camping out on the moor each night and trusting them with everything. One evening the older boy came into the Friends' hut, and saluting the Scout leader very solemnly, said : “ I hear you are going to England to-morrow. I come to pay you the balance of the money,” handing over 5d., the final repayment of the stolen money.

On several occasions they were taken away for real camping.

The girls, who had most interesting activities arranged for them, would come to exhibit their small brothers and

sisters with washed hands and cleaned teeth to qualify them for their nursemaid's badge. Playing games was a furious occupation, in which, owing to their temperaments, they appeared to be violently angry with each other.

Dipping into the future we find that after the end of the war, when the refugees returned to their homes, Cuthbert Clayton, who had been one of the prime movers in the Scout work in Holland, went back with his troops for six months, and helped them to keep up the traditions learnt in the camps. Many subsequent visits have been paid by him and other workers who find keen memories of scouting days, and Scout troops still maintained. They united in this work in Belgium with one or two workers from our French unit who had given help with a colony of Belgian children at Le Glandier, in France.

Christmas gave great scope for camp activities. It was pleasant to find the men in the workrooms willingly coming to work overtime to make toys for the poor children. Our workers gave delightful parties to the refugees, and I well remember the interest of that given at Nunspeet on the occasion of the last Christmas in the camp—1918. There was a cinematograph of the entry of the King and Queen of Belgium into Brussels after the Armistice, showing the immense enthusiasm of the vast crowds. To this pictured enthusiasm was added the very real one of the hundreds of refugees round us, realising that at long last their homes were open to them once more, and that the days of their exile were nearly over.

The work in Ede and Amersfoort needs especial mention. In the summer of 1917, the Dutch authorities, having already given up the camp at Gouda, determined further to consolidate the camps. They therefore moved most of the Ede camp to Nunspeet. The Danish village already described was, however, left, and the Friend workers were asked by the Dutch authorities to take over complete supervision. This was agreed to, and there ensued a very paternal, or more accurately maternal, government in which the refugees turned to Edith Attenborough and Agnes Rutter (now

Moreton) in every problem, whether social or medical! The latter gave cookery lessons, too, but found that the food allowance of 6d. per diem did not admit of great variety in menus, so the lessons were of necessity restricted.

Fred Rowntree and the writer were asked to visit Amersfoort on a journey to Holland in August, 1915. We found there that the small town was cruelly overcrowded with the wives and families of the interned soldiers, who had flocked thither to be near the husbands and fathers. Even the poor accommodation of a granary, in which some of them were living, was soon to be taken from them. It seemed exactly the place for more wooden houses, and twenty were afterwards erected, the work being done by carpenters taken from the ranks of the interned soldiers. Gradually the "Village Elisabeth," as it was called, grew (with the addition of houses built by the Belgian Repatriation Fund) till the population was nearly 1,000 persons. Early in its history some of our workers settled there, including Frederick Braithwaite, Mabel Cash (now Lunnon), Agnes Parley and Reginald C. Price, and carried on the same kind of activities as in the other camps. At the Armistice, precedence of return was given to the interned soldiers and their families, and it was to their deserted camp at Amersfoort that there came late in 1918, the wave of refugees which must have been almost the last in the war. They came from the Cambrai district, whence at length they were driven by military and economic pressure. Instead of the land of plenty which they hoped they would reach, they came to the wretched conditions already described, and our workers were able to extend some help to them, including a recreation room where they taught Swedish drill, etc., to the boys, who were thoroughly undisciplined owing to the war.

As the war went on, conditions in Holland, and consequently in the camps, grew harder and harder. The position of the country as a neutral one was increasingly difficult, and the temptation to join in and be allied, at all events to one side, was very great. As it was, the country was

suspected by both sides, and subjected to harsh restrictions and indignities, and her determination to keep at peace calls out one's respect and admiration. The position was so unsettled that for some time no new workers were sent, and it became more and more difficult for those who were there to keep up the courage of the refugees whose unrest and discontent were obvious. Food conditions, too, were really hard, and added to the unhappiness. Even when the immense relief of the Armistice came there was a difficult time to go through, for it was not for several months that it was possible for all the refugees to return to their homes. The occupations and distractions offered by our workers were of especial utility during these trying months.

CHAPTER XV

HELP TO RETURNING CIVILIANS

IN 1915 exchanges of civilian prisoners between England and Germany were begun, and in October of that year the Foreign Office asked whether we could undertake to send representatives every month to the German frontier, to meet the returning civilians from Ruhlehen. The request was very gladly acceded to, and on November 6th, 1915, the first train was met at Boxtel. It must have been thrilling to wait in the night at the little station till the great German express came thundering along, bringing these people from the unknown experience of life in war-time Germany, and to be the first bearers to them of news and newspapers and an English welcome. They were a motley crew, gentlemen, jockeys, negroes and naturalised Britishers, but with a strong camaraderie arising from their common experience. There were also their womenfolk, their children, and a sad percentage of ill and maimed, for incapacity was the qualification for release. Sometimes there were those too ill to continue their journey to England. There were frequently so many insane that a mental nurse had to be added to our staff to care for them on the journey, which was often a most responsible and nerve-racking task.

On the arrival of the train at the Dutch frontier, food was provided by the local people and served by our workers, who spent the time occupied by the journey to Flushing in making a list of the names and addresses of the group, to assist the work of the Consul at the port, and thus to expedite the sailing of the boat. Cruelly often the passage was a rough one and the work of caring for the large party was most arduous. On arrival at Tilbury, the invalids were given into

the charge of the Red Cross, the rest were taken over by the Central Charities Committee, who arranged accommodation for the homeless. There were many most pathetic cases for whom our further help was asked, people who had not lived in England for years and whose links here were almost completely broken. To give one instance, there was the case of a German who had become naturalised as an Australian before the war, and was in his old home when the war broke out. There he was interned as a foreigner, for some years, and when released by the country of his birth, he was detained at Flushing by orders of the country of his adoption, who would not let him enter England. Finally allowed to land, he could not obtain a passport to return to Australia because no one knew him personally to endorse his application, and it was long before the difficulties could be met, and he could be allowed to leave. This was only one of the endless puzzles in nationalities, which would have had a certain academic interest and amusement, were they not almost always tragedies of human suffering.

CHAPTER XVI

THE RETURN TO BELGIUM

IT had always been anticipated that after the return into Belgium there would be scope for much further help, so in December, 1918, a visit was paid to Brussels by Harold Ellis and the writer, to see whether this was the case. The journey was of rather especial interest, for it was so soon after the Armistice that everything was far from normal. The stream of returning refugees had begun and it was difficult to find places in the unlit, unheated train which wandered along at about ten miles an hour, because the lines had been blown up at such frequent intervals and had only been patched together. For the most part there were no tickets, because the only class of travellers expected were refugees, so we all journeyed free. In Brussels and Antwerp there was a strange sense of places waking up after a long bad dream. On the Scheldt there was no single ship to be seen, and grass was growing on the dock railway lines. No telephones were working, and people were slowly unburying their possessions from their cellars or secret hiding-places. The German iron money was beginning to be ousted by Belgian paper. The inhabitants were still living partly on rations supplied by the Relief Commission, yet all sorts of luxurious articles filled the shops.

Many were the Ministers and officials interviewed, and this fact emerged quite clearly: that Belgium was thoroughly tired of foreign charity and was anxious to stand on her own feet. It was a resolution with which one could entirely sympathise, and events have proved her ability to carry it out. The help that was acceptable was the gift of the moveable houses, already preliminarily accepted in 1917 by the

organisation known as the *Fonds du Roi Albert* which was concerned with the reconstruction of houses. This acceptance was confirmed in Brussels; a year later, in November, 1919, they reported that the majority of the houses had been erected at Termonde and Menin, *où ils constituent des cités charmantes donnant entière satisfaction aux malheureuses familles belges, victimes de la guerre.*

CHAPTER XVII

AIDE CIVILE BELGE

SHORT allusion must be made to the work of the *Aide Civile Belge*, with which the London Committee was connected. Quite early in the days of the war this civilian relief organisation was founded by the Countess van den Steen de Jehay, the Countess Louise d'Ursel and the Friends' Ambulance Unit, the Committee which was concerned with the care of the wounded at the front. Our Committee was asked to join financially (which was done by giving grants of about £2,500) and also to take a share in the London Committee of organisation under the chairmanship of the Rt. Hon. J. W. Wilson, and to undertake the secretarial work.

The work was carried out in the small unoccupied part of Belgium where the civilians suffered greatly, and needed much assistance. Several hospitals and aid posts were maintained, where sick and wounded civilians were treated ; much sanitary and disinfection work was done ; milk and water were supplied to the inhabitants, and typhoid inoculation was carried out. Besides this, there was much feeding, housing and clothing of refugees, evacuation of them to places of safety and organising of orphanages under Belgian Sisters. Materials, too, were given and wages paid to lace-makers, whose trade was ruined by the war.

The men, numbering about seventy, who supervised the work, were lent by the Friends' Ambulance Unit, as well as the necessary motor-cars. Three representatives of the Relief Committee, however, Launcelot Hogben, John S. Stephens and Donald Wood, gave their help in addition.

After the end of the war, the work was merged in that of the American Red Cross, which was helping to re-establish the civilians in their homes.

III. SERBIA

CHAPTER XVIII

IN EXILE

THE work of English Friends for the Serbs differed very materially in more than one respect from that given in other countries. In the first place they sent no units of their own, but co-operated in almost all their work with the Serbian Relief Fund. Nor was it a joint Anglo-American work, as the work of English Friends had practically ceased at the time of the opening of the American Friends' post-war service in Serbia. Furthermore, owing to the circumstance of the war conditions, very much of the work was carried on by individuals or small groups scattered about in Mediterranean countries, wherever there were exiled colonies of Serbs needing help. The story, therefore, is a somewhat disjointed, as well as a more personal, one which brings back to mind the constant uncertainties and difficulties of war work, which necessitated constant changes or abandonment of plan, as carefully thought-out schemes often became useless owing to some military event or another.

Our connection with the work began in the autumn of 1915. The Serbian Relief Fund was already established with the especial purpose of giving help to the Serbians, and the London Friends' Committee came to the conclusion, after discussion with Mr. Bertram Christian, then Chairman of the Serbian Relief Fund, that it would be the wiser course to lend workers to that body and co-operate in every way possible, rather than to maintain a separate organisation of our own. Our Vice-Chairman, William A. Albright, and the

Secretary, were co-opted on to the Executive of the Serbian Relief Fund, and we have to record years of very friendly work together. As many as thirty-four of our workers were lent at one time or another to that organisation, and these pages only attempt to record their personal efforts and are in no sense a history of the Serbian Relief Fund's much larger activities.

Two of our workers in France, Theodore Rigg and Robert R. Tatlock, felt especially drawn to offer their services in Serbia, and it proved fortunate that they reached their destination at a crisis when their help was particularly timely. This was in December, 1915, when, consequent upon the overrunning of a large part of Serbia by the Austro-German offensive, thousands of people were fleeing from their homes. This great retreat followed two courses, one through Mitrovitza, Pristina, Ipek (Pec) in Montenegro, over the mountains to Andrijevitza, Podgoritza, Scutari and finally to the coast at Antivari or San Giovanni di Medua: the other southwards through Monastir, Florina, Vodena to Salonika. We have first to consider the work in connection with the former. This route is at any time a very arduous and even dangerous one, which necessitates climbing over rocky mountains to a height of 5,000 feet with only a solitary khan at the top. To the refugees who passed over it on this exodus, in the middle of winter, without any provisions by the way, it meant very great suffering and often death, especially as many of them were entirely unused to such travel; this stream of people consisted largely of certain classes, viz. students and even quite young boys, teachers and petty officials, as well as a certain number of Montenegrin peasants. The men outnumbered the women considerably.

Theodore Rigg and Robert Tatlock arrived in Scutari in December, minus any equipment but such as they carried in their hands, for all their carefully selected outfit went down in a torpedoed ship. One invaluable asset, however, they had with them, a supply of English gold, provided by the Com-

mittee in London, which was to prove the means of obtaining otherwise unpurchasable food and thereby to save many lives. Very shortly, Theodore Rigg went inland to reconnoitre, for the stream of refugees had so far not reached the coast. At Podgoritzza he encountered them, to the number of about 5,000, not only themselves nearly starving, but reducing the 3,000 ordinary inhabitants of the place to a like state. Theodore Rigg thus describes his first meeting with the refugees :—

“Many of the refugees had been from ten to twelve days on the road, walking for the most part over mountainous country, sometimes covered with snow, and sleeping at night wherever a little shelter could be obtained. I encountered several families of five and six children and here even small children, six and seven years of age, were walking, some carrying a piece of the family goods in the shape of a pot or small bundle. Some refugee families were fortunate in the possession of a horse on which the family possessions were tied, and on top of them a place was made for the smallest children. Food and shelter had been very difficult to obtain, and food especially became increasingly scarce with each successive day as the Serbian soldiers, who were now coming down to Scutari, needed all the available food for their own sustenance.”

Theodore Rigg was able to arrange with a Serbian lady to organise a simple shelter in one of the villages, where fifty or sixty could be housed each night. Immediately on his return to Scutari he sent up a supply of 300 kilos of bread to feed the inmates. On arrival at Andriejvitsa, he learnt that Ipek had fallen, so that the supply of refugees coming thence would be very limited. Meanwhile Robert Tatlock was at Scutari arranging accommodation, as far as possible, for the refugees who were now pouring in, and here continued during several weeks most strenuous work on their behalf. As far as possible, the better houses which he obtained leave to occupy were used for the weaker and poorer refugees, and food—soup, meat, haricots, rice and bread—was distributed every day. But every day this became harder to

accomplish, for "the remnants of the Army flooded every hole in the town; food became tremendously expensive, until the very Mayor and Councillors had to deny themselves bread. The Montenegrin bank-notes became of less value every day so that one might almost have thrown them away. Everybody had bank-notes and no one had gold. Then serious aeroplane bombardments took place, and, finally, the shopkeepers closed altogether, in a sort of rebellion against the powers that were." It was under these circumstances that English gold saved numerous lives.

After another visit to Podgoritz, where he found conditions increasingly grave, but had no means to improve them, Theodore Rigg joined Robert Tatlock at San Giovanni di Medua, who gives the following account of the state of things at that place :—

"During this time sections of the Serbian Army had been moving off to Medua (the port at which we had landed) and to Durazzo, and soon the refugees began to follow them. I therefore interviewed the Serbian Minister of the Interior and received from him a promise that all refugees at the coast should be fed with the Army food. This relieved our minds considerably, but when I went to Medua to see if the arrangements were working well, I found everything in hopeless confusion. There were about 3,000 people lying on the rocks under the open sky, some having done so during six weeks. The unfortunate authorities had completely lost their heads. There was plenty of excellent food on shore, but several refugees were dying of hunger every day.

"A large number of little boys, who had formerly been attached to the Army, had had no food for 11 hours, and even then had no prospect of any. I think that day was the busiest of my life. I got volunteers from among the refugees, who, with a little encouragement, worked as hard as I could wish. We rowed out and fetched food from a small boat which had previously arrived for us. Rigg, happily, had sent me some enormous pots and plates and spoons, and I succeeded in obtaining a number of tents and tarpaulin shelters. . . . Before night we had the satisfaction of being able to smell boiling haricots and rice, the glorious fumes of which swept along the bay and awakened the campers.

“Many of the stronger refugees were now sent by road to Durazzo, and ships took others off from Medua. Rigg now arrived with the news that the Austrians were threatening Scutari. We had not long to remain in Medua. Transport ships came and more were advised. One night at nine o'clock, we were told by the naval authorities that it would be dangerous to remain after the next day, and that the military would leave at dawn to escape capture. Leaving a native representative behind, we set off for Durazzo in the afternoon. Not many hours later the last fugitive had been removed by ship.”

Thus ended in January, 1916, a short but very valuable piece of work, by which it is estimated that about 10,000 civilians were relieved. It should be mentioned that a ship, with a large consignment of stores intended for the refugees, had gone to Vallona instead of to Durazzo, where it would—as events turned out—have been far more useful. Robert Fitzpatrick, another representative sent out by the Friends, succeeded, however, in sending considerable supplies from this cargo into the interior of Albania, which succoured many retreating Serbian soldiers.

This brings us to a phase of work in which many of the Friend workers took part, viz. the accompanying of large numbers of refugees by ship to their place of war exile, by no means an easy or pleasant job. Theodore Rigg thus accompanied a group from Durazzo on a British boat, managing to get 1,200 kilos of bread on board. “As luck would have it, the weather turned rough the very day we embarked at Durazzo. The poor refugees, who had never even seen the sea, were badly frightened . . . many kneeling on the deck or clinging to the railings, saying their prayers, and all the time the rain and spray simply drenching everything.” After landing at Corfu, they were transferred to a larger and much more comfortable ship, where most of the refugees had berths. It was possible to take on board at Corfu a consignment of clothing, which, during the four days’ voyage to Frioul, near Marseilles, Rigg was able to distribute. Six hundred persons were nearly completely fitted out, and

1,000 more were given some clothing, so that it was quite hard to recognise them as the same wretched people who had begged for bread in Durazzo. Other shiploads were accompanied by Professor Bosanquet, by Arnold Ward and Teresa Merz, whose ship was chased by two submarines; but possibly the worst experience of the kind fell to the lot of John Bellows, who, with another Serbian Relief Fund worker, sailed from Durazzo to Corsica, via Gallipoli in Italy and Messina. They were transhipped at Gallipoli to an Italian ship with over 1,000 refugees, accompanied by a Greek ship with 500 more. They soon found that the supplies of food on board were very short and that they included no bread. It was possible to procure some for a few of the refugees at Gallipoli, but further anxiety was aroused by finding three cases which were strongly suspected to be cholera, which were put ashore. The ship was so crowded, that during the whole six days of the voyage some of the men were unable to lie down at night. The feeding arrangements, nominally in the hands of the ship's authorities, were left to John Bellows and Miss Simmonds, who, to their dismay, were refused leave to land to obtain the necessary supplies at Messina owing to quarantine. Only after repeated attempts to get in touch with the English Consul and an urgent request to delay the sailing of the boat till he had been seen, were the food supplies forthcoming, although even then without sufficient bread. But for these untiring efforts it is to be feared that the refugees would have fared very badly indeed.

But we are anticipating, and must return to the story of the help given to the southern stream of refugees, viz. that debouching at Salonika. Other workers had gone out in November, 1915, including Douglas Maynard, who made several journeys of investigation upcountry, and stayed for a time at Florina (which, as has been said, was on the route of the refugees) and supervised the work of a local committee in helping them as they came over the pass from the Goritza district, on their way to the coast. George Innes was at



A PRIEST WITH THE METROPOLITAN OF MONTENEGRO AT THE FIRST HOUSE STARTED AT AMERIKANAVATZ

Salonika, where he offered his help in organising a camp founded by Madame Demidoff, wife of the Russian Ambassador. Here about 700 people could be sheltered and fed in tents in the grounds of a hospital, but there was no registration or ordered arrangements. George Innes was able to get help from people of various British units or from Serbs themselves, to take charge of different departments, such as the medical, sanitary and travelling arrangements. Order was gradually established and clothes distributed. He was joined in this work by several other workers. By January arrangements were completed with the French Government for the reception of a large number of refugees in Corsica, and shiploads of those in the Salonika camp were dispatched thither, whilst fresh refugees refilled the camp. The workers accompanied batches of refugees to their new home in Corsica.

Before following the exodus to Corsica we must note that Professor Bosanquet went to Corfu to look after the young boys who were first sent there, and later in 1916 he returned to Serbia as director of the whole work of the Serbian Relief Fund.

But the main concentration of exiled Serbs was in Corsica, which some ardent spirits likened to the Israelites in captivity in Babylon, a nucleus whence should return a new and reunited Serbian nation. The French Government generously gave maintenance, but the accommodation offered at first was very rough, such as large dormitories for one hundred people without any privacy.

Two thousand refugees arrived in January, all very much exhausted with the hardships of the retreat, from which they had not recovered. Before long, Sir Edward Boyle, one of the initiators of the Serbian Relief Fund, took charge on behalf of the Fund, and the numbers of workers, as well as refugees, increased, and they settled down to the long waiting till the end of the war made return to Serbia possible.

There was a great deal to be done to make life more bearable meanwhile. To begin with, hotels and houses were

taken by the Fund to house the more educated refugees, to whom the rough conditions came hardest. Settlements were started at Piana, Chiavari and Bocagnano, near Ajaccio, whilst at Bastia in the north, Kathleen Courtney was in charge of yet another colony. The country is very primitive, and the people were greatly interested by such an invasion of foreigners. The peasants were all anxious to help their unfortunate visitors, and gave gifts of fruit, etc., for them.

There were many activities carried on, in most of which the Friends' workers took part : workrooms for the making of Pirot carpets and Serbian embroidery ; clothes distribution, carpentry classes, which produced some much-needed furniture, and gardens where the boys were taught to grow vegetables.

Before coming to Corsica many of the refugees were landed at Frioul, the quarantine station outside Marseilles, and here in the early days some of our workers gave help. They were able to give clothing and soap to the arriving refugees and to stimulate some very necessary improvements in the uncomfortable arrangements of an overpressed quarantine station.

There was yet another colony of Serbs in North Africa. Arnold Ward accompanied nearly 900 thither in March, 1916, to whom he managed to distribute clothing *en route*. On arrival these refugees were placed temporarily in Agricultural Colleges until work on farms could be found for them. Ward was able to call the attention of the authorities to those who were lodged in bad conditions and to give the usual friendly help in all sorts of indefinable ways. He was joined by Maurice L. Wilson¹ and later by his sister, Francesca Wilson, both of whom had already worked in France. They specialised in help to the badly injured soldiers by organising workshops for them in which they could learn tailoring, cobbling and handicrafts. Reading and writing were also taught.

With the close of the war and the return of the refugees

¹ Who died in 1925.

to their country, the work happily entered upon a new phase. The Serbian Relief Fund undertook much varied work in Serbia, which it is beyond our scope to chronicle. It must suffice to say that a few of our workers took part in it, including Edward K. Balls, Frederick and Ida Woodhouse, the last named as a nurse at the Nish hospital. The two former were occupied to a large extent with arrangements for the care of orphans and with the distribution of stores under most difficult transport conditions, such as railways not running, roads nearly impassable and very few horses. Mary Baker (now Penman) and Brenda Friend assisted Dr. Macphail (herself a former worker with the Friends' Committee) in her hospital for children which she managed to establish at Belgrade, at first in an old Austrian stable, but afterwards in a fine house built for the purpose. Richard Clements acted for the Serbian Relief Fund at Belgrade, which town, after three years' occupation by the Austrians, was in a decrepit condition. People were flocking back to their country after internment in Austria or Bulgaria, or exile in England, France or Corsica, and the reunions between long-parted relations and friends were very touching. Help was given by organising kitchens for the children and distributing clothing to 6,000 people, whose names were furnished by the local authorities as being especially needy, or who belonged to certain classes such as the widows of officers.

Later in 1919 George Innes returned to Serbia and assisted General Fortescue, who was sent out by the British Government as co-ordinator of the British Relief under the name of the Serbian Joint Supply Commission. Innes was commissioned to make a distribution in co-operation with the American Red Cross in the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar which had so far had no help. Local committees helped the distribution to individuals and hospitals. He also helped to organise a Serbian Child Welfare Association and became a member for a time of the American Friends' Unit, to whose history we now come.

It is cheering to know that a competent observer reported after a visit to the interior, following the retreat of the Austrian Army, that the distress was not so great as might have been expected. He found no trace of atrocities, no pillaging or burning, and in fact in one town he found that the shopkeepers had been paid for everything taken. He also attributed the good state of things to the splendid way in which the women and boys of Serbia had kept the country going during the absence of the men. Certain it is that the material recovery of Serbia was comparatively speedy, and at the time of my visit there early in 1921 there was an abundance of food and especially such luxuries as white bread, which was very striking in comparison with Central Europe. All the same there was much to be done in the way of reconstruction, and the American Friends, in the autumn of 1919, sent a small group of workers, with Lawrence Lippincott and Alvin Wildman as temporary commissioners, to give their opinion as to the best form which the work should take. The first winter was spent in Leskovatz in Central Serbia, where the energies of the party were given to getting a derelict farm into order. The Unit, however, "found itself" in a most interesting reconstruction scheme at Pec (Ipek), which place has been mentioned as a stage on the great retreat in 1915 over the mountains to Scutari. It lies at the bottom of a wonderful semicircle of mountains, and, looking up the austere gorge, which led, for the refugees, to the hope of safety, one realises what a cruel experience it must have proved for so many of them, unfitted as they were for its arduous path. Pec was in Turkey till 1912, in Montenegro till 1915, and thereafter in Serbia, but its inhabitants are of many nationalities, Turkish, Albanian, Serb and Montenegrin, with no lack of enmity between them, which the Unit set themselves to try to overcome. Pec is fifty miles from the railway at Mitrovitza, and the intervening wild country, covered with a russet-coloured scrub, is the haunt of *comitadji*, or brigands, so that the peasants are afraid to go unarmed, and gather together in



ROASTING PORK FOR THE SLAVA

big companies of *kolas* (the native carts) to cross it. But the Friends made the journey of ten or eleven hours quite simply and with the protection of the *absence* of any arms. I remember on the occasion of my doing so, one or two native carts joined us, paradoxically, for this negative protection, which they did not dare to employ alone. From sunrise to sunset we jogged along, resting for lunch at the solitary khan on the way to get Turkish coffee and some rather dubious food. Even the trains from Mitrovitza, I was told, were somewhat nervous and only ran in the daylight !

In this far-off corner of the world was established a keen group of young American men and women, under the leadership of Drew Pearson, and the "mothering" of Loreta Rush. They had organised a hospital, where every nationality was treated alike ; an orphanage, handed over at the time of my visit to the Serbian Relief Fund, and two dispensaries, one at Pec and one at Dechani, a few kilometres farther on. But perhaps the most interesting piece of work was the building of villages. The aforesaid road from Mitrovitza had been made during the war, under the orders of the Austrian Army, by a band of Montenegrins brought down for the purpose from their mountain homes, to which it was impossible for them to return, and they were housed—if housing it could be called—in some filthy barracks. The Friends succeeded in organising the building of villages in the scrub-land so successfully that one year after the decision to undertake the work had been made there were two villages, housing 600 people, and 200 acres of land cleared and cultivated, almost entirely the work of the people themselves. They were very wild and untrained, and it was not easy to get them to work, but they entered into the idea of competing as to which group of houses should be finished first. I had the good fortune to be present at the *slava* or festivity in honour of the successful group, when we plunged into Serbian manners and customs by eating with our unaided fingers portions of pigs, roasted whole outside the room where we sat, and then watched the pretty native dances. Peasant



ROASTING PORK FOR THE SLAVA

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costumes are still beautiful, white and black for the Albanians, and light reds and browns predominating for the Serbs. When the people were installed in their new houses, they had to undergo initiation into the mysteries of taking a bath at the communal bath-house at the hands of Sister Butler, the welfare worker of the Unit, and after receiving new clothes were expected to rise to a higher standard of life, in which their animals were to live in a shed and not in the parlour. Despite some disappointments, the Unit were able to feel that some of the less tangible things they were trying to instil had taken hold, when, for instance, some Albanians offered to lend their ox-carts as a free-will offering to haul timber for the Montenegrin settlers' houses, or when the differing nationalities met together on the hospital committee. The medical work was the longest continued. Dr. and Mrs. Outland stayed to carry it on after all the rest of the Unit had returned home.

IV. RUSSIA

CHAPTER XIX

EARLY LINKS WITH RUSSIA AND THE EXODUS OF REFUGEES

THE links connecting the Society of Friends with the Russian people, and even the Russian Court, are not of yesterday. They go back to the dramatic incident of the attendance of the Czar Alexander I, in company with his ambassador and the King of Würtemberg, at Westminster Friends' Meeting one Sunday morning in 1814¹. Friends having decided to present an address to the Emperor of Russia, and some German royalties, on the occasion of their visit to London, William Allen was appointed to wait upon them. He presented himself at their hotel on a Saturday evening, but though he waited till after midnight they did not return, and he went away till next morning. When Count Lieven, the Ambassador, received him, he told him that the Emperor wished to attend a Friends' Meeting that very morning. They immediately joined the royal party and drove to Westminster, where the entry of the Emperor, the King of Würtemberg, the Duke of Oldenburg and the Ambassador must have produced some surprise. They were shown to the Minister's Gallery, while the Emperor's sister (the Duchess of Oldenburg) preferred a humbler seat. They all behaved with great seriousness, and the meeting continued its usual course of silence and speech. This experience was apparently acceptable to His Majesty, for on his return to Russia he asked

¹ See *Quaker Pioneers in Russia*, by Jane Benson. Headley Bros., 1902.

for the presence of a Quaker to superintend the reclamation of some marsh land near Petrograd, an invitation which was responded to by Daniel Wheeler and his family and one or two helpers. They lived for some years near Petrograd, receiving extreme kindness from the Emperor, who provided everything they required and was delighted with the excellent results which their conscientious work produced. We cannot here trace the further history of Friends' connection, but can only mention that in 1891 two Friends, E. Wright Brooks and Francis W. Fox, were sent by the Society to investigate the famine of which varying reports came to this country, and as a result a sum of about £40,000 was raised and distributed in many districts, of which Samara was one.

Early in 1916, reports of distress in Russia again reached the Society of Friends in England, and again they felt that a visit of investigation should be carried out. It is, perhaps, well at this point to remind the reader of the events on the Eastern war front which gave rise to the conditions referred to.

In the autumn of 1915 the German invasion of Russia set in motion a great rising of human waves. Was there ever such an exodus in the long sad history of human migrations? No one can give statistics, for the fugitives were a multitude too great to count and must have amounted to millions. Did any of us at the time realise in the least what was hidden behind the phrase, "the evacuation of the civil population"? It is just this unseen aspect of war which has been so little realised, even by those engaged in military operations. This has brought chaos to countless lives with whom our workers have become intimately acquainted.

Hitherto, then, these people had been prosperous peasants for the most part, owning, perhaps, plots of fertile land, their stock and substantial houses, furnished with the beautiful home-made goods which distinguish the White Russian peasants. They spun and wove their clothes, curtains and bed linen, and ornamented them with gay

patterns, so that on entering such homes you have the sense of real applied art, well-made things beautifully fitted for their use. And suddenly, without the slightest responsibility for the cause, their lives were smashed in the material sense, and the accumulations of their own and their fathers' toil were swept away. All they could do was to pile their most necessary or most-prized possessions on the farm-cart, to accommodate in it also, as best they might, the sick, the old and the children, and go out they knew not whither into the unknown world. How unknown this was to them we, with our travel-accustomed minds, can hardly imagine, for the peasants' world ends in most cases with the horizon, and everything beyond is untried and unknown.

Eye-witnesses have told how they met a never-ceasing stream of carts, surrounded by peasants walking and taking any animals they could, a silent stream, too sad to talk, seeking for food on which to keep alive. Like a cloud of locusts they cleared the land of food, for as the peasants said, there is no animal that does so much harm, when he strays to feed, as man. But the peasant ungrudgingly let them have it, for who knew if the same fate would not be his to-morrow. But at points where a little food was distributed by charitable agencies, the weak were nearly crushed by the strong in their endeavour to get enough. It was an elemental calamity, past man's power to cope with, but in fact no effort had been made to stem it, for of what importance are peasants to the military problem? War stands in its naked cruelty in such a scene as this, and civilisation has vanished, leaving no attempt to prevent suffering. Death seems the only friend left.

Along the road frequent crosses marked the places where the weak and ill dropped out, and were hastily buried by their relatives without even a prayer over their graves. For they were ever pressing on, haunted by the fear of losing their friends if they stopped. This, alas, too often happened, despite every effort to keep together, and there was little hope of regaining the lost one. On and on they went till

they reached some place where they were allowed to stay. Some of them reached Siberia and many of them Turkestan, about 2,000 miles from their homes, where they stayed for a year. Here the conditions were so appalling that the death-rate is said to have risen to 55 per cent, and the authorities arranged for the survivors to return to the Volga provinces, where it was hoped conditions would be a little better. So once more they crossed the broiling Caspian and made their way to other new homes.

This tragedy may be said to have been unrealised in the West, but rumours of great suffering called to us across the battlefields of Europe, and early in 1916 a party of four, William A. Cadbury, Joseph Burt, Theodore Rigg and Robert Tatlock set out to investigate it and to bring back reports. In Moscow they called upon Prince Lvoff and found his friendly help immediately forthcoming. They learned that there were estimated to be $2\frac{1}{2}$ million refugees in European Russia, of whom the largest number in proportion to the population were to be found in the Samara province. With the exception of William Cadbury, who was obliged to return from Moscow, the party decided to make the journey to Samara, already, as stated above, known to Friends by their former relief work, and they were especially directed to turn their attention to the district of Buzuluk as one of the neediest parts of that needy province.

CHAPTER XX

WORK OF THE FIRST UNIT

LITTLE could the travellers, who now arrived in Buzuluk, guess the long and still unfinished connection with the district which they were initiating for the Society of Friends. They were received with open arms by the officials, anxious for any help in the magnitude of their difficulties, who arranged for them to visit the neighbourhood. British visitors to this remote country were a complete novelty, and the village people looked upon them as being as important as royalty, and the motor-car in which they drove round as little short of an example of black magic. To this day the peasant's sledge horses frisk away into the snow when they meet a Mission motor, thus protesting against the threat to their ascendancy !

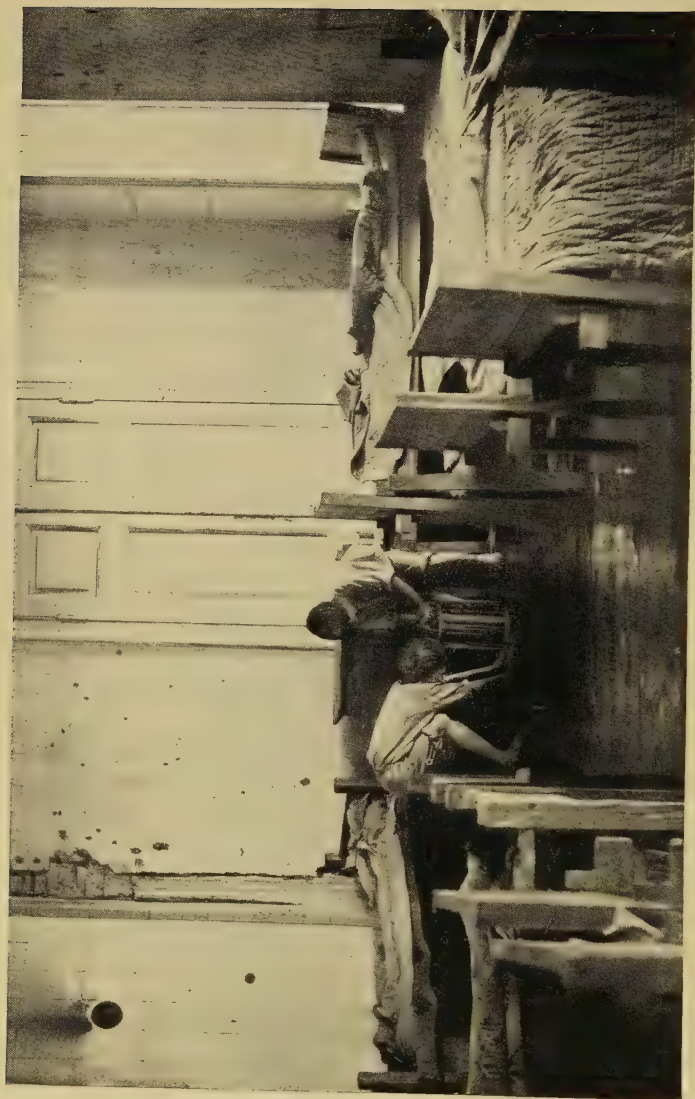
The country which they saw is a wide, open steppe land, undulating and uneventful, in large part corn-land, with some forests in the northern part. In the short summer the sun is scorching, and the dust and flies almost intolerable, but perhaps the long winter is even more typical of the spirit of the place. Then the steppe is swathed in its dress of snow, and seems almost like the sea in its expanse and monotony ; gleaming in the sunshine with its myriad crystals, cruel in its heartless disregard of human comfort and life, in the wind and storm. For to be overtaken in such a storm may mean danger to life itself. All sense of direction is lost in the literally blinding snow, and even the posts which are placed as guides at intervals may be of little avail. On two or three occasions our workers were benighted in such storms. There was nothing to be done but to keep people and horses

moving and to wait for daybreak through the endless winter night. Then in one case envoys were sent out on horseback to find a village, and found themselves after all quite near to the one they had left the night before ! The warmest of welcomes and meals were given by the peasants and happily no ill-effects followed. Sometimes help is given by the deep-toned church bell which is rung in the villages to guide travellers in difficulty.

The villages are found at intervals of very many miles. A wide main street, lined with low wooden houses, generally forms the backbone, with smaller streets at either side. The church—often of pretentious style, quite out of keeping with the poverty of the houses—is usually the only conspicuous object. Inside the houses the stove is of the greatest importance, giving a possibility of warmth and comfort through the winter. The families live together in patriarchal and elementary style.

The capital of the *ooyezd*, or county, is of the same name, Buzuluk, a town of about 20,000, built symmetrically and straggling over a large amount of ground. Here has been the headquarters of our work in all its varying stages.

After their preliminary visit of inspection, the pioneer party decided that there was immense scope for the help it was desired to bring. For here was the problem of a remote backward district, with very few of the conveniences of civilisation, suffering already from the strain of war conditions, upon which was superimposed a large number of refugees with only the very slender means provided by the charity of the Government, and for whom there was little or no work to be found. Added to this was the fact that the refugees, although Russian, came from a very distant and different part of the country, where the conditions were much better and their standard of life far higher. They were not used to the bitter long winters, and their clothing, even if new, was not fitted for it. Moreover, they had suffered cruelly, as has been related, on their long journey from home, as well as in many cases by their stay in Turkestan,



A CHILDREN'S HOME IN FAMINE DAYS, SHOWING THE MISERABLE LACK OF EQUIPMENT

and their health and spirits could hardly be expected to be anything but at a very low ebb with the prospect of a further exile of entirely unknown duration before them. Finally, there was no work for them, except at the harvest time, so that the real inhabitants were very resentful. The local authorities often considered providing some work, but the only definite scheme which was evolved was for roadmaking, and this in the autumn when snow made it quite impossible to carry out any such enterprise ! There were, therefore, special features which aggravated even the accustomed misery of refugees and aroused very warm sympathy on their behalf. Reports were sent back to England and reinforcements of people and equipment were sent out, so that before many months were over a Unit of about thirty workers was established, with medical supplies adequate for running two or three small hospitals.

It needed a considerable endowment of imagination and courage to set out from England in the midst of the war, and to undertake the very long and uncertain journey through Scandinavia and Finland to the remote district of Buzuluk, there to settle down among unknown people in a peasant's house. As we bade the first workers God-speed on their way, we, at this end, could only wonder what was before them and trust in their power to rise above all the difficulties and obstacles that were only too likely to confront them. The leadership of the party was shared by Theodore Rigg and Robert Tatlock. Of the former a Russian official is reported to have said, "That fellow Rigg talks so seriously about the refugees, you might think they were all his sisters and cousins."

The summer of 1916, therefore, saw these pioneers settling down in the villages and tackling the problems outlined. They quickly realised that the help given must be largely in food, clothing and medical help, and that, psychologically, work to occupy the refugees would be far better than any amount of doles. In fact, this principle is met throughout this book with tedious insistency, for it has underlain our

work everywhere. To be idly happy and a refugee is a contradiction in terms. On the other hand to enable them to help themselves has been to bring much happiness to many exiles.

With this in view, therefore, relief centres were started at Loobimofka, Andriefka and Bogdanofka, which meant that three or four women workers took up their abode in part of a peasant's house in each of these villages, living necessarily under the most primitive conditions. The peasants' houses are generally built of logs, with one storey and only two or three rooms. They are entered by a heavily padded door, which serves to keep out the bitter cold in the winter, the rooms being heated by a central stove. In each centre, some fair-sized room was procured for a work-room where the refugees could come daily to work. At first even chairs were wanting, and a group of seventy or more women might often have been found seated on the floor, looking very picturesque in their bright-coloured *platoks* or head handkerchiefs, and home-spun petticoats, eager for the social pleasure of working with others, and in fact of working at all. The choice of work was determined by the ability of the refugees, the raw materials which could be obtained, and the necessity of the industry being self-supporting as soon as possible. These requirements were met by the preparing of wool, spinning, weaving, knitting, making padded coats and embroidery, and before very long every family of refugees in the districts served by the centres had a representative who was at work, and thus earning regular money to add to the family income. Work, too, was done at home by those in the distant villages, and market day would mean hard work for the relief worker in dealing with the streams of people all wanting to be paid quickly before the cheap food at the market was sold out.

In addition to the industries, the relief workers did a great deal of visiting and were able to supplement the food in especially needy cases. Clothing was even more necessary than food, and large distributions were made from bales

sent from England, as well as of *valenki*, the long felt boot without which it is often impossible to go out in winter in Russia. Lending libraries were also a great feature, and the books were greatly relished by the children. Very few of the adults were able to read, one woman of twenty-three having been one of the first to learn in her school. Once the children stole the iron bar locking the big gate and word went forth that the library would be shut till it was returned. A small foundry could have been started with the old iron brought in, but children are good detectives, and before three days the identical bar was forthcoming and the hungry readers again satisfied. A time came before the workers left when no more books could be purchased in Russia, and the libraries had perforce to be closed.

A few words must be added as to the serious difficulties which the Unit had to face. To begin with, the obstacle of language was great, for no one can learn Russian quickly, and uneducated German-speaking refugees often were the only interpreters available. Then the Unit owned no transport of its own and had to depend on the horses—often very poor ones—provided by the local officials ; yet the centres were so far apart that it often took a long day—from early morning till late at night—to drive from one to the other. The time and strength taken by investigation and by keeping the members of the Unit in touch with each other's plans and work was very great, yet quite unavoidable.

CHAPTER XXI

MEDICAL WORK

THE medical work under Dr. J. Tylor Fox's supervision was in some ways the heart of the undertaking. This helped inhabitants and refugees alike, and without it it would have been very difficult to relieve the refugees, owing to the peasants' jealousy of them and dislike of their continued presence. Here, indeed, was scope to rejoice the heart of any glutton for experience! In all this large area the medical facilities were almost nil, and each centre had to serve for about 60,000 people. Not only were the doctors away at the war and the hospitals unable to function, but there had never existed the auxiliary aids which minister to the health of the community with us, such as drainage system, sanitary inspection, district nurses, or homes for the convalescent or aged. All that there had been was one hospital, one doctor, two or three *felschers* or half-trained doctors, a dispenser and one nurse. Nor was the peasant at all over-confident in the power of medicine to help him. An entire ignorance of the elements of hygiene was coupled with a strong fatalism which argued that since it was in God's hand whether a patient lived or died, and this the doctor could not change, of what avail was it to bring the patient to the hospital? And of almost equal embarrassment were the whims of the patients themselves. If a child did not desire medicine or an operation, that finished the matter, and there was no further question of it. And of course if the treatment did not produce immediate benefit it was obviously of no use, whereas if some benefit accrued it was clear that sufficient had been taken and no more should be done.

Every variety of disease and disaster was to be found, from typhoid, small-pox and anthrax, to burns and wounds from fights and assaults, while tooth-drawing with the only pair of forceps per 70,000 population was treated as a form of relaxation for the doctor. Equally divergent were the races of people treated. Amongst them were to be found Great, White and Little Russians, Christian Tchuvashes (a Finnish tribe), Mordvins and Cossacks, Mohammedan Tartars, Bashkirs and Khirgese. Outside of this mixed native population were the prisoners of war—Austrians, Germans, Turks, Czechs, Hungarians, Serbs and Poles, and last, but not least, refugees comprising Little Russians, Poles, Letts, Germans and Galicians. Thus strangely were the nationals of Central and Eastern Europe thrown together into this backwater of civilisation by the chaos of war.

Medical practice could not therefore be called dull, and the organisation of the hospitals at Andriefka and Loobimofka called for all the resourcefulness of the party. The buildings obtained contained no bath, no boiler, no drains, no water supply, no disinfector; and a primus stove, a kettle and a brick oven were the only reminders of civilisation. However, order was somehow evolved and reports tell of 117 out-patients on the first day, all clamouring for first turn. And besides medical skill, endless patience and tact were required by the doctors and the following dialogue narrated by Dr. John Rickman gives a fair sample of the first class of difficulties encountered :

Doctor. What is your Christian name ?

Patient. Christian name ? Mine ?

Dr. Yes, yours.

P. Mine ? Paraskovia.

Dr. And your family name ?

P. Family name ? Tkshaschcha.

Dr. And how old are you ?

P. How old ? Me ? How ? Who knows ? What shall I say ? Perhaps fifty.

Dr. And whereabouts are you ill ?

P. Whereabouts ill ? Me ? Everywhere.

Dr. Yes, but whereabouts particularly ? Does your head ache ?

P. It aches.

Dr. And your chest ache ?

P. It aches.

Dr. And your legs and arms pain you ?

P. They pain me.

Dr. (trying another tack). For how long have you been ill like this ?

P. How long ? Me ?

Dr. Yes, you.

P. How long ? Who knows ? God knows ! For a long time.

Dr. Yes, but for how long a time ? A week, a month, thirty years ?

P. No ! Thirty years it will not be.

Dr. Perhaps for five years ?

P. Perhaps for five years.

Dr. (after cursory examination). You must take a table-spoon of this medicine three times a day.

P. And ointment ?

Dr. No, there won't be any ointment.

P. Not to rub my legs with ?

Dr. No !

P. And besides I have a sore on my right leg. (Discloses an ulcer 6 inches square and 2 inches deep.)

After this has been satisfactorily settled :

P. How often to take the medicine ? Once a day ?

But the Doctor is well into the next case. (After ten minutes the door opens once more.)

P. And besides I forgot to say that my ear discharges and my head goes round and round.

A further difficulty was the ineradicable belief that bribery would effect earlier, or better treatment, and the doctor would be mysteriously called away into an adjoining room to receive an offer of a frozen goose or a dozen eggs in this futile hope. Presents from grateful patients were at times accepted, and on one occasion we read of a tasty joint of camel from a convalescent Tartar.

In addition to seeing about 8,000 out-patients at the hospitals every month, the nurses did much district nursing,

and the doctors were summoned to attend serious cases at very long distances. Every request had to be certified by the headman of the village, which sent horses and an official carriage (alias a springless cart) to fetch the doctor, who in this way used to have many a long drive in the cruel cold of winter, very often to find at the end that the patient could not be helped. This was not always the case, and an intelligent friend in a village could often cause such a visit to be of real service by choosing out cases suitable for treatment. As for those brought into the hospitals, these usually required assiduous nursing, and called for great self-sacrifice under the rough conditions. Later on in the work, the policy was adopted of training refugees to take a share in the nursing, so that, though the standard was not English, much more help could be given with a very limited personnel.

As time went on, it became increasingly difficult for the refugees to come as out-patients to the hospitals owing to the dearth of fodder for the horses, which made transport impossible.

CHAPTER XXII

MOGOTOVO

THE work at Mogotovo must be mentioned, for in some ways it was unique. In addition to district medical work, a large country house, built by a wealthy tobacco merchant, was lent to us by the authorities to make a home for about one hundred refugees who needed special care. These were chosen after very careful investigations by our workers, and included about eighty children (either orphans or else motherless little ones whose fathers were at the war), a few old people and some widows with their children. At first there was great difficulty in inducing any of them to come. The offer was so amazing that it was felt that it must cover some trick, and one solution offered was that the English wanted to eat the children in soup as soon as the fathers had returned to the front. And when they did consent to come there were other and appalling difficulties to be faced. The people were verminous and without the most elementary knowledge of the laws of health, even refusing, despite handsome offers of payment, to take any part in the sanitary work of the house. Nevertheless the determination of the relief workers succeeded, and in time a most happy result was obtained. The health and spirits of old and young improved, and a very reasonably happy family was evolved. The local Zemstvo sent a teacher, and the boys were taught gardening and carpentry so successfully by our workers, that large crops of vegetables were raised and they were able to do all the carpentry needed about the place. In addition, all the washing, baking, cooking, etc., was done by the inmates who were thereby

enabled to put by some money, earned as wages, to help them on their return home.

A particular interest attaches to this home. The refugee inmates had come from distant White Russia, and they told the stories of their sufferings to the workers who cared for them. They appealed for the renewal of help when they should at length return home, and how this help was accorded to them is told in the chapter on Poland.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE COMING OF THE REVOLUTION

DURING 1917 many changes took place. First must be chronicled the exceedingly welcome addition of six capable American women workers, thus beginning Anglo-American co-operation in this field. To the Unit they brought fresh vigour and enthusiasm at a time when the strain of continuous isolated work was beginning to tell. Difficulties, too, of every kind, were increasing. Communication with England by post was slow and uncertain, and personal communication was impossible, the Foreign Office having decided that conditions in Russia were so uncertain that all workers must remain on their own responsibility, and that fresh permits could not be granted. The sending of money was a great problem, and was only satisfactorily solved when the Moscow Narodny Bank undertook it for us. The refugees were getting very unsettled, and unfounded rumours of the possibility of getting back to their homes made it very difficult for them to remain patiently any longer as unwanted guests. Prices of everything were rising and many shops in Buzuluk shut up, having sold out and become unable to get further supplies. This was particularly hard on the refugees who could not travel to the larger centres. Finally, the harvest was increasingly bad, probably not one-fifth of normal, famine was threatening, and in the winter of 1917-18 cables were sent home urging the raising of a famine fund of at least £30,000 to feed peasants and refugees alike. Corn and hay harvests had both failed and disaster seemed inevitable.

As for the political events of those days, it is interesting now to be carried back to the first days of the Revolution

with its brilliant hopes for the future, and to trace its repercussion on a distant out-of-the-way district such as Buzuluk. At first very uncertain news of a new régime was all that was known. The country people were very puzzled and could not picture living without "their little Father, the Czar," but processions and speeches, especially those about possessing the land, soon impressed them. Then came the election of a new Zemstvo, called the Committee of the People's Power, very friendly and rather more energetic than the old, though not particularly anxious to shoulder their financial obligations. It was, however, elected by representatives of all classes and even the refugees were allowed to elect their members. The personnel of these early committees, which was always changing, was interesting; for instance, the schoolmistress from a small village was chosen as Chairman in one case. The members learnt experience through much quarrelling, and men have been brought to our hospitals injured in fights over settling the price of corn! The constant changes of personnel and of plans made much adaptation necessary on the part of the Mission. Conditions were so uncertain that in each of our centres a hidden store of money was kept, sufficient to take all the workers to the frontier. Later on came news of the seizing of the big estates by the peasants, and of the land and property of the richer peasants by the village committee, leaving them only two horses, two cows and their fair share of land. Corn became a Government monopoly and was bought up by the village committees and rationed out to the different households as supply permitted.

More and more as winter advanced the problem of obtaining food dominated all else. Not only was the agriculture of the country dislocated by the withdrawal of men for the army; not only was there an added population of something like 34,000 refugees in the district, but unfavourable weather conditions had been experienced for two or three years, so that even the seed corn had been eaten up.

The condition of the refugees was going from bad to

worse, many of them having received no money allowance from the Government for six months. Under these circumstances the Unit concentrated its efforts on various measures of relief, not only, now, for the refugees, but for the inhabitants as well. It was known that corn was to be had in Cossackland, but the Cossacks were in fear of the Bolsheviks and refused the export of supplies. Nevertheless, partly owing to the gratitude of certain Cossack patients to our doctors, and partly to a friendly feeling for the refugees, it was possible for Frank Keddie, who bore a letter from the refugees in Andriefka, asking him to act as their representative, to buy corn at half the price which the Cossacks could easily have obtained for it. Cheered by news from London of an immediate advance of £5,000, loans were made to peasants in various villages through the Banks, corn was distributed free, or much under cost price, and potatoes were sown. But perhaps most important of all, a scheme was set on foot for the destruction of "susliks." Now the susliks are charming pretty little animals, very like marmots, but as they begin in May to eat the tender blades of corn, and as they breed so quickly as to reproduce twenty- to thirty-fold in the season, they are a real enemy to the peasants. A reward was offered for their skins, and everywhere refugees and peasants set to work to pour water into their holes and catch them as they came up, with the result that 350,000 skins were brought in, and rewarded by 20,000 roubles, and sold for the fur at a very much smaller sum. There is no doubt that all these measures, promptly taken, reduced very greatly the suffering which would otherwise have been experienced.

Early in 1918, the position with regard to the medical work changed. By this time the Russian doctors were returning from the front and it was ascertained that they were ready to take up again their duties to the civil population, and that unless we were looking to permanent work, the time had come to hand back the hospitals and outpatient work. The workers were loath to leave the people they had helped so long, and the people showed themselves

warmly appreciative of the services given. In Bogdanofka, a town's meeting was called, when the Priest read a letter of thanks from the whole village to all who had helped, including friends in England, whilst the village of Loobimofka sent to Buzuluk for ikons to be presented to each worker with an elaborate letter of thanks. The presents which had formerly been so deprecated, as indicating a desire for extra favours, now came as dainty food for the journey. Some wondered if the King had recalled his subjects as the Czar used to do, others sent good wishes to the English Republic, but the sense of all their feelings was voiced by the speaker who said, "So you are going—the Lord help us! Now we shall die, but if you come back at any time we will set the samovar for you in our house, and we shall have tea together and live together."

It is good to know that in more recent years the memory of the first Mission had not died, and their doings were spoken of to the workers who came after them.

Mention must here be made of the thought and consideration which had been given both in England and Russia to the plans for after-war reconstruction in the latter country. It was realised that so far our work could be little more than palliative, but that the real reconstructive work must come after the return of the refugees to their homes. Robert Tatlock undertook two journeys of investigation to the western provinces to get first-hand information as to conditions, and to decide whether any beginning could be made before the end of the war. He was envisaging the problem from the Russian side, whereas it was finally attacked from the Polish. He obtained every assistance from the Russian authorities, civil and military, who even provided him with a special train to go where he wished, and his were the first accounts we received of the widespread devastation in Galicia and Volhynia.

Another investigatory visit was paid by Dr. George Pearson to the then frontier town of Orsha, and we may pause for a moment to mention the condition of things

which he found there, because it was typical of a condition only too sadly frequent. As has been said, the refugees were constantly unsettled by rumours of the possibility of returning home, and the longing to do so was so strong as to be almost irresistible. Many of them, therefore, made the journey as far as possible, and on arrival at Orsha they were met by the formidable fact of the frontier. Both Germans and Russians needed every train available for military purposes, and were loath to spare them on behalf of the refugees, with the result that the place became more and more congested. When Dr. Pearson arrived, there were estimated to be 40,000 people camped there in old barracks, in tents, in every sort of possible shelter, but with no decent arrangements, for what proved to be a settlement the size of a town. On the German side of the barbed-wire frontier was a large wood, called by the Russians the Zoo, which was a preliminary stage for leaving for the interior. Here about 10,000 people were encamped, and a curious sight was presented by the trees which had been all stripped of bark to use in making their shelters. As the refugees were, on an average, delayed at Orsha a month, all their reserves of food were consumed, and the situation was only saved from extreme seriousness by the Russian society, Union of Towns, which provided soup for a large number. Happily, shortly after the doctor's visit, the Russians were able to provide trains to send a great many people through into Germany, and the congestion was relieved.

As will be seen, the work of the Unit was in a transition stage, and a difficult one to boot. With the handing over of the medical relief to the Russians, it was decided to concentrate the work more in Buzuluk. The staff was depleted by some workers having gone home, and the impossibility of sending out more, while the long distances between the country centres made great difficulties. For instance, to go from one of the centres in the north of the district to one in the south, took longer than to go from England to America!

Now, however, the need in Buzuluk town called for special

attention. Many refugees had flocked there, hoping to set out on their long journey home, only to find the constantly fluctuating political and military situation disappointed them once more, and left them stranded in worse quarters than ever.

In response to a request from the Refugee Committee, which by now was reorganised and controlled by the refugees themselves, the Unit opened workrooms for men and women in Buzuluk town. A labour exchange for finding suitable refugees to work in the forests was started, and also a boys' workshop and hostel under Gregory Welch and Charles Colles, and a soup kitchen for stranded refugees. It should be mentioned, too, that it was possible on many occasions to give help to refugees setting out on their journey home. Sometimes a worker would accompany them part of the way, and a typical act of kindness was done by Richard Reynolds Ball, who, always ready to give self-sacrificing help, on one occasion spent his own money in providing melons to ease the thirst of a party of refugees. Ball gave his life in Poland in investigating conditions where typhus was rife, and his loving devotion to the refugees, his power of sharing everything with them, reminding one almost of a mediæval saint, will long be remembered as an inspiration by his fellow-workers.

The spring was full of uncertainties, due to the civil war. In January, 1918, an engagement between the Bolsheviks and Cossacks took place and though the number of killed and wounded was very small, the stoppage of posts and passenger trains, and the fear that incoming supplies would not arrive, caused great anxiety. In June a more serious occurrence was the bombardment of Buzuluk by the Czecho-Slovaks. The Red Army, though putting up a strong opposition with machine-guns and heavy artillery, was overpowered, and the town fell into the hands of the White Guards. No mercy was shown, and the total killed and wounded was about a thousand. Happily, none of the Friends were injured. Things quietened down again ; there

was talk of a Constituent Assembly, and our work went on uninterruptedly.

One other piece of new work deserves mention. That was the taking over of a children's home, known as the Monastery Priut, which was in a tragic state of neglect. About one hundred children and twenty-five old invalids were there, in a mutinous state of discontent with the declining level of comfort, and shamefully neglected by those who should have been their leaders. Two of our workers went to live there, made replacements amongst the incompetent staff, instituted clean and regular arrangements, and soon gained the confidence of the children. In addition they started carpenters', bootmakers' and tailors' shops, and the whole place was completely transformed.

Meanwhile, very serious accounts were coming through of the state of affairs in Moscow, and the sufferings of the children, and it was decided that some help must be given. In July, two members of the Unit, Theodore Rigg and Esther White, were sent to see what help could be given. The difficulties of travel may be explained by saying that they journeyed through a wet night on the roof of a train, finding any other method impossible. Arrived in Moscow, they reported that the inhabitants were slowly but surely starving. The great city was entirely cut off from the corn-producing parts of the country, practically nothing was coming through from the Ukraine and the Czecho-Slovaks were astride the route to the grainfields of Samara and Siberia. Our workers themselves were often hungry. The best practicable help seemed to be to take charge of three children's colonies in the Tambov Government so as to ensure that the 500 children in them should not return to the starvation of Moscow. These had been under the care of an organisation called the Peregovsky Society, but neither the Soviet authorities nor the society were able to continue their support, though the Soviet authorities were willing and able to provide money grants and some equipment. Our two workers carried through the heavy task of reorganising the homes,

of selecting the staff, and procuring and packing with their own hands clothing for all the children. It must be remembered that the Allies were at this time blockading Russia and supporting counter-revolutionaries in the fight against the Government, which naturally placed our workers under suspicion, but despite this, they obtained every help from the Soviet. They were, furthermore, hampered by their lack of funds. There was no means of procuring money from England, but the difficulty was most fortunately solved by an American ex-Consul from Tiflis, who was about to attempt the journey to England and who was most kindly willing to advance £4,000 worth of roubles, on Theodore Rigg's written word that the Society of Friends in London would repay him. All the Allied Consuls, as well as the other charitable organisations, were leaving the country, so our workers were left alone. Communications between England and Russia were so completely severed, that it was only through the kindness of the Dutch Ministry of Foreign Affairs, with whom our work in Holland had brought us into friendly touch, that we were enabled to send a telegram to our workers.

Finally, in February, 1919, they were so worn-out both in health and equipment, that they decided to hand over the colonies, now so far better organised, to the Russians, and make their way home.

E. St. John Catchpool had joined the party in Moscow, but about this time he was asked, as representing an unpolitical impartial body, to undertake a difficult and delicate mission. In the town of Ufa there were certain women and children, the families of Bolshevik officials, who were being kept as hostages by the Czecho-Slovaks. He was appointed representative of the English, French, American and Neutral Governments and of the International Red Cross. The Soviet, of course, provided credentials, and Catchpool insisted that representations should be made at the same time in favour of the release of male hostages held by the Russians. He made the attempt in company with three other members

of the International Red Cross but, most unfortunately, owing to the false accusations made against him by a foreign Consul, and after strenuous efforts to accomplish his mission, he was obliged to relinquish it unachieved. He returned to Samara to continue his efforts to get grain sent through the fighting lines from that town to Moscow, to relieve the food situation.

Meanwhile, the work in Buzuluk continued, but under increasing difficulties. Communication with England was harder than ever (one of our workers records having been sixteen months without a letter or newspaper from England), and the workers were unable to continue without fresh reinforcements. Finally on the 9th October, 1918, the last party left Buzuluk for Siberia, the only way open to them. The work in hand was left under the supervision of a refugee gentleman who was deeply interested in it.

Their lengthy wanderings cannot be told in detail. Suffice it to say, that three American and two English workers made their way to Omsk, where the American Relief Commission supported their work financially. They were responsible for an amazing number of activities amongst the refugees, including the investigation of 1,000 cases, a school and typhus hospital and colonies containing 1,000 children. Gregory Welch travelled about for many months, now escorting parties of children to Vladivostock, now organising a children's colony with the American Relief Commission, where he was able to care for about 400 Leningrad children on truly democratic lines.

In fact, this period gives one a glimpse into the havoc and dislocation of lives wrought by the war, influencing the great continent of Northern Asia so little known to most of us. Everywhere there was great distress and need, and not nearly enough personnel or funds to cope with it. Our workers gave what help they could in Omsk, Irkutsk, Ekaterinburg and Vladivostock, and it was not till the summer of 1919 that they had all reached home, via America, thus closing the first chapter of our work for Russia.

CHAPTER XXIV

WORK IN MOSCOW

WITH the return of our workers, our efforts to help Russia did not cease. There followed a period of frustrated attempts to pierce the extraordinary wall of silence which surrounded Russia at this time, and made of her a *terra incognita*, in a manner hardly credible in this age of rapid communication. We knew enough, however, of what was going on to be sure that there was great suffering among the children, intensified of course by the policy of blockade by the Allies, and we therefore wanted to give help. We made attempts to get leave to enter by the Dardenelles, or by the north, and even considered chartering a special steamer from Stockholm to Leningrad, but to no avail. All that we could obtain were hopeful assurances as to what might be possible at the successful conclusion of the war against the Soviet backed by the Allies. That the Russians on their side were seeking our aid was shown to us by an amusing incident. One traveller who managed to get through the closed doors into Russia, found on the frontier on his way out a list of drugs needed in Russia, with the simple address—Mrs. Elizabeth Fry. Dr. Semashko, the Russian Commissar of Health, had somehow a remembrance of the writer's surname, and evidently the name Elizabeth came naturally with it, and so he sent it into the outer world to find its way, as it ultimately did, to those who wanted to fill the needs of which he spoke.

At last, in January, 1920, permission was received from the British Foreign Office for the export of goods for the use of the children's hospitals in Russia, despite the fact that

the policy of the Government was still one of blockade of the Russian ports, an instance of the triumph of kindness over cruelty to the point of inconsistency, for which we were very thankful. Frank Shaw and Hinman Baker were selected to accompany and distribute the goods. But the preliminary stages were a long and tedious process. Pass-ports for Russia from the British Government were not easy to obtain and from the Russian Government (contrary to all expectations, owing to the nature of the errand for which required) they came only after much persuasion and patience. The consignment of goods of the amount of fifty tons was partly furnished by the Russian Babies' Fund (an English organisation founded for the purpose implied in its name), and of their two representatives, only one was allowed to enter Russia. Hinman Baker was, however, nominated by Litvinoff, at that time stationed at Copenhagen, as member of an International Commission of three to supervise the distribution of foreign relief to Russia.

At last, after several weeks of delays, the party watched their goods being taken on sledges, by Finns, across the frozen river which formed the Russian boundary at that point. On the other side by the arrangements made by the Russians, a train of trucks was waiting to receive them. They were finally in Russia, and all the hindrances had been overcome. The party were able, before leaving Russia at the end of March, to make arrangements with the authorities as to the distribution of the goods to the most needy children's institutions. They were able to visit many of them and to see for themselves the dire need, evidenced by the condition of the children. Their reports justified only too amply the efforts which had been made to gain entry. The infant mortality at Leningrad was said to be as high as 30 per cent, and in Moscow, a glass of poor blue-looking milk, cost about half a working man's weekly wage.

They found industry almost at a standstill, owing to the lack of fuel and raw materials, but despite this, they were convinced of earnest attempts to maintain assistance for

the children by charitable institutions, in particular the Russian Save the Children's League, in whose care were at least 1,500 children.

A second entry was made in July, 1920, by Arthur Watts and Gregory Welch, the latter only being allowed a month's stay by the authorities, to report on his previous work for the children's colonies in Siberia and to make arrangements for their welfare. Arthur Watts was joined after two or three months by Anna Haines, a representative of the American Committee, and a member of the previous Unit, and on these two workers fell the burden of laying the foundation of work in Soviet Russia, at a time when conditions there were such as to mean real hardship. For instance, they were assigned to live in different houses, miles away from their office, there was no tram service, and owing to the late habits of the Russians, this meant frequently walking back through the city in the early hours of the morning. Meals had to be obtained in the Government restaurant in yet another place, where they shared the scanty rations provided.

The arrangement made with the Government as to distribution was that the goods became Soviet property on their arrival at Reval, on the understanding that they should be distributed through Government departments in consultation with our representatives, who had to receive reports, and who had perfect freedom to inspect any of the receiving institutions at any time. Distributions were made on behalf of the Save the Children Fund as well as the Friends. Arthur Watts was able to check up the distribution of the former consignment and to make personal friends with many of the children receiving our food. Of one such colony, he wrote :—

“I wish I could convey some impression of the loving, free and frank atmosphere, which exists here. In less than two minutes I was one of the big family. Not only did the children accept me at once, but it was just the same with the adults. Here was real communal life, life full of promise.

The great lack of material supplies was obvious, but the spirit was all that one could desire."

That is typical of the impressions with regard to the care of children, of the Friends who have visited or worked in Soviet Russia. There is a sense of the importance of the child and of the freedom given to it to develop its personality. There is a feeling of joy and fearlessness and independence in Russian children which strikes the visitor as indicating a happy relationship between children and their caretakers. I have always found that the children assume one to be a friend though one comes merely as an unknown stranger. Corporal punishment was, and still is, forbidden, but if a child had, say, dirty hands, he would get no dinner till they were clean. Often the children's homes are established in the grand houses of the former aristocracy and it is strange to see the relics of former grandeur, such as statues in the hall, contrasting with the very scantiest equipment for present purposes. One house, where many children were housed had formerly been run by sixty-five servants. Such a house would very likely be made into a model or standard institution to serve as an example to provincial homes, and provide training for teachers.

In addition to the care of the children they found elaborate arrangements for that of the mothers, who, if they were engaged on manual work, had eight weeks' rest before and after child-birth.

What has been said must not be taken to mean that these good intentions were always carried out. Most obviously they were not. Reference will be particularly made to the appalling conditions in famine days, but then, as Lunacharski himself said, *La famine étrangle notre budget*.

However much one may disapprove of certain principles of Soviet Government, one has the exhilarating experience of witnessing a great experiment, a great adventure, and the hope which comes from daring greatly. While there is life, there is hope, and equally where there is change there is life.

Judgment of the results of this experiment, at this early stage, seems to me to be impossible, besides being outside the scope of this book. As a pacifist, I am, of course, opposed to revolution by force. My personal experience of Soviet Russia, however, has led me to believe that an experiment is being made, pregnant with great possibilities for the future, of which many may be for good; the only wise course, therefore, would seem to be, by sympathetic understanding of the difficulties, to create an atmosphere in which such possibilities for good may have their best chance of development.

The Soviet system obtained in the schools, and such Soviet of children would be made responsible for the just distribution of the goods given, or they could make representations that they badly needed some other commodities, or would come to express the thanks of all the children.

Our workers felt, too, even in these early days, that great efforts were made to save the children from suffering, and that though they had to share in the universal shortage, a real precedence was given to their claims. For instance, when large supplies of condensed milk sent for the British Army at Archangel were captured, they were not used for the Red Army, but for the children, and it must be confessed that in some quarters the Quakers received unmerited thanks, instead of Mr. Winston Churchill, as the brand was the same as that favoured by us!

A warehouse and a small staff of secretaries and packers were provided by the Government so that the goods could be sent out direct to the various institutions. Arthur Watts and Anna Haines themselves worked very hard at the actual distribution, and reported on one occasion that in eight days they had given out 9,249 articles of clothing directly into the hands of 8,338 children, who were chosen as the most needy by the city school doctors.

They found it difficult to know how to show their appreciation of the help rendered by their Soviet workers. In those communistic days money was of little use. They found,

however, that a share of food was most acceptable. It is interesting to note that the supply of iodine which they distributed—only 20 lbs. in weight—was greater than that which had been supplied to all the hospitals and pharmacies in Moscow for a year.

When the work was fully organised 16,000 of the poor children of Moscow were being given supplementary food.

CHAPTER XXV

FAMINE

THIS work continued for many months, and it is an interesting commentary on the complete break of communication between the British and Russian Governments at this time, that on one occasion the Foreign Office rang up the Friends' London office and asked whether it would be possible for it to communicate with Moscow on their behalf! The answer, of course, was in the affirmative, though finally no use was made of it. It was possible, however, for our workers in Moscow to give some assistance to British subjects in distress on behalf of the Foreign Office.

The work grew in other ways, too. The Joint Distribution Committee (an American organisation for the relief of Jews) found difficulties in obtaining leave to distribute their relief in Russia, and negotiated with us to undertake it for them. They provided large supplies to be used in Minsk, and in November, 1921, W. A. Albright, Vice-Chairman of the London Committee, who was helping in Russia for a time, organised the distribution, which later was carried on by American workers. Supplementary rations were given to about 15,000 children, as well as help to refugees passing through Minsk on their way home.

But we are anticipating. For the summer and autumn of 1921 were to bring nearer and nearer with inexorable fate, the awful catastrophe of the Great Famine. Russia is used to famines, and used to plagues, for has she not had war, and revolution, and susliks, and locusts, and typhus, and malaria, but of all the Famine was the most terrible.

In the summer, quite unexpectedly, the news burst upon the world, and it was quickly realised that an emergency

of such importance had arisen that urgent measures must be taken in this country. A meeting was held at the House of Commons, at the invitation of a few interested people, and a provisional Russian Famine Relief Fund was started, largely by the initiative of Mr. H. N. Brailsford. The Secretary of the Friends' Relief Committee was asked to be Chairman in the provisional stages, to be succeeded by Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, M.P., and afterwards by Lord Emmott, when it had been affiliated as a branch of the Imperial War Relief Fund. A National Appeal was organised, which was signed by leading people of all parties, including the Prime Minister (Mr. Lloyd George), the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. (now Lord) Asquith, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Mayor of London, Lord Robert Cecil (now Viscount Cecil), Mrs. Fawcett, Bernard Shaw and many other eminent persons. Later on an arrangement was come to, whereby the three British Societies engaged in Russian famine relief, the Russian Famine Relief Fund (a Committee of the Imperial War Relief Fund), the Save the Children Fund and the Friends, united under the name of the All British Appeal, in their public appeals. Money could either be received earmarked for one of the three, or if unearmarked, was allocated to greatest needs. A Government grant of £200,000 worth of food, etc., and £50,000 worth of meat from the Australian Government were received by the All British Appeal and allocated in the same way.

In September, an International Conference was held in Geneva, attended by representatives of Governments, Red Cross and Voluntary Relief Societies, and a very fine spirit was shown of desiring to unite together to help a suffering sister-people. It was unanimously agreed to ask Dr. Nansen to act as High Commissioner of all the various European relief agencies in their work for Russia, and to negotiate on their behalf with the Soviet Government.

So much for the work of organisation : we must now turn to what our workers had been doing in Russia. When the news of the distress reached them in Moscow, it was decided



FAMINE CHILDREN

that Anna Haines, who knew the Buzuluk district from her former work there, should go down and see how her old friends were faring. She was able to make the journey late in August with a Russian party of investigation, and to bring back to England probably the first eye-witness's account of the very serious condition and outlook for the future. She took with her the first consignment of foreign relief to the famine sufferers. Shortly afterwards Anna L. Strong, another American worker, took down a further consignment of food, and on the 17th September she reported the beginning of temporary child-feeding to about 16,000 daily in Samara town and county, a work which was handed over to the American Relief Administration as soon as the latter was ready to function. Other workers soon followed, including Albert P. I. Cotterill and Tom Copeman.

Meanwhile, Arthur Watts concluded an agreement with the Soviet Government as to the carrying out of our relief, by which they agreed to furnish us with Russian personnel, with office and warehouse accommodation, free travelling, telegraphic and telephonic communication as well as free transport and care of the relief goods from frontier to destination. Such help was in itself a very large financial contribution to the relief work, and is often overlooked in criticisms of the Government's attitude. We have to record a very great deal of helpful co-operation from the Soviet, though truth requires the admission that in our dealings with all Governments we have occasionally found unfriendly, as well as friendly officials, and doubtless there have been faults on our side as well as on the other. Such difficulties as we have had in Russia may very well have arisen from a new-found joy in red tape, on the part of the minor officials, which is natural in a newly constituted government. For instance, permits have sometimes been withheld in a way to make serious difficulties in the work, but on the other hand we have received most courteous help and co-operation from high officials in Moscow as well as from

local ones in the provinces, and a description of us in a Russian official letter as "psychologically incapable of espionage," shows a perceptive, if a humorous, understanding of our position.

That position is an entirely neutral and unpolitical one. Our work is irrespective of the opinions of those helped, and arises from a sympathy for suffering people, and not for their Governments. We are, of course, particularly anxious to help where a need is an unpopular one, which does not for that reason obtain the help it otherwise would, as e.g. our work for the Russian famine where we felt that prejudice was blinding many people to the tragic facts, and that it was especially necessary to spread the truth. This prejudice created great difficulties in the prosecution of the work. In particular, the rumour that the Soviet intercepted supplies, and used them for feeding the Army, was very difficult to kill. So strong was this belief, that in unfriendly newspapers it was most difficult to obtain publication for the simple fact that, from our own experience, we knew that our goods were being so well looked after by the Russian Government that the loss was less than that often experienced on an English railway. Further, that for the one consignment, which was in error diverted elsewhere, we received a cheque for £1,300 in full payment, in London, before we even knew of the loss. Did the critics ever stop to consider what wonderful facts these were? Did they remember that this food had to travel for hundreds of miles through a country of starving people? Did they realise what it would mean to them to guard trucks of food with a temperature perhaps 20° below zero, without receiving any, when they and their wives and families were on the verge of collapse from sheer starvation? Those who have imagination to realise what is meant will, I am sure, appreciate what a triumph of organisation and honesty and self-control it was. I wonder, too, whether those at home realised the wonderful devotion of the Russian men and women directing the children's homes? To have

charge of children in the conditions obtaining, unable to do anything but see their miseries and watch them die, was a terrible task, and in many cases their wonderful efforts to make the most of almost non-existent equipment of food, clothing and soap, must command one's highest respect and admiration.

Further, it should be remembered that in addition to the large assistance given to the foreign organisations, the Soviet were themselves providing a large proportion—estimated till the end of the year at 90 per cent—of the relief administered. The people, too, in distant parts of Russia, were making great sacrifices to help to avert suffering. The peasants of Yaroslav, for instance, were said to have given their entire surplus of potatoes—4 million poods¹—asking for no money in return, only a little salt and a few clothes. It is necessary to dwell on these points for, unfortunately, a dislike of some particular principle or action in a person or country is so often allowed to blind the critic to all the other good points which may be present, a very biased and unfair state of mind. Surely it is far better to do one's best to find the existing good points and to exercise one's condemnatory faculty on one's own faults.

Further, it is often taken for granted that because one finds the good points, one is oblivious of the bad, but experience teaches most of us that characters and nations are invariably mixed, and that the wholly good or wholly bad are not to be met with.

But it is time to turn our attention to the actual conditions in the famine area, and the efforts to improve them. Throughout the autumn and winter of 1921–22 the reports increased in horror and despair. Perhaps I may be excused if I refer chiefly to the position early in 1922, almost the most terrible moment, when I paid a short visit to Buzuluk at the request of the Committee, an experience which burnt into one's very heart the tragedy of the situation.

Imagine, then, the great land of Russia in the grip of its

¹ 1 pood = 36 lbs.

always terrifying winter, silent, white and cruel. The long, slow journey from Warsaw to Moscow and from Moscow to Samara and Buzuluk was accomplished under a sense of approaching calamity. It seemed as if the very train feared to go to that dread land. For in truth it made one realise one great aspect of the problem, the difficulties of transport. Owing to the war deterioration, the number and repair-condition of engines were immensely reduced (it was said that five times as many were in use in pre-war days), and many of those now working were almost worn-out. We journeyed on and on, day after day, never knowing when we should reach our destination, which seemed indeed most unlikely to happen at all. You could scarcely see anything out of the frost-encrusted windows, and the only events were the change from waiting for hours to get up steam, or load with wood, or repair the engine, to the slow pace which was all the decrepit engine could achieve. At the least incline it would stop and seem to cry for help, and finding none, would make a last effort to succeed. In this way about ten days each way were spent on the journey to and from Warsaw to Buzuluk (which now takes under 70 hours), and on the return journey we joined a train from Orenburg, which was delayed three weeks and on which twenty-five people had died of typhus. Rumour told of four trains condensed into two owing to the deaths of so many passengers. The strain of the waste of time on such journeys, when every day was precious in making known the conditions, and sending help, need not be emphasised. Worse than this, accidents were very frequent, and several of our workers had narrow escapes of being injured in them. Personally, I have always felt that the way, first of all, to attack the problem of the famine would have been through the transport. To speed it up by the importation of fresh engines, and to increase the working capacities of the personnel by proper feeding, as was at length done by the American Relief Administration, would, it seemed to me, have been abundantly worth while. I could not agree with

the experts that the transport capacity must be considered a fixed thing, and that it was useless to bring in more food than it could deal with unaided. Surely a hungry engine driver is only equal to half his possible efficiency. Or take this one instance, recorded by one of our workers :—

“The stationmaster of a large and important junction only received 2,000 roubles a month, a ration of food and a uniform. His ration had not been received for five weeks, and he had tasted no bread for long. As an egg then cost 1,000 roubles and 1 lb. of bread 3,000 it was obvious that he must be practically starving.”

Added to the traffic problem was the terrible one of the returning refugees. Their flight from war into Russia has been told above, and now the famine was hastening the return flood.

At every station one saw them, packed tightly into box cars, similar to our luggage wagons, with perhaps a stove and no other comfort whatever. Those I saw had often waited for four or five weeks in one station, and it is said that some were over a year in making the journey.

The district of Buzuluk was one of the very worst in the famine area, and we found ourselves in a land where death seemed more real than life. Evelyn Sharp, who was with me, has described the sights we saw together so vividly, that I quote the following from her diary :—

“As we left the house this morning we saw the body of a man lying face downwards in the snow. Before the day was out I came to think he was the happiest thing I had seen. . . . It will be difficult, if possible, ever to forget this afternoon. We went first to a *pre-emnyk*, or receiving-house, where deserted children are supposed to be taken in for one day until they can be drafted into homes or evacuated to better parts of Russia. It was the best we saw. There were 400 little wailing boys and girls in a house meant to hold 65 ; but, because recently the whole staff succumbed to typhus caught from the children—whose death-rate was appalling—a desperate effort had been made to find enough clothes to

enable each child as it came in to be washed and changed, a provision that could not possibly be made in others that we subsequently visited, where the atmosphere was consequently indescribable, and the poor little mites, crowded together and unwashed, ran little chance of escaping typhus. But even in this *pre-emnyk* their state was bad enough. Dysentery caused by the food substitutes they had been eating (they were now having the Quaker *pyok* or ration) had caused 80 to be removed to the hospital that morning, and the rest wailed unceasingly, or waited in a sort of silent stupor. At first, I could not think why so many stood in pathetic rows, straight up against the wall, motionless and without a smile, sometimes just staring in front of them as if they were already dead. Then I found that the stove warmed the wall just there, and that was why. With the customary courtesy of children, many even of these little sufferers responded with a wan smile to our farewell—Do Svedania! (Au revoir). I think you have never seen a child's smile, till you have seen it on the face of one who is near death's door from hunger.

“We went on to an overcrowded home, where the influx of children from the starving villages had momentarily beaten the authorities. No change of garment could be provided; the little inmates were simply warmed and fed and kept herded together in rows, with nothing to do all day, for there are no toys in Buzuluk. Some looked as if they could not survive: these sat crouched against the wainscoting in corners, with old, dead faces, or stood up against the wall with outstretched arms, like one boy I saw, who looked as if he were being crucified for the apathy of mankind. Yet some of them began to thank us for the food, when they saw the Quaker star, and an older boy crossed himself vehemently and called upon God to bless us. It was almost unbearable to be thanked, I thought.

“After visiting these institutions, and a hospital as well (where the shortage of *everything* made wards almost into torture chambers), the sight of the silent dead in the cemetery was shorn of much of its tragedy. A great pile of some 400 bodies stood awaiting burial in the frozen ground—men, women and children, many half naked, all emaciated and frozen stiff, so that at a little distance they looked like bundles of faggots. One's first feeling was one, not of horror or repulsion, but of relief that their sufferings were over. The



COLLECTING TWIGS TO BE PREPARED FOR FOOD

cemetery is beautifully situated, with the foot-hills of the Urals for a background, and the grey and white church with brilliant dome and cross a little way off—a place to sentimentalise over, if there were not that in it to destroy sentiment.

“As we came away we passed a little funeral—a wooden coffin on a sledge, followed by a few mourners, a priest and two gravediggers—evidently that of a native of Buzuluk who could afford a real funeral. We also passed a coffinless corpse swaying to and fro on a hand-drawn sledge, belonging evidently to no one, bound for the unburied heap of nameless dead we had just left. I wondered if it were the poor creature we had seen in the snow that morning. . . . We visited the Izpolcom (local Soviet headquarters) to-day, and were followed by a number of starving people, all wailing in the most pitiful manner. You could see that some of them had not long to live, and that all of them were in acute pain from the pangs of starvation. Quite the worst of one's experiences here, I find, is the feeling of helplessness when people beg. To give to them is to bring down on one a throng of others, none of whom can be helped effectually in this casual way, while the effort to deal with these few hampers the bigger effort to deal with thousands. But to sit down to a meal, as we did this evening, with the sound of a woman crying outside, is almost intolerable.”

So frequent were the deaths that a cart used to be sent round to collect the bodies, not only from the institutions, but also from the streets, where over twenty people have dropped down dead in one day. One of our lorries also used to have to go every day to the Izpolcom (the office of the Government) to collect the many children who were abandoned there and to take them to some already overcrowded home. It speaks volumes for the sufferings, that Russian parents, whose love for their children is never questioned, should have been obliged to trust them to public charity, because they could give them even less than the miserable care thus provided. Many other children, of course, were orphans who had no other hope.

The following appeal, however, taken from a Russian

newspaper, explains the appalling fear which parents had for their children :—

“We Russian mothers, who are destined to die this winter from starvation and disease, implore the people of the whole world to take our children from us that those who are innocent may not share our horrible fate. We implore the world to do this because, even at the cost of a voluntary and eternal separation, we long to repair the wrong we have committed in giving them a life which is worse than death. All of you who have children or who have lost children and fear to lose them, in remembrance of the children who are dead, and in the name of those who are still living, we beseech you. Do not think of us—we cannot be helped. We have lost all hope, but we shall yet be happy with the only happiness that a mother knows—in the knowledge that her child is safe.”

It is not to be wondered at that suffering in some cases affected the sufferer's reason and that cannibalism was resorted to. In one house we visited a signed declaration was given to us by the local Soviet official narrating a particular case, and it was undoubtedly not very uncommon. To such a fearful pass had the people come. Every scrap of real food in the district seemed to have been used, and people were eating so-called bread, made of pounded grass, or bark, or even shale, in a vain attempt to stem the pangs of hunger. Even the harness was boiled to make a sort of soup, and I saw in one house a horse's hoof being stewed to feed five adults and three children, who were all, except one, too prostrate to do anything but lie, awaiting death. Even the richest house in this same village contained nothing for food, we found, but a little powdered grass.

The deaths of the animals, too, accentuated very greatly the human sufferings, although very often they were killed for food. Not only did transport become most difficult, but it was impossible to plough or sow the land, and so the vicious circle was perpetuated. In the village of Palimofka, near Buzuluk, which I visited, the decrease in animals,

which was only typical of wide areas of country, was as follows :—

	<i>January, 1921.</i>	<i>January, 1922.</i>
Horses . .	1,500	205
Cows . .	3,000	199
Oxen . .	40	nil
Pigs . .	1,000	nil
Calves . .	1,000	2
Sheep . .	8,000–10,000	52

On these visits I had the great benefit of being with Sir Benjamin Robertson, who was asked by the British Relief Societies to act as their Commissioner, and to make a journey of investigation in Russia, which his experience of no less than six Indian famines made of exceptional value. He found the conditions in Russia exceeding in horror anything experienced in India. His report did much to rouse people to the need for help and to reassure them as to the safety of the supplies.

CHAPTER XXVI

FAMINE RELIEF

THESE, then, were the conditions which our workers had to fight, and one was sensible of an awful grim race between death and the force of life, through help from outside. Undoubtedly, in January, 1922, death was still winning, and one caught oneself thinking of death as the only real fact in that awful nightmare. Was it not some hideous dream, from which one must suddenly awaken? The strain on our workers was appalling, greatly added to by the illness of one after another from typhus, ending in the deaths of two greatly loved workers, Violet Tillard and Mary Pattison. Violet Tillard had won for herself a very special place in the hearts of the German students, amongst whom she had worked with our Mission, but had felt irresistibly called to the dangerous service in Russia. Mary B. Pattison was one of the very early workers in France, and a member of our first Russian unit. She had given most faithful service as a nurse in both countries. Perhaps the nearness of death may be exemplified by the fact that in three weeks after my return home three of those with whom I had been travelling or visiting, including one of Dr. Nansen's workers, had succumbed to typhus. Amongst the hunger-stricken it made great ravages, as was only too natural, and at this time 60 per cent of the railway personnel of Buzuluk were down with it. As is well known, it is carried by lice, and not only were clean clothing and soap—elementary essentials to fight it with—almost entirely absent, but the herding of refugees waiting to go home, and of children in institutions, very greatly increased its prevalence.

At the beginning of the famine relief, it was intended

to feed a comparatively small number of people in a few localities, but, after a short trial, it was pointed out by the authorities that it was essential to cover the whole *ooyezd*, or county, or the rushes of people into the relief areas would prove unmanageable. A skeleton organisation, therefore, was spread over the whole area as large as Belgium.

The tragedy of relief, when it is insufficient to reach all those desperately needing it, is well illustrated by the following account of a village feeding-place in the early days :—

“ We had noticed a little fellow of 9 or 10 years of age who had come to the kitchens for 2 rations, neither of them for himself. He stumbled away across the snow, hugging the can of soup and cup of cocoa with two bread rations buttoned under his coat. I thought the child would collapse any moment. His face was colourless, the lips drawn back. He was shivering and crying tearlessly, as so many do. We went with him to his home, and found his mother trying to cook some grass flour, adding twigs of wood. The soup and bread were handed over to the two younger children, and the boy stood watching them, following every movement of the wooden spoons, but not attempting to take anything for himself. Later, we saw him struggling once more across the snow, slipping and stumbling, and still crying quietly. We asked that if possible a ration should be given to him, but he is only one of the many as yet unfed.”

It was arranged to give food to certain categories of people in each division. At first the children only were fed, but speedily it was seen that that was a completely mistaken policy, which would lead, under the circumstances, to a large number of orphans being left helpless. So, next, mothers were fed, and then the men who transported the food, and gradually it spread, as supplies became more plentiful, till a very large proportion of the population was included. It should be explained that the American Committee were under obligation to Mr. Hoover, with whose American Relief Administration they were working in co-operation, to form a separate Unit of their workers in Russia,

and not to join with our own, as both would have wished. It was therefore arranged that the English unit should have its headquarters in Buzuluk, and care for the western part of the country, while the Americans' work was centred at Sorochinskoie in the eastern district.¹

At first, too, the people were fed in kitchens, but before long the system of providing dry rations had to be substituted, and this needed very careful organisation. The one happy sight which Buzuluk provided at this time was the warehouse yard. Here, by the side of the railway, were large sheds provided by the Government where the food was stored on arrival, and here gathered a motley collection of sledges to take it to the outlying villages. They were drawn by bullocks, by horses, or by Bactrian camels, these last-named animals having proved themselves particularly valuable, because they could go further than horses, could live on less food and carry bigger loads. But, heroes as they were, even they too died. A contingent of perhaps fifteen sleighs would drive in to Buzuluk, taking two days over the journey from a distant village, and return laden with flour, beans, rice, tinned milk and cocoa. But the men were probably so weak that they could scarcely carry the sacks to the sledges. It was a hazardous journey, too, across the lonely steppe in a country where food was literally more precious than gold. Arrived at their destination, the food was stored in a local warehouse and handed to the local Famine Committee of villagers to supervise the distribution, under the general oversight of one of our workers. And here it must be said that the idea often held at home, that it would be practicable and wise to have such an army of foreign workers as should see every piece of bread into every child's mouth is fantastic. When it is remembered that the villages are often fifty miles apart, and that you are dealing with a

¹ When the actual famine relief was over, this arrangement no longer held, and the English and American units became one under the leadership for a time of S. Edgar Nicholson, of Indiana, and for most of the rest, of Edward K. Balls, who has given ten of the best years of his life to service for the Committee.

very scattered population of hundreds of thousands, it will be seen that successful relief must rest upon a policy of friendly co-operation with the people. Doubtless trust was occasionally abused, but, on the contrary, in very many more cases it acted as an incentive to give loyal and friendly co-operation, and to spur the people on to help each other. But I think enough has been said to show that Arthur Watts, who organised the system of the relief, and his assistants who carried it out in the different districts, had a most onerous and responsible work, knowing that on the prompt execution of it so many thousands of lives depended. There were, indeed, very many links in the chain which were necessary to ensure the uninterrupted feeding. First, the funds had to be procured at home, the goods purchased as economically as possible and shipped to Riga or Reval, according to the exigencies of frost and available shipping and port accommodation. Then they had to be transported to Moscow by train and unpacked and reloaded.

The journey from Moscow to Buzuluk often took about ten or fourteen days, and it was a cheering sight to pass on the railway a train of trucks labelled with the Quaker star, and to know that it was food on the way to the starving. Then at Buzuluk, as has been said, began the fight with the elements in getting it, despite the winter conditions, to the sub-centres, and again to the distant villages. All this work of organisation had to be accomplished with the minimum of communication facilities: with telegrams even from Moscow to Buzuluk taking as long as seven or ten days, and with telegraphic and telephonic communication only possible in rare instances between the field centres. Only three of these latter were on the railway, and—on the railway—trains were the rarest possible objects, running, or shall I say walking, at intervals of perhaps a week's time, and such time settled by their own sweet will and by no time-table. The district workers had to travel by sledge between the different parts of their area, sleeping at night in peasants' houses, a proceeding fraught with grave danger

from typhus, and which, indeed, was almost certainly the cause of Violet Tillard's death.

Marjorie Rackstraw, who did splendid work as a district organiser, tells of one such night spent by her and her interpreter. Darkness came on and obliged them to find lodging in a strange village. The driver said he knew of a nice house to sleep in :—

“When we got in we found there was just one room, one-third taken up by a huge stove. Two very dishevelled women, in a tangle of dirty bed-clothes were lying on it. An old man, looking very ill, was lying on a bench, and there were besides, a boy about 15, another man and a young woman, looking clean and healthy and very nice. I do not know how she managed it in such surroundings. The atmosphere was cruel !—I said to Nicolai, ‘Must we stay here for to-night?’ He looked troubled and said, ‘I am afraid we must.’—Our driver came in, too, so that we were 9 people, all told. It was 5 p.m. when we arrived, and we knew it would be 7 a.m. before it was light enough to leave. 14 hours ! I felt my democratic heart beating very feebly. I forgot to say it was extremely dirty, and the entrance was through a shed with a cow in it. We could hardly bear to think of supper, because we knew we had not enough journey food to feed that hungry crowd. However, we asked them to boil up the samovar, and gave them tea for all. We promised to feed the driver, and so got out bread and tinned fish, which we nibbled at, and he devoured, and all the others looked on hungrily. We had a sack of rice with us, so I got some out and asked them to boil enough for everybody for next morning. Then we settled down to roost. . . . Nicolai and I each lying on a bench. Snores and groans then prevailed. At 1.30 my head was ready to crack, so I went out into the night. The storm was over. It was a still soft night, and one of the sleighs had been left in the middle of the yard. I went in again, got my great *shuba*,¹ went out and lay in the sledge all snowy and frosty as it was, for the rest of the night. You will not believe it, but I had a lovely night !”

A specially anxious time was that of the thaw, when the

¹ Sheepskin coat.

winter snows melt into floods. Every spring this makes the country impassable for three or four weeks, and meant very special efforts to ensure the provision of this extra month's supply before the rather uncertain departure of winter.

Marjorie Rackstraw thus tells of her experience of this anxious period :—

“ March 10th, 1922. Things are bad at the moment. Four of our food trains are blocked on the line. We are terribly afraid we shall not be able to get enough food before the thaw to carry out our programme. My district will be most hard hit of all, being more completely and longer cut off from the railway by flooding rivers. It is just possible we may be able to do something with rafts. We are feeling particularly badly, because a marked improvement had set in over the whole *ooyezd* in February. Everywhere the death-rate went down, and people have all been more hopeful and cheerful. The seed for sowing is also blocked. In fact it probably is the increase of food and seed-corn that has taxed the locomotive power too severely and it has broken down under the strain. Well, miracles do happen sometimes, and we have not given up hope of there being one this time. . . .

March 22nd. Well, the miracle has happened. Winter has returned with great fierceness. At any other time we should be groaning, but now everybody is rejoicing: the trains are in, and all the sleighs are hurrying to Buzuluk and Pavlovka ! ”

Mention should be made of the visit of Dr. Nansen in the autumn of 1921, when he arranged as to the supplies he could contribute for our work from the collections being made in his name throughout Europe. These were, unfortunately, not available so soon as he expected, but were ultimately most useful. I should like to bear testimony to the splendid inspirational work which Dr. Nansen did for the cause: this made us proud to be associated with him personally.

By the time the spring came, the provision of relief was

sufficient to produce some real effects, and one of our workers writes :

“ It is very encouraging to note the effect our feeding is having on the people. They are beginning to take hope again, and they are overwhelming in their expressions of thanks to the Society of Friends. The officials of the neighbouring Soviet told me the other day that our feeding came just in time ; a fortnight later, and all the people would have been dead. Now, thanks to the food we have distributed, they are beginning to look like human beings once more.”

There were at one time as many as 900 feeding points in 280 villages in the English area.

As to the causes of the famine, there has been much dispute, and any conclusion must be admitted to be a personal one. In forming a judgment, the important part played by the weather must be fully realised. The rainfall in 1921 was only 7 mm. instead of a normal one of 106 mm. Had this failure of rainfall occurred under otherwise normal circumstances, the famine would clearly have been a far less disastrous one. But years of international and civil war, to which must be added the blockade carried on by the Allies, had reduced the condition of the country to such a pass that it was quite unfitted to bear the strain, and I believe that the requisitions of the Soviet Government, intended, it seems, to relieve the condition of the towns, only hastened the general catastrophe by weakening the immensely important peasant populations. The peasants have a proverb, that God does not permit them to see the floor of their granaries ; but these disasters, one after another, had stripped bare these floors, and there was no reserve to tide them over the bad years, of which 1921 was the worst.

The fact that, in 1922, much grain came up that was sown in 1920, and had failed to germinate from lack of moisture, is a strong evidence of the important part played by the drought of 1921. This curious phenomenon gave great rejoicing to the peasants who said, “ God gives us



FAMINE DEVASTATION: THE THATCH USED FOR FOOD AND TIMBERS FOR FUEL

this for nothing," but, unfortunately, the scorching weather of the summer of 1922 prevented it from maturing in most cases and, like its successor of 1922, it failed to come to much good.

April 1922 brought a great blow to the work, for Arthur Watts, who had toiled with such ceaseless energy and devotion to fight the famine all through the winter, at last fell a victim to typhus, and probably, by reason of his overstrained condition, had an exceedingly severe attack, in which his life was nearly despaired of. His recovery was very slow, and the work suffered from the sudden and complete loss of its organiser and leader, at a time which was still very critical for the saving of life.

Summer brought, as has been hinted, hopes of a harvest, which should really mend matters, hopes which were largely to be dashed as the months went by, bringing news of scorching winds and drought, and it was with anxious hearts that we realised that the support of many of our large family must be tackled for another year.

And here a word of extreme appreciation must be said of the wonderful generosity which enabled this work to be carried out. To help Russia was an unpopular work and there is a subtle connection between unpopular causes and light purses : but the way in which money poured in suggested the very opposite, and for many months we received donations in London at the rate of £1000 per diem. We were immensely helped by the Imperial War Relief Fund, which, as we have said, shared its collections between the Save the Children Fund and ourselves, by which means we benefited to the extent of nearly £70,000.

Pages could be filled with details of wonderful gifts, but it seems impossible to omit mention of the two Friends who gave £23,000, nearly all their capital, and of the splendid collections made for us by the "Manchester Guardian" and in Australia, under the energetic direction of Lady Forster, wife of the Governor-General. One other delightful gift was a supply of flour from the British Millers' Associa-

tion, sent out in sacks stamped "Gift of the British Millers." A newcomer to Buzuluk might have been somewhat surprised to meet children with this inscription across their chests : but in a land where clothes were impossible to acquire, sacks are most precious articles of attire !

The autumn of 1922 found the peasants in some ways in as bad a position as in 1921. It is true that the harvest was slightly better, but, on the other hand, they were enfeebled by the privations which they had gone through, a large percentage of their animals were dead, and cultivating the land was hence exceedingly difficult. The spring had brought the awful problem whether to eat their scanty supplies or to sow them for the future. It is a wonderful fact that peasants were known to sow their corn even while eating nothing but bark. As far as we were able, of course, we urged them to sow, supplying them with food for the present ; but very insufficient sowing took place, and the scorching winds and the pests (beetles, locusts, etc.) which flourished, as man's fight against them diminished, once more wrought great havoc. The harvesting was a terrific struggle. It meant that hundreds of peasants had to work like animals, despite which the yield per acre was very low, owing to the handicapping conditions enumerated.

Then, further, it must be remembered that the people's possessions of all sorts were greatly reduced. Every object which could possibly be spared, including sometimes even the *shuba*, or sheepskin coat, without which they could not go out in winter, had been sold for food, and in many cases the thatch had been used for fodder, the harness boiled for soup and the house timbers burnt for fuel.

It was delightful to trace the gradual improvements in the countryside, which set in from the period of maximum relief, when the inroads of the famine were stayed. Quite quickly, in fact, some of the worst places became better than those not so greatly affected, because relief was hurried to them, and had its remedial effect. It is impossible, of course, to give a picture of every stage, but one takes at

random this, written by a worker in 1923, speaking of a village which was considered one of the very worst :—

“ One never now sees an obviously hungry person, though their rags are lamentable. Young calves abound, and the children laugh and sing and play—we even have new games invented, and many of the children are the same little ghastly children, of whom Dr. Nansen showed pictures last year.”

CHAPTER XXVII

PUGACHEV AND KUSTANAI

IN addition to the work for Buzuluk, the state of our supplies warranted some help to two other districts, those of Pugachev and Kustanai, about which a few words must be said. Pugachev is a district to the south of Buzuluk, which is very much cut off from communication with the rest of the world as no railways go through it. In the very early days of the famine, before our work in Buzuluk was organised, some food supplies were sent there, and called forth the following letter of thanks, which so beautifully understands the spirit of our help that space must be found for it :—

“DEAR BROTHERS,

“We are sending you our deepest thanks for all the help you are giving our children. We look at it, as at a first swallow of the coming spring of help, to us, your brothers behind the boundary. After the spring, the summer is bound to come, and after summer, the autumn with its harvest in the form of thousands of children’s lives, which will, when grown up, remember that they were saved from hunger and cold by the kind hands of the people living beyond the ocean, and that the good and fraternity of those people are not only in theories and utopianism, but in deeds.

“We are starving, and starving dreadfully ; we have no means of helping our suffering brothers. Come and help us to do it.”

That is a begging letter, which I think, does credit to a village on the borders of Asia, and I think it is one which we should all find hard to refuse.

Another pathetic appeal was handed in by a man who had returned to his village a few weeks before to find that his

whole family had been wiped out by the famine. Consequently, he wished to do all in his power to save the rest of the people.

Unfortunately, however, our commitments in Buzuluk were so heavy as to prevent our giving help until they were met. But in the later days of the famine, relief was organised, and rations for about 30,000 for three months were provided.

The district of Kustanai is a large area east of the Urals, as wide as from Thames to Tweed, by about one hundred miles long. Its inhabitants are Mohammedan Khirghiz, amongst whom Russians and a few Germans have settled as colonists.

In the summer of 1922 the Russian Government sought our help for it, as practically no relief had been sent, this having been concentrated on more accessible parts, although promises had more than once been given, only to be broken. The district had been overrun and robbed by armies in 1921, so that very little was sown, and from this the yield was very poor. Relief was particularly difficult to organise, as the distances were vast—some peasants had to come 300 miles to fetch their rations, and the country was entirely wild and disorganised. Ernest W. Rowntree, at that time Secretary of the Russian unit, made a preliminary journey of investigation, but the brunt of the work fell on Ruth Pennington, who undertook the adventurous work of travelling through the country alone with an interpreter, camping at nights on the open steppe, and doing her best to ensure fair distribution under most difficult conditions, where even a weighing-machine could scarcely be obtained.

CHAPTER XXVIII

HORSES

I WISH I were a poet to write a pæan on horses ! For despite all new-fangled ideas, such as motors and tractors, the truth remains, that in some parts of this world at all events, there is nothing like horses ! They do not need spare parts which can only be got in the West, they do not need petrol which is unobtainable, but they are a natural product in close relationship to the peasant. "A peasant is not a peasant without a horse," as the saying is. In fact, as one of her generals said, "What Russia needs is not electrification, but horsification !" For it was estimated that, owing to the famine, animals had decreased by about 90 per cent.

It was clear, therefore, that if the vicious circle of suffering was to be broken, more horses must be introduced, for the estimated need in Buzuluk county alone was 100,000. And having mentioned tractors, it should be explained that some were introduced, and did very useful work. They were kept at work nearly continuously with different shifts of men, and, in particular, ploughed much land for the children's homes, to ensure their food supply. But they did not take the place of horses, about 1,700 of which were imported by the Mission. Enquiries were made in various districts as to the best place from which to obtain supplies, and they were finally brought from Turkestan and Siberia, and the expeditions in search of them bring a touch of the real Orient into the story. On the first occasion, visits were paid to nomad Khirghis, and the following description of their

hospitality, by Harry Wiltshire, gives an idea of the conditions :—

“ On arrival at one settlement, we were invited by the richest man to partake of his hospitality. He had a large tent, decorated inside with hangings. Immediately we arrived, he gave us a drink (served in large wooden bowls) called *kummis*, made of the fermented milk of mares, camels, goats and cows mixed together. I rather liked it, and it tasted something like our cider. Many times I asked for fresh milk but I could not get it. Our host then had a sheep killed, and in a couple of hours the sheep was brought in, disjointed, in wooden bowls, and everyone squatted upon the floor (they have no chairs or tables) and began to eat. Before eating everyone washes his hands and then he dips into the platter (there being no knives or forks). It was a ghastly meal from my point of view. . . . The host would pick out dainty bits of fat from the platter and give them to his friends who would suck them out of his hand with great gusto. They have very strong good teeth, and crack bones like a dog, to get out the marrow. . . . Their tea-drinking, however, is rather dainty. The lady of the house squats in the middle of the floor, and with quiet dignity presides at the samovar, serving the tea in small china bowls until everyone has finished, when she has her turn.”

On a later occasion, 500 horses were driven 1,200 miles overland from the Khirghese Steppes, guided by 10 Khirghese, who for 12 of the 55 days of their journey never saw a person, a horse or a house. One old man knew this pathless route, and guided them by the stars and landmarks, which he knew. Only once did he lose his way, and then, after half a day's reconnoitring, he found a stone which he recognised. The horse-buying work was at this time supervised by Ilya Tolstoi, grandson of the famous Count Leo, who was working with us, and the following description, by Jessica Smith, tells of his return from Orenburg, where he had been to meet the group of horses. It must first be said that the excitement of the peasants on these occasions knew no bounds, and they would walk miles and miles every day to find out whether

any news had been received of their coming, which was, naturally, a very uncertain event.

“Next morning, all the village is looking eastward over the Steppe. At last the watchers on the balcony at the “Quaker Dom” see three clouds of dust coming nearer and nearer, and they give out the news that the horses are in sight. The waiting peasants surge around—‘At last, at last.’ Some of them are weeping, some of them cross themselves, some of them go down on their knees. ‘Spaseeba, spaseeba’ (thank you), they say on all sides. And at last the 500 glorious creatures come swinging into Sorochinskoye, Ilya Tolstoi dashing in ahead of them on a beautiful chestnut mare, the wild Khirghese galloping behind, flourishing their long poles. It is a thrilling moment, a moment that makes us want to laugh and cry, which makes our hearts go out to the patient peasants with a new understanding, as we see the overwhelming emotion with which the coming of the horses sweeps them. If only there were a horse for every one of them! We feel almost as if the horses had come to save our lives too.”

At first the horses were handed over to the peasants for a certain amount of work to be done for the poor of the village. Unfortunately, however, there were far more people eligible than there were horses, and the only way seemed to be to draw lots. The joy of those who succeeded “was worth coming to Russia to see.” But the pluck and good temper of the others was remarkable. Laments were turned into jokes, and there was never a grumble. Later on a different policy was pursued, and the horses were sold at cost price, plus a little for losses and overhead expenses, which equalled about half the price on the local market. The peasants paid one quarter on receipt of the horse. They would sell anything, their boots or clothing, to pay this initial deposit, knowing that the horse would pay for itself even before many weeks were passed.

In one especially needy case, a member of the Mission

paid this initial deposit for a poor widow, whose gratitude knew no bounds. She walked back a long distance next day to give further thanks, and to say that she had been obliged to let her children sleep in the stable as they wanted so eagerly to be near the horse all night !

CHAPTER XXIX

AFTER-FAMINE WORK

WITH the improving conditions, the Friends' work changed, feeding being diminished, whilst medical and child-welfare work increased. Under Dr. Melville Mackenzie's guidance (then the only English doctor in Russia) a bacteriological laboratory was established in Buzuluk, which has since been handed over to the Soviet authorities to continue ; the epidemic hospital was equipped and taken over for six months, and all the ten hospitals in the *ooyezd* received enough medical equipment to enable them to function properly. The salaries of additional Russian doctors were paid, to help forward the medical work. In the summer of 1922, cholera was raging in many parts of Russia, and a very extensive campaign of inoculation and propaganda was carried out by the Mission. Over 4,000 people were inoculated in Buzuluk town, and sufficient serum to treat 100,000 persons was distributed. Happily, whether as a result or a coincidence, Buzuluk district was almost immune from the disease, whilst the adjacent districts suffered heavily.

But perhaps the most important medical work undertaken at this time was the fight against malaria. Formerly the tropical form was rare in South Russia, but in the winter of 1921-22 thousands of refugees travelled south-east to Turkestan in the search for food. Most unfortunately they brought back with them the mosquito, which is the carrier of the disease, and on their return after the harvest of 1922 it broke out. By March, 1923, between 60 and 70 per cent of the whole population of Buzuluk were suffering from it, and in some districts the proportion rose to as high as

90 or 100 per cent. Those authorities who hold that the fall of the great Empires of antiquity were caused in part by malaria, fear that the effects of this epidemic may be greater than those of any revolution, and that the next few years will show a degeneration in type as a result. To deal with it on any adequate scale seemed out of the question. The drainage of swamps in a country such as Russia would be a vast, perhaps impossible undertaking. Meanwhile, it was most pathetic to see the condition of incapacity to which the people were reduced by it, weakened as they previously were by their long and varied sufferings. People were found lying in their fields, having been overcome by malaria as they worked. The precious crops even went unharvested, because of the universal illness. Obviously, therefore, even to alleviate its symptoms would be of use. To this end, an elaborate system of treatment was organised. Clinics were started, first in Buzuluk, under Ethel Christie, and afterwards in ten or twelve other centres in the district, when enough Russians had been trained in the work to make this possible. The blood of every patient was examined, and if a positive result was obtained, treatment was only given on a promise from the patient to attend for two months so as to give every chance of a real cure. Quinine was so precious that unless care was taken it was profiteered with, so it was necessary to arrange for it to be swallowed on the spot. A long sad stream of people could be seen, all and every day, waiting for treatment at the clinics. Many were too ill to stand, and the quinine had to be brought to them as they lay in their carts. Some who were stronger, would walk all through the night to attend; even children would present themselves of their own accord for blood test and treatment. Unfortunately, the number needing treatment exceeded the supply of quinine, and sometimes as many as 100 would have to be turned away. Even so, 500,000 quinine tablets were used in a month for the treatment of 20-30,000 people. It was amusing to find a rival cure in a charm written in Church characters and pasted over the doorway of a house.

This stated that if malaria should come to the house the Christian occupant was not at home ! And curiously enough, malaria had left the house alone, amongst very few untouched !

Happily, the result of the treatment was a great improvement in the general health of the people, though traces of it are still, at the time of writing, observable in almost all the children who are medically examined.

It would take too long to tell of all the minor activities for the Mission ; of how some members experimented in dyeing wool so generously given in large quantities by Australia, which was distributed to the people to spin, weave and make into clothes ; of how others started a cleaning campaign in the villages, insisting that everyone should tidy their houses and back-yards to the satisfaction of an elected village committee, or forfeit their rations, or of how yet others arranged for the peasants to do work for the good of the community, such as bridge repairing, to earn their food. The story would be too long, and I must be content with an unjustified flight into after history to tell of the happiness of a visit to Buzuluk three years after the famine when something approaching normal life had returned, despite repeated poor harvests ; the children looked happy and well, although some, no doubt, have not outgrown the effects of their sufferings, and the medical service in the county, thanks to the support given by the Quakers, is considerably above the average of Russian provinces. All gives cause for believing that the long-continued efforts to help this much-tried district have made a very real difference to the condition of the majority of its population.

V. AUSTRIA

CHAPTER XXX

THE PROBLEM OF VIENNA

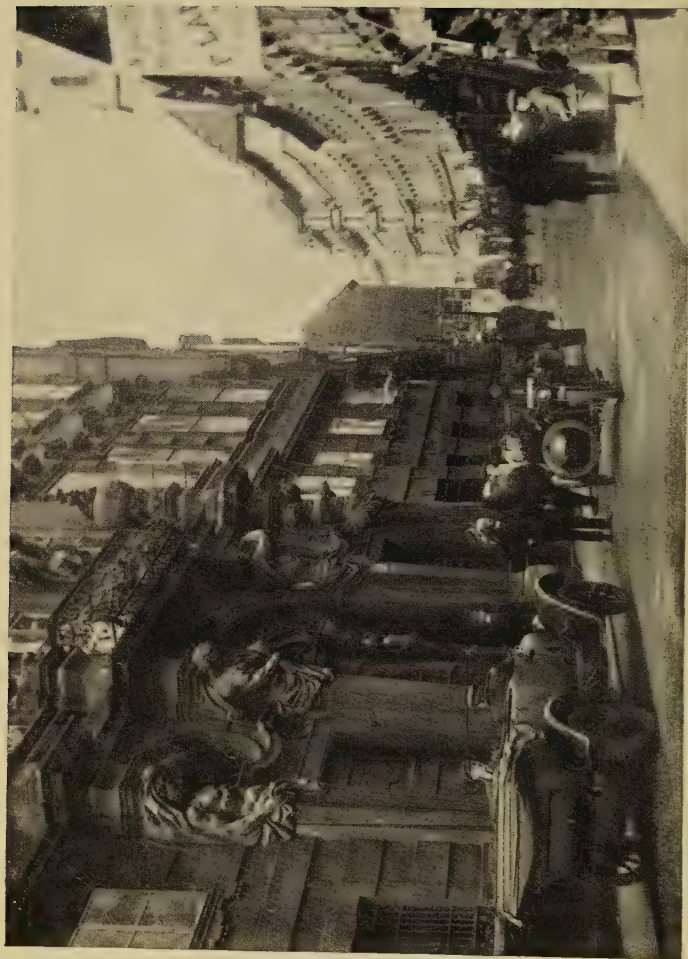
IN May, 1919, Dr. Hilda Clark, who had already done so much in France, went to Vienna to find out the truth of the sad stories of suffering which were filtering through the few open channels of communication. Marie McColl, who had been working as a nurse in the French unit, went with her, and from this visit sprang the wide ramifications of work which the Committee carried out in Vienna. The tragedy of Austria is as full of pathos, perhaps, as any of the sad chapters of war's aftermath, and it is so well known as to need no lengthy description. Before the war, Vienna was the capital of a prosperous empire, even if there were rumblings of discontent in certain parts of it. Not only had it extensive industries, such as manufactories of railway cars and engines, agricultural machinery, etc., but it was admittedly a most important centre of art, culture and science, whence radiated to other countries such diverse products as *objets d'art*, leather goods and waltzes, as well as religious music, and priceless discoveries in medical science. I speak as one of the many unfortunate people who never saw Vienna in her glory, and can only reconstruct it in imagination from the wonderful traces of it which have resisted even the destructive war years.

By the time the Friends' workers came to Vienna, the suffering had been long continued, and slowly deteriorating conditions had produced their inevitable result.

It was obvious that foreign help was needed, and needed

urgently. The more so was this the case, that the gentle, unresisting character of the Austrians, worn-out by continued suffering, needed the fresh stimulus of outside organisation. After a visit to England to report and to gather reinforcements, Hilda Clark returned to Vienna to tackle the overwhelming problem of how to organise relief in a city of two million people, with an uncertain amount of funds, the more uncertain in that they were required for the help of a so-called enemy people. It may here be said by anticipation that the large and efficient organisation for coping with the many-faceted problems of Vienna, was due in very large part to Hilda Clark's personal devotion, ability and initiative. She was strongly supported by Rachel B. Braithwaite, and by her sister, Alice Clark, who devoted themselves to the interests of the Austrian unit in the London office, and by Edith Pye and Kathleen Courtney, who from time to time took charge in her absence from Vienna.

The problems to be faced in Vienna were, of necessity, not merely those of restoration. Austria-Hungary was a thing of the past, and despite the famous saying that if it did not exist, it would have to be invented, no one has yet succeeded in doing so afresh, and a *modus vivendi* for a mangled Austria (with 6 instead of over 50 million people) had to be found. Austria-Hungary, as a Free Trade unit, was an economic possibility. Tiny Austria, cut off by hatred and tariff barriers from the succession States, seemed like to die. Her size was about one-sixth of her former territory, but in point of view of fertile land it was only about one-tenth. Even her provinces, too, managed their own affairs, without reference to her needs. Her former coal supplies were in Czecho-Slovakia, her grain supplies were in Hungary, and she had no money to pay for them. These economic difficulties were multiplied many times by the racial antipathies and opposition fostered by the war, and by the peace treaties. Vienna was like a pathetic head whose body had been cut away from it. But she resisted revolution and



SINGERSTRASSE 16—THE HOME OF THE UNIT IN VIENNA

Bolshevism, which everyone expected, and instead bore patiently and silently the constant suffering and hardship of her own people, thus eloquently demonstrating the peaceable nature of her inhabitants, who would rather die than kill, and saw no use in violence. At the same time she had to see the foreigners, computed at 100,000, and the profiteers, rejoicing in luxuries of every kind, which they could obtain with but little expenditure to themselves, while Vienna's babies could not have a drop of milk. Attempts to remedy, instead of patching, this state of affairs, were delayed until the League of Nations finally agreed to a scheme of reconstruction, in October, 1922, and it is even yet too early to determine whether this was not delayed too long to effect a real cure, although it has most certainly been the means of great alleviation of suffering.

The workers who returned with Hilda Clark lived in imposing quarters on the second floor of a palace in Singerstrasse, and even though the owner would not allow them to walk up the front stairs, and they must corkscrew up and down a turret stair day after day, yet on arrival there was a sense of spaciousness and dignity about the place which was welcome to tired workers dealing always with tragedies. For some time their main food was English army rations, provided by the courtesy of the authorities, so that their sustenance did not detract from the supplies available for the Viennese.

It is a pleasure to recall the help rendered to the Friends by Mr. (now Sir Cyril) Butler, of the British Food Mission, who did so much to aid Vienna.

Dr. Hector Munro, an envoy from the Save the Children Fund, was also in Vienna, and he and Dr. Hilda Clark turned their attention to the state of the hospitals and charitable institutions, an investigation which disclosed a very sad state of affairs. The hospitals and their staffs were, of course, among the finest to be found anywhere, but the personnel were weak from constant lack of food, and the equipment was reduced to the barest minimum owing

to the impossibility of renewal or obtaining of adequate supplies. With 60,000 hospital beds in Vienna there were no stores whatever of linen, or any kind of medical supplies. One eye-witness reports an operating theatre in an excellently managed baby clinic, where every patient, whether infectious or not, had to be laid on the same sheet, and in an orphanage where a weekly bath for the thirty children was provided, no ingenuity could devise the supply of more than one towel for all the children. Towelling was unobtainable. Imagine the difficulty of keeping children healthy, when paper, and expensive paper, was the only substitute. The tiny babies were sore for want of soft material, as well as from the use of harsh earth soap, which would not even lather. Vaseline was not to be had. Food was an equal difficulty. There were no eggs, no chicken broth or beef tea, but just endless vegetable soup.

Yet to aggravate the need, there were far more patients than usual needing care. Scurvy had begun, as well as osteomalacia, a painful disease of the bones of adults, entirely due to underfeeding. Rickets was overwhelming, e.g. in one community, which even included many breast-fed children, it was diagnosed in 50 per cent of the infants at six months and in 100 per cent at nine months. It was a tragic sight to see the hopelessly misshapen limbs of these tiny sufferers. There was one home in particular for such cases, at Meidling, near Vienna, which especially enlisted the sympathy and help of the Mission, and a visit to which showed one at the same time the pathos of Vienna's children and the love which it called forth. For the doctor in charge loved the children as if they were his own, and it was very touching to see him with them. The children did not realise, as he did, the hardness of their fate, and his visit was enough to make their happiness complete. Where there was a possibility of improvement, operations were performed, "but," he says, as he caresses a little creature of six, all twisted and bent and scarcely the size of a two-year-old, "what must we do for this one? We might operate on her legs, but what

can we do for her back—for her chest ? There is nothing, and when she leaves the hospital, what is there for her ? ”

One of the first pieces of work to be organised was therefore the Internationales Spitalshilfs Aktion, commonly known as the I.S.A., in which co-operating representatives of the British Food Commission, the Save the Children Fund, the British help for Viennese Children, the Society of Friends, the Swiss and American Relief Societies and Austrian representatives, united under the chairmanship of the distinguished Dutch professor, Dr. Wenckebach, to whose splendid help Viennese relief owes so much.

Through this capable organisation, the medical supplies which the Friends were able to contribute were distributed, as they realised that by this means the most equal treatment for all the needy institutions could be obtained. It was responsible too, for the so-called “ Cod Liver Oil Pool,” a name sufficient to conjure up recollections of childish horror, but to the Viennese child spelling life instead of dislike.

These tragedies were, so to speak, the high-water mark of the wave of suffering experienced by nearly the whole population. At one time it was computed that clothes were 80 times, and food 40 times as expensive as before the war, whereas luxuries had increased 110 times. At the same time the wages of artisans had increased only from 20–30 times, those of clerks only 10 times, and of many professional workers only 3–5 times. The cost of living had increased at least 200 per cent more rapidly than wages. The purchasing power of the krone had diminished 63 times outside the country, and 25 times within. Another calculation shows that the annual absolute minimum budget for a family of four, without including doctors’ bills, clothes or holidays, required the equivalent of £292 in English money, then represented by 139,000 kr. whereas almost the highest ordinary salary only amounted to 96,000 kr.

Food conditions continued for long to be very grave. In the beginning of 1921 the city was literally living from hand to mouth like any beggar, for on the 26th January

it was said that the Government did not know whether there would be any provisions in the city by the 10th February. And yet a casual visitor would have remarked on the prosperous appearance of the streets, where well-dressed people walked, where the restaurants were full, and the shops were stocked with luxuries. The foreigner could—thanks to the devaluation of the Austrian money—buy for an old song fascinating antiques, glass or embroideries, whose owners had parted with them for a few necessities of life ; he could hire a box at the finest opera for a few shillings, or take a seat at a concert of wonderful music for 2d. He might be greatly surprised to find that some Viennese could still share this musical feast with him, but he might not know that so great was the hunger of these cultured people for art and beauty, that their attendance was frequently obtained by starving in order to buy the ticket. I have often wondered whether to be sorry or glad that even in the worst days, the Vienna market would be gay with flowers, which one wondered anyone could have the heart to buy. The stranger, too, might not realise that his egg, which cost him 1d., would cost the equivalent of 18s. to the Austrian, nor that one good meal at a decent restaurant would exhaust the whole salary of a General. In truth the only people who could enjoy the amenities so temptingly offered in Vienna were the war profiteers and the foreigners.

Yet, again, the stranger might be misled by the neat appearance of the houses, which seemed to be in good condition, for the Viennese housewife is nearly as clever as the Dutch, but some of the worst tragedies were to be found in the cellars of these big houses, where whole families might be housed in one wretched room, very likely without any heating, lighting or toilet facilities, and where people were actually dying from starvation and emaciation.

It was found that 11·04 per cent of Vienna's households occupied one small room called a *Kabinett*, and 37·65 per cent one room of larger size. In these hovels might be found people of whom the following are typical cases : a general

who did the washing, for which his wife was too weak ; a very old doctor earning a pittance by doing small errands for a hotel, or a colonel, who carried coal. And the extent of this misery may be gauged by the fact that 300,000 adults fed daily at communal kitchens, where they received a meal just sufficient to whet the appetite, consisting, perhaps, of macaroni and cabbage soup, for the equivalent of 9s. pre-war money. In fact, for years, hundreds of thousands of Viennese never knew what it was to have a satisfying meal.

Consequent upon this great shortage of food was the cruel necessity for standing in queues, wasting precious time by day, and even lasting all through the night, as the following shows :—

“To-morrow morning early, meat will arrive at the large market-place in Vienna. The women come wearily along, in rags and threadbare clothing—and wait. At midnight 10,000 are waiting. Thicker and thicker grows the crowd ; the police are there to keep order in the darkness. At 4 a.m. some wagons draw up laden with American salted meat, but the distribution does not begin until 6 o'clock. Every woman has a card entitling her to 100 grammes of meat per person. At 8 o'clock 3,000 have received their portion. Then the market closes, and 7,000 women leave the place, many in tears ; and as they go, they look round to see if they can buy a cabbage for that day.”

Little wonder that two bread cards with a meat card in between, were known as “Entente sandwich !”

Even before the war a decline in the birth-rate had set in, for in 1901 the registered births were 52,415 which had shrunk to 37,387 in 1913. This was still further reduced to 18,610 in 1918, since when an increase has taken place. These figures, taken in conjunction with the deaths, which rose from 32,314 in 1913 to 51,497 in 1918, show a very alarming decrease in population, in fact in the five years 1914 to 1918, it is reckoned that the deaths exceeded the births by 80,000.

Tuberculosis appears as the highest cause of death, but in

1918, 5,000 people died of influenza. It is estimated that there were in Vienna only 3,400 hospital and sanatorium beds at the disposal of the 100,000 to 115,000 tuberculosis patients, of whom about one-third really needed such accommodation. Overcrowding, as everywhere, was doubtless responsible for some of the increase in the disease, for only twelve new houses were built in Vienna in 1918, compared with 662 in 1913.

CHAPTER XXXI

DEPOTS

WITHOUT detailing all the initial steps towards helping the children of Vienna, let us give a picture of the scheme evolved by Hilda Clark and Edith Pye, which was capable of extension to any capacity warranted by the funds available, and at the time of maximum output was helping over 64,000 children. This scheme was made possible by the co-operation of Sir Thomas Cuninghame, who organised the Vienna Emergency Relief Fund in Austria. It must be remembered that the American Relief Administration, under Mr. Hoover's chairmanship, was giving relief to 100,000 children of school age, in the form of hot meals at school. The most pressing problem, therefore, was that of the children under six. It was clear that the same plan of communal feeding was not nearly so suitable for children under six as for older ones. A child of two must be brought to be fed, and this would complicate the whole scheme, both from the point of view of the mothers and of the organisation of the meals. At first an attempt was made to reach the neediest children by rations given out at the city welfare centres. One of the workers would go and watch the doctor examining the children, and hand him a few cards to be given out to very poor mothers, entitling them to a tin of milk and a packet of cocoa. But the news of the "Britische Lebensmittel" spread like wildfire, and in two or three weeks the peaceful clinic was turned into a pandemonium. The waiting-room was tightly packed with women and children. Inside one nurse was writing cards for dear life, while another protected the doctor by guarding his door, though in one instance he was

driven to standing on the table to deal with the crush. A further difficulty was that as the welfare centres were irregularly distributed over the city, some mothers were much too far away to bring their children. So it became quite evident that medical examination and food distribution could not be properly combined. It appeared that there were thirty-six welfare institutions functioning in the city, of which nine were kept up by the municipality, whilst the other twenty-seven were under the care of five voluntary societies. Dr. Pörner, head of the municipal welfare centres, drew up a scheme for uniting all these associations into a central committee and for providing for an increase of centres. This was put into operation until there were seventy in working order in June, 1920. During the following months these centres coped with an extensive medical examination of children, after which the centres were diminished to sixty. This examination of over 200,000 children gave the following results :—

Extremely undernourished	.	46·7 per cent—	96,752
Undernourished		50·0 „	—103,573
Not undernourished		3·3 „	— 6,482
			206,807

The expense of starting the new centres was met by a grant from the Society of Friends, who were represented on the Central Committee. The overhead expenses were to a large extent covered by contributions from the mothers. A tribute must be paid to the Viennese doctors and nurses, who, instead of grumbling at the immense amount of fresh work put upon them, hailed with delight the increased usefulness of the centres, and the opportunity it afforded of more workers receiving special training in the subject. With the greatly increased centres, it was possible to deal with the very large numbers of children, and it may here be pointed out that this increase was not merely a useful expedient for dealing with an emergency. The Friends'



THE GREAT CATTLE MARKET AT VIENNA, WITH THE FRIENDS' MOTOR FLEET, WHICH IT HOUSED
WHEN EMPTY OF CATTLE

workers felt that in assisting it, a valuable piece of social work was being done, for the educational value of such centres is great, and though in the first instance the mothers might come for the hope of rations, they would be very likely to appreciate the advice and help received, and continue their visits in after years.

The first stage, then, was the visit to the welfare centre, where the mother of an undernourished child received from the doctor a card entitling her to obtain rations for it, and next came the visit to the depot. These were gradually opened by the Friends in every "Bezirk" or district of the city, with a worker in charge of one or possibly two. Working with her was a "Leiterin" or lady-in-charge, and a committee of Austrian ladies who volunteered their help, and were an indispensable part of the scheme. The "Leiterinnen" were responsible for the keeping of the stores and accounts; they were drawn from very varied classes, from the working women, speaking broad dialect, as undernourished and as much in need as the mothers of the children receiving rations, to the rich wife of the substantial merchant, who had given her garage to the work, and who, together with her daughter-in-law, her butler and her maid, helped indefatigably month after month! These kind helpers were granted the privilege of buying rations, but at a time of great scarcity of funds it became necessary to call them together to consult them as to the possibility of withdrawing this privilege, and yet continuing to accept their help. Not only did they unanimously agree to this, but their delightful spirit of co-operation was shown by the following speech which one of them addressed to the Friends:—

"I would like to address you in the name of the Austrian women. The ladies of the Mission have, to-day, expressed to us their thanks. We accept these thanks as a recognition for our work. However, at the same time, we must emphasise that we could only carry out our work because of the fact that the Friends' Relief Mission had given us the opportunity to work for our fellow-citizens, and to accomplish something for our people.

“There are no words to tell, and it simply cannot be expressed, how great the help of the Mission has been. We have been able to save the lives of thousands and thousands of little children, mothers have been lifted out of their despair, and have learnt to believe again in Love and Humanity. The help brought is not only of material value, but also of moral value, and moral for that reason because the people have learnt again to believe that in spite of this war, which has created so much distress, and misery, hatred will not be carried into all eternity, and that there exists a spark which is being carried from one country to another, and from one State to another, a spark of Love which has always been in the heart of the people.

“Mothers have spoken to mothers, and mothers have acted on behalf of mothers, and through that, Love has been carried again from one State to the other.

“I believe we can best express our thanks in saying that in the greatest distress and misery and despair, the Friends’ Relief Mission rose like a Phoenix bird, and made us believe that the great love of the people of one country for another will never be extinguished, and that such a war will never again occur. I would like to express once more the thanks of our women.”

It must not be thought that the work was light. In one case there were 16,000 or 17,000 different families coming for their rations on the three days on which the depots were open, which meant rising to the pitch of distributing to about 150 people per hour.

Altogether, about one thousand Austrians gave voluntary help to the Mission, proving their keen desire to help their fellow-countrymen, and rising superior to the grave difficulties which they so easily might have considered insuperable, for they often needed help, instead of which they gave it to others.

Another class of helpers remains to be described, before we come to the recipients. These were the school children, whose aid was enlisted in weighing out the endless packets of food for distribution. It was a happy thought to give to these deft little fingers this play-work job. Lent, thirty-five at a time from different schools, they were arrayed in brown

overalls and caps provided by the Mission, and worked from one to four daily. At first it was found that the work was too great a strain for them in their weak health, but after a meal was provided for them before starting, they fainted no longer, and it was a pretty sight to see them gaily—but very industriously—pouring sugar into bags, and becoming brownies more completely by the addition of cocoa dust all over them !

And here it must be mentioned that the Society was indebted to Herr Julius Meinl, one of Vienna's great food providers, for the loan for a time of a splendid warehouse, in which to store the very large supplies needed to stock the depots.

Now we come to the result of all this preparation. At the time of maximum activity, 64,000 children were brought every fortnight to one of these depots, armed with a doctor's certificate from the welfare centre. These were the happy recipients of rations, for about one-sixth of the cost, or, indeed, in especially hard cases, for no payment at all.

The following is a typical ration :—

4 tins condensed milk.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fat.
7 ozs. cocoa.
1 lb. flour or rice.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. soap.

And some lucky—or unlucky ?—children whose health was particularly bad, received some priceless butter, a luxury so unheard of that one small boy of seven, who was sent away to Denmark, did not know what eggs and butter were like ! To children over one year, too, milk was frequently sold, as the city ration, even when obtainable, ceased at that age. The provision of this milk, which was really an integral part of the scheme, is separately described in the section on Agriculture.

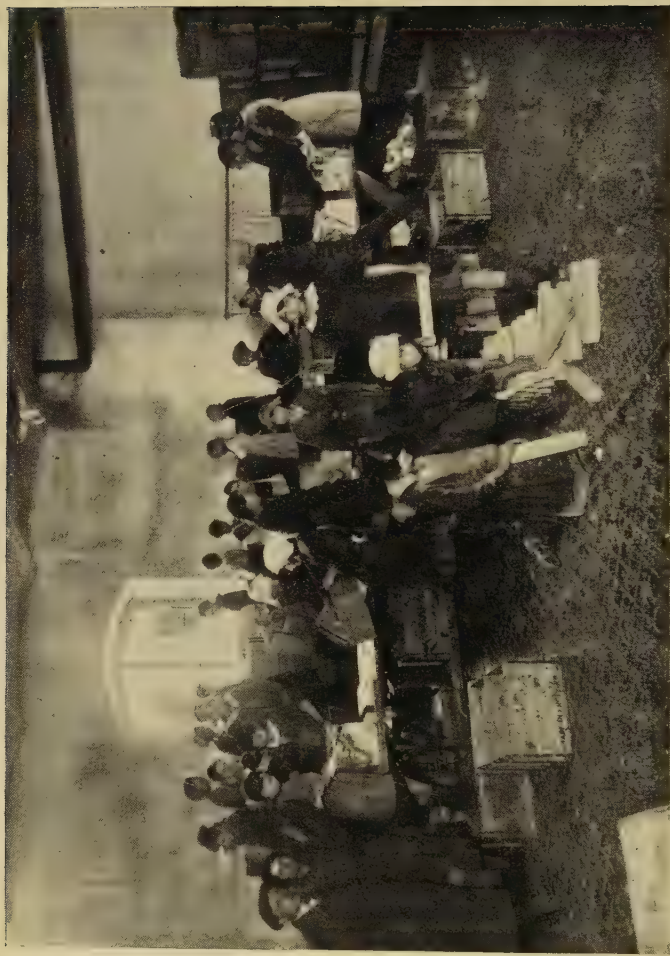
And who were the people, the reader may ask, who availed themselves of this help ? The answer is graphically given

in this translation of an article in the *Arbeiter Zeitung* of March 7th, 1920.

"A fair-haired boy of three presses forward and storms through the door. When asked what he wants, he declares that he is going to get a card 'for Richard.' He is forthwith seized by his mother, a pale little woman, and put in his proper place in the queue. She thereupon relates to a sympathetic audience what trouble she has with the child. Even in 1920 there are still boys who are rogues—thank God. An old white-haired woman sighs and says she wishes she had a couple of the same sort at home. She has buried four children, all between the ages of 20 and 25. All have died of tuberculosis and she has only a little granddaughter left. Her husband does cleaning, but he is 65 and has rheumatism in all his limbs and cannot work. He takes cares of the child and looks after the housekeeping, while his wife, three years younger, is in service. 'If only one of the children had lived,' sighs the old woman, 'he could have supported us—or if the child had only been a boy.'

"Almost all ages and social classes are represented in the crowd. A tram-conductor stands next to a man whose shabby black coat tells of misery amongst Civil Servants. Others relate their war troubles. The wife of a school-porter has not seen her husband for years, he has been a prisoner since Przemyśl, and the wife of a Cinema artist says feelingly, 'We don't know to how many thousands that has happened.' . . . A sixteen-year-old boy comes next. He looks about 12, but is none the less the head of the family. He used to be apprentice to a locksmith, but when his parents died, he had to look after his three little brothers and sisters. How did he earn enough, he was asked? 'I am an agent,' said the boy importantly. One must not enquire for what wares. If you have the cares of a breadwinner upon you at 16, you surely have the right to be a smuggler. So they pass in long rows to the big table and when at the door of exit they shut their treasures up in their bags, an expression of quiet content comes over all faces, old and young, anxious and indifferent. It is as though they were all for one moment forgetting their troubles in the thought of the goodness and helpfulness of the people, which the madness of war taught us to call our enemies.

"Suddenly comes a pleasant surprise; a motor drives up.



CHILDREN PACKING FOOD TO BE DISTRIBUTED THROUGH THE DEPOTS

The fair giant, who gets out, is an English schoolmaster. He was condemned to death because of his refusal to take up arms, but the sentence was commuted to hard labour. When the war was over and he was released, he hastened to take part in international work in enemy countries.¹ He is tall, powerfully built, and very British, and he looks down on the women, who press round him with their questions, with amusement. His answer comes slowly, as he has to think carefully over each syllable. 'Sugar' comes at last, 'milk and flour.' He then takes off his hat and drags along the first heavy sack. A small dark-haired American follows, a chemist, bent double beneath the weight he is carrying. So the two of them patiently unload the great lorry, and the Vienna women stand by and look on with emotion. 'God bless England,' says one, when the work is finished. And the others nod silent assent."

When the first rush of the work was over, and the organisation was working smoothly, the workers in charge of the depots were able to get into friendly touch with the mothers, by visiting in the homes. Where a child after repeated visits showed no definite illness, and yet no noticeable improvement in health, such a visit was paid to try to find out whether the food really reached it, and if misuse was discovered the card was taken away. Happily, however, in the great majority of cases, the charts of the children's weight showed splendid improvement, and indeed the devotion of the Viennese mothers was wonderful. Serious danger arose from the fact that so many young mothers gave up their food to their children, with the result that rampant tuberculosis followed on the slightest chill.

Obviously, this work of distribution demanded a great deal of transport, and quite a large fleet of motors was in constant request. These were housed in sheds of Vienna's great cattle market, where before the war as many as 40,000

¹ John H. Brocklesby. Arrested as a deserter after Appeal Tribunal had failed to recognize conscientious objection, May 11th, 1916. Drafted to France, May 29th. Court-martialled at Henriville Camp, Boulogne, June 13th. Sentence of death promulgated, with commutation to ten years' penal servitude, June 24th, 1916. Released from Maidstone Convict Prison, April 12th, 1919.

head of cattle were disposed of daily. At this time twenty or thirty a week were all that were to be seen, and the spacious sheds were used as garages and repair workshops, where about fifty Austrians worked under the able supervision of Vern Conover, an American member of the Unit.

The high-water mark of the relief given through the depots in Vienna was reached early in 1921, when 64,431 children were receiving rations. They were slowly reduced in the summer to the number of 11,630, and again increased, as the autumn brought more necessity, to 16,045, which in view of the lessened unemployment was considered an adequate number. During 1922 the whole scheme was discontinued, 2,000 special monthly food packets remaining as the only relic of it.

CHAPTER XXXII

OTHER HELP TO CHILDREN

WE have spoken of the help given to the "Am Tivoli" hospital at Meidling: we must also tell of support to various other institutions which were finding it impossible to function on their reduced resources. In this way were maintained 100 beds at the Krems Sanatorium for children in incipient stages of tuberculosis; 200 beds at Spinnerin am Kreuz, a home on the outskirts of Vienna dealing chiefly with cases of surgical tuberculosis; and 50 beds at the Englisch-Französisches Kleinkinderheim at Baumgarten for cases of rickets. This was founded by a grant from the French Save the Children Fund, and Madame Hallier, wife of the French Minister to Vienna, presided over the local committee. By these means it was felt that the institutions would be tided over the hard times and the best help given to the sufferers.

Another important branch of help to the children was the sending them away to the country, in Austria. The Mission chose this means of recuperation, rather than that of taking the responsibility of sending children to England, as the funds in this way went much further. There were many excellent homes willing to take them, if only the where-withal could be supplied. Nearly 3,000 children were sent away in the summer of 1920, as well as others at various times, for a stay of from three to six months. Many of these children were supported during their visits by friends in England. The joy of such country visits was incalculable, after the long misery in the town. This was expressed vividly by one child who wrote, "Isn't it like life in Paradise? When I lie on my bed at night, I think of the many, many

good people in the world, and I say 'May the good God reward them.' The son of one of Vienna's richest men, whom his father managed to send away, began his first letter with the all-important fact, "Now I am no longer always hungry." On the contrary, the return to the horrors so well known and dreaded, so unnerved a boy who had been sent by some agency to Switzerland, that he took his own life rather than face it.

Yet another scheme must be mentioned, that of the adoptions organised at the request of the English Save the Children Fund, with much help also from the Westminster Catholic Federation. Through this scheme, 1,200 children were personally helped by individuals in England, who gave sufficient money to pay for a fortnightly packet of rations for their special child or children. Besides the money they gave friendship, sending to and receiving from their "adopted" children, post cards and little extras. The workers who gave them their rations got to know them, and could give them a kindly word. The success of this scheme was shown by the fact that in many cases the most delicate child of the family became by its means the strongest.

CHAPTER XXXIII

CLOTHING

FROM what has already been said, it will be obvious that the need for clothing was a crying one, notwithstanding the wonderful genius for doing without clothes which seems to have developed all over Central Europe. People whose attire appears in every way satisfactory, will tell you in post-war years that they have no article of clothing bought since the war began : but you may learn of such cases as that of the two brothers who only owned a joint suit, and while one studied at the University the other remained in bed ; or of the grandmother who gave up all chance of going out during the winter, by remaking her outdoor coat for her grandson to go to school in. The need, therefore, for help in clothing was so speedily recognised by the Mission that already in December, 1919, 76,000 garments and 100,000 yards of material had been distributed. This material, by the way, was the means of doing double service, for before it benefited the wearers as clothes, it gave employment to very many workers. Contact was made with some large workshops carried on by manufacturers who had formerly done export trade on an extended scale, but who now had nothing to give their workers and were only too thankful to put out the work.

These new clothes, together with the innumerable second-hand ones sent from England and America, were sold to selected families far below cost price. These families were, for the most part, those whose children were receiving depot rations, but the fact that in one month as many as 30,000 persons were dealt with gives some idea of the enormous amount of work involved. The delight given

by the sales shall be told in the words of one of those who was personally engaged in superintending them—Frances Toplitz.

“Strange things have happened since war broke down the world and peace broke it up ! Nothing stranger could be imagined than a bargain day at the Hofburg, the New Hofburg to be more exact. The New Hofburg ! What pictures that conjures up, that great stone pile, Vienna’s court, her inner sanctum, where Emperors and Archdukes and Princes have trod, where her brilliant but most rigid and formal top of the ‘Crème de la crème’ have gathered. Bargain days there ! And it is not crowns and sceptres, nor ermine robes nor strings of pearls that are on those bargain counters ! It is clothes, just good plain practical everyday clothes, necessities, barest necessities, just what Hamel or Gretl must have first. . . .

“ . . . They wait gladly, smilingly, certainly patiently, their hearts quicken as they think of the nice warm things they are going to buy for their children. Haven’t they already seen their neighbours’ purchases the day before, do they not inspect each armful as it comes out of the depot, and do they not chat and compare as they make up their bundles in the outer corridor ? With true feminine instinct, their pulse must beat a little faster at the thought of it all—and for many, very many, it is the first shopping expedition since the war. A nice, orderly, well-managed sale it is. No pushing and crowding, no elbowing and scolding, no tearing the clothes off one another’s backs. No fighting to get near the tables. Not at all : they come in small detachments, and they are served by those who make service a religion and not a matter of pay-envelope and time-clock. And in their simple way they wonder and puzzle why people from so far away, people they thought from enemy countries, why they should take the trouble to see that they have clothes for their children, not all they need, but more, far more than they ever dreamed of possessing in these times of grotesque prices.

“And so they come day after day, not the same but new numbers ; five hundred families a day are served at this Clothing Depot of the Friends’ Relief Mission. They come at the exact hour given them, in fact they come hours ahead of their time for fear they might miss their golden

opportunity. There are forty thousand or more that must be served by these untiring workers of the Mission, forty thousand before the milder days of autumn are swept away by the harsher ones of winter. As the piles of material melt away, the hearts of those workers become leaden lest there be not enough for the last of the forty thousand, even with rations restricted. The mothers are not thinking of the last of the forty thousand, but of their little ones and their needs. They want to buy, who knows, perhaps even at the risk of an empty stomach. They look with covetous eyes at the counters of shoes and stockings, of shirts and aprons, of snug warm underwear, at the piles of flannelettes or serge or gingham, and while they talk and feel and examine they are mentally clothing their Hamels and Gretls. But they take it very philosophically when they are told the rule : Three pieces of anything for the baby, two for girls, two for boys, two for mother and one for father. It is all so wonderful to get even that much when they have been without for so long. And they know that they are only paying enough to make them feel that they are being helped and not pauperised. Even at that, there are some who cannot pay that little, and they are given gratis. Only themselves, the 'good lady of the Mission' and their 'Fürsorgeblätter' need know."

One other extract, by Dorothy Detzer, will perhaps remove all final doubt as to the need for help in this direction.

"There was a damp cold wind, which followed me down the long stone passage leading to the flat of Frau Güls. I hurried through the little door into the kitchen with a feeling of relief that, finally, that damp December air was outside. And then, with a shudder of annoyance, I found it chill on my back once more. And, indeed—there it was—relentless, cruel—rushing through a broken window in the door. Couldn't Frau Güls stuff rags in the broken pane, I suggested at once. Rags ? She had no rags.

"But what were those things hanging across the room on a string, which served as a clothes-lines ? I asked. And then it was that I discovered the contents of the Güls wardrobe. These were rags to be sure—small bits sewed together again and again—now with thread, now with hair, now with bits of thin string. They had just been washed in the black cold water which had not yet been emptied from a wooden tub

on the floor. But there had been no soap and there was no fire to heat the water, so these amazing garments were not very clean.

"But there were no rags to spare to hold out that constant draught. Until last week a bit of red curtain had served, but that was now sacrificed for new patches in Valerie's coat. I looked around. I had that sense of awful desolation that comes on one upon entering a house dismantled for moving. But the Güls were not moving. One by one, they had sold their household gods, until now, scarcely the bare necessities of life were left. There was a single bed and I here found Franz, who is 2. He is there until his small share of rags on the string in the kitchen should dry, so that he would again be dressed. He was a queer bluish white : and whimpered, whimpered, whimpered—all through that sad Christmas call. It seemed he could not cry.

"Here Güls was not in. He was off again to-day at the hopeless job of looking for work, and Herr Güls was a chronic invalid. His wife was worried : only 2 days before her husband's feet had gone through the soles of their last pair of shoes. I looked down at Frau Güls' feet and was then amazed to find them bound about with bits of paper and cardboard. Then I learned that they were her shoes which Herr Güls had worn through the two days before.

"And then I gave her the Christmas package—food bought with the money mercifully sent from home for 'Christmas Cheer.' I could hardly bear to watch her joy as each bag was opened—the way in which she caressed the bacon and held up the tins of milk in front of Franz to try to still his monotonous heart-breaking whimpers. The only food they had known was the queer tasteless soup, which they got once a day at the Vienna soup-kitchen—and the rations for Franz, which they were now to receive each fortnight from the Friends' Relief Committee.

"As I looked down at that white unhappy baby—who had played no part in wars except starvation, and knew no land of Foe except through suffering—I wondered then if we dared to hope that America and England would come to challenge those awful lines of Noyes : 'A murdered child, ten miles away, would hardly stir your peace,'"

CHAPTER XXXIV

AGRICULTURE

THE Friends' Missions in every country have endeavoured not merely to give emergency relief, but by probing the problems presented to meet them with some help which shall leave lasting improvement. So with the acute problem of Vienna's lack of milk, they desired to offer a remedy which should leave something more useful behind it than the empty tins following a large importation of condensed milk. In 1910 there were 1,174,851 cows and 83,969 bulls in Austria: in 1918 there were 897,904 cows and 49,102 bulls, or a total decrease of 311,814 cattle. The facts were very grave: the pre-war daily supply was 900,000 litres; in October, 1920, it was scarcely 60,000 litres. In old days the Wiener Mölkerei, the best Vienna dairy, was run on the most modern lines, with machinery going night and day, and a staff of 800. After the war, its glory was departed, and there was only a fraction of the former supply to deal with. This diminution was the result of several causes—to begin with, much of the territory which formerly supplied milk was now in Czecho-Slovakia, or Hungary, which did not care to export their produce. Then numbers of cattle (including milch-cows) had been killed in the war to feed the army, and such as remained were so in-bred, or ill-bred, that their yield was in some cases reduced to 2 or 3 litres daily instead of 12-14, in addition to which the price of fodder was so high that, in the Tyrol, for instance, the cattle were fed on pine needles. Further difficulties were encountered by the disorganisation of transport and the lack of ice, so that a very much larger

proportion of the milk than before, arrived sour. And, finally, the Austrian Government, in a futile attempt to ensure the milk for the use of the poor, fixed a maximum price for its sale, far below the cost of production. The peasants, naturally refused to sell it at such a price, and used it freely as food for their pigs or indulged in the tempting occupation of *schleichandel*, or illicit trading, which reached large proportions in these sad years. By its means the foreign population and profiteers enjoyed—at prices perfectly fabulous to the Viennese—every luxury they desired. I remember my shock and shame on one of my visits in Vienna. I had breakfasted one morning in Berlin on very bad black bread and milkless tea. Next morning, in a Vienna hotel, I was served with tea and excellent milk, delicious white milk-bread and butter!

The small supply of milk still coming in was rationed, and nominally every baby under one year, or its mother, was entitled to 1 litre per diem, but this was not always obtainable: sometimes there was enough for babies between one and two to have $\frac{1}{4}$ litre. In some of the provincial towns, matters were equally bad; for instance, in Salzburg, there was no milk for adult patients in hospital, and none for babies over six months.

The answer to this state of things was, clearly, more cows. Undaunted by the great expense of such a scheme, the Friends set to work to devise how it could be done, and a beginning was made, with the assistance of the Save the Children Fund, by the importation of Swiss cows, and cows from distant parts of Austria, such as the Vorarlberg, in all 290 in the spring of 1920. This venture proved such a success, that it was decided to follow it up later in the year. But, by then, a rise in price made Swiss cows prohibitive, the difficulties of transport from England and America were too great, so Holland was favoured, although a prejudice against Dutch cows, owing to bad specimens having been imported, had to be surmounted. The actual importation, despite all sorts of wonderful help, was no light business. Helen



AUSTRIAN COW: SHOWING DETERIORATION DUE TO WAR CONDITIONS



ONE OF THE DUTCH COWS IMPORTED BY THE FRIENDS TO
IMPROVE THE BREEDS

Andrews—then head of the agricultural department in Vienna—went to Holland in November, 1920, to choose and purchase 255 cows, and 6 bulls. The Dutch Government could not possibly have been kinder; they provided her with the help of their best cattle expert, and a motor to take her and her two helpers on their journey round the farms, and also dispensed with the export duty on the cattle. Three of the bulls were received as presents, two from the Netherland Herdbook Society. At last the large cow and bull family were all gathered together, were inoculated against tuberculosis, and were dispatched in two special trains under the care of Stanley Parris and some Dutchmen. The journey was not without incident. Five medical examinations and the births of four calves enlivened it. Finally, they arrived in Vienna, on a Sunday, in the middle of an election, and without any due warning, so that the members of the Mission had to rush round to make arrangements for their reception, and to find the veterinary surgeon, without whose examination the animals could not be detrained. And though one cow did fall into a tank of water in the darkness, and though the Mission members were nearly exhausted with their efforts, the net result was that all were safely housed on their appointed farms.

The plan was to arrange with certain selected farmers to care for the cows and to pay for them by delivering their milk to the Mission. This payment took from eighteen months to two years, for the price of the cow was reckoned as about 6,500 litres of milk. The farmer was entitled to keep the calves born, free of charge, but agreed to the full right of inspection by the Mission, which, on its side, agreed to supply sufficient artificial foodstuffs at cost price to keep the cow in milk. As has been said, the stock of cattle had greatly deteriorated, and it was an integral part of the scheme to import pedigree bulls to improve the strain, particularly in the Tyrol, where the main breeding stations are. In return for this help the Tyrolese authorities agreed to give export licences for milch cows to be sent to Vienna, a point

of great importance when relations were strained between the capital and the provinces. The progeny of the eighteen Swiss bulls imported took first prizes at all the shows in 1922.

It is amusing to know that the Austrians insisted on naming two of the bulls "Quaker" and "Leo Freund," the latter's name of "Leo" denoting so long a pedigree that it had to be retained. Future agriculturists may be puzzled at the reason for identifying cattle with a religious sect!

The milk at the disposal of the Mission from their cows was added to Vienna's depleted supply, and made indeed a substantial increase, amounting to 1,429,298 litres in the year 1921. It was delivered for the most part direct to institutions, or sold under cost price at the depots. It was a source of great happiness to know how many children were benefited, who before had never known the taste of fresh milk. At one time, 8,000 children were receiving 1 pint a day by this means. Further importations were made, bringing the number of cows brought in up to 1,409 by July, 1922. In addition 2,797 tons of fodder were distributed to maintain the yield of milk. By selling this cheaply to other farmers too, they were able to supply their milk profitably even at the low price fixed by the Government. This price, however, was finally raised.

Another very useful scheme was initiated by Clement Biddle of New York, who for many months gave the great help of his business knowledge and experience to the problems of Vienna. This was that part of the subsidy for bringing in condensed milk, upon which the Austrian Government spent large sums monthly, should, instead, be diverted to pay for cheapening oil-cake, and that farmers should receive 1 kilo of cake for each extra litre of milk delivered.

The Agricultural activity of the Mission was not confined to increasing the milk yield. It included also the importation of 161 Yorkshire pigs, 1,478 fowls and ducks, Italian

rams and Swiss goats, which last were of especial value to the small hospitals and children's homes, which often had enough ground to keep a goat at very little expense. Peas, beans and potatoes were also purchased in considerable quantities, and sold under cost price to the city, for the allotment holders.

CHAPTER XXXV

STUDENTS

IN every country of Central Europe since the war the plight of the students has been a cruel one. Although they showed wonderful energy in taking work as typists, harvesters, shoemakers, tram-conductors, film actors, waiters, etc., it was almost impossible for them both to study and to earn a living. When it takes the pay for 1,000 lessons to earn enough to buy a costume, a hat and a pair of shoes, life is hardly long enough to become learned! Of course the criticism is often made that studies should be neglected at such abnormal times, but it would have been almost equally difficult to divert the labour of such large numbers of young people into other channels, when Austria was so drastically reduced in size and opportunities, and when already an attempt was being made to absorb her far too large body of civil servants into other employments. But, if students were to continue to study, it was obviously needful to increase their food. A committee of Friends and students was formed to arrange for a system of breakfasts for the neediest students, and by June, 1920, more than 2,000 students at the University and Technical Colleges in Vienna were having a breakfast of $\frac{1}{4}$ litre of cocoa and $\frac{1}{10}$ kilo of white bread. This may not seem the height of luxury, but to people accustomed frequently to spend the day with no more nourishment than a cup of black coffee, it was indeed sumptuous. For actual cases of starvation occurred, and students have gone to bed from hunger and exhaustion, and been found dead days after. Help in food was also given to the Mensa at various Commercial, Agricultural and Technical Colleges, as well as an evening meal in many

hostels, and a very important department was that for providing clothing, rations of which were sold at greatly reduced prices.

To finance this work a special appeal was organised from the London office, asking for help from all the Universities in Great Britain. A committee of representatives was called together, which in time developed into the Universities' Committee of the Imperial War Relief Fund. In fact, in the matter of students, the work of the Friends was mainly that of pioneers, for in Austria, as in other countries, the World Student Christian Federation first co-operated, and then took it over. But even after this was done, the Friends continued help in Vienna, by giving £1,000 in money, as well as transport and clerical help and by lending members of their personnel to continue the work.

There was much to be done, too, in helping individual cases of hardship, and also in making friends with the students whose country had suffered from the intellectual and spiritual blockade, and who were eager to learn about the art, science and literature of England and America, for which informal talks and summer excursions, arranged by the Friends, gave opportunity.

One experiment in the summer of 1920 deserves special notice. This was a wood-cutting camp at Tulbinger Kogel, under the charge of Norah Warner, to enable some students to earn money while getting a change from Vienna, and some sort of holiday. An Austrian Baron had given his timber at a nominal price for the good of the hospitals, which was to be cut down by these forty-seven men, and nine women, students. In the five weeks of camp life they cut and stacked about 150 tons of wood, despite many wet days when work was impossible because no one had any change of clothes, and from the fact that they rested or studied in the afternoons. The care of such a family proved to be no sinecure ! Some were lazy, some were energetic : they did not leave behind them their nationalist antagonisms, and the camp threatened to be broken up, owing to the inclusion of

a Jewess, with whom some of the others refused to eat. A decree, that if she was obliged to go, so also would those who were rude to her, brought a more peaceful atmosphere, though some still ate in their tents to avoid giving in. Here were in miniature the difficulties of Vienna University, and it was all the more encouraging to find at the end, when it seemed as if the ideals desired by the Mission had been very imperfectly practised, that the students had been given furiously to think. They admitted that they had seen with their own eyes that no difference was made between Czech or Austrian, Jew or Gentile, and that *need* was the basis on which help was given. They admitted, also, that they had discovered for the first time the joy and dignity of labour, and at length realised that the hope of Austria lay in work.

The hardships of the professors were not forgotten. One world-famous professor, aged eighty-one, was found to have been living on tea and soup alone for three months, and help both in food and clothing was given. A special fund from the English Universities' Committee for needy professors and their widows was administered. One professor wrote to a friend of his in Chicago: "Our coats and trousers still stick together, but there will soon come a time when they will all fall off, and then will all that the other countries do for us be of no value." He also told of a former Austrian ambassador whose wife was in the country, where she was digging manure into a potato field. In the summer she walked—literally walked—to some friends in the Black Forest.

CHAPTER XXXVI

COAL

DEARTH of fuel greatly added to the sufferings of the Viennese. It has already been noted that the former supplies from Czecho-Slovakia were cut off, so that whereas Vienna's monthly requirements were about 1,156,000 metric tons of coal and 111,040 tons of coke, during the winter of 1920 she was obtaining only 397,913 tons, or 34 per cent of her requirements. No wonder that the trams had to be stopped altogether for weeks at a time, and underfed workers had to add long walks to their arduous days; no wonder that even the railways were stopped at times, and that other vital needs were unmet; for instance, the municipal gas and electricity works and factories were closed down, causing further disaster by widespread unemployment. Private houses, and even hospitals were left with the barest means of heating and cooking, and to underfed, thinly clad people this meant a great aggravation of suffering. The coal ration per week was about one basinful per family, but this was so difficult to obtain that many gave it up in despair. The only alternative was wood. Leave could be obtained to cut 30 cwt. of this twice a week in Vienna's great forest, the Wiener Wald, and every day about 20,000 people used to go out to get it, although it entailed a walk of $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours beyond the tram terminus. Only those who have tried, as one of our workers did, know what heavy work it meant to load the wood on to a little push-cart and steer it down hill through the mud and the stones to the collector's home. In this case, it was an old woman of seventy-four who, but for this timely help, would have done it unaided. Even small children were pressed

into the service, and brought back heavy loads. But the work was dangerous for such unskilled workers, and there were said to be accidents, and even fatalities nearly every day.

It is cheering to record that in the winter of 1922, 26,000 of the poorest families received grants of coal from Austrian sources. The coal-owners charged more to their better-off purchasers, and by adding money from themselves, and other well-wishers, were able to arrange this welcome help.

The Mission was able to do much by grants to old people, and this problem was typical of many others in which the workers could use their influence and experience with the authorities. With extensive first-hand knowledge of conditions, they could report to the officials of the Allies on conditions which needed urgent help. We have to record much courteous attention in very numerous interviews in London, Paris and Vienna, which were the means of making known to the Food and Coal Commissions and to the Supreme Economic Council, facts which could only be gained by intimate knowledge of the lives of the people. In particular may be mentioned the help and advice frequently given in connection with Austria and other countries by Sir William Goode, British Director of Relief, and by Mr. Hoover, head of the American Relief Administration.

CHAPTER XXXVII

OLD PEOPLE

IT was clear that in a city like Vienna, where conditions had deteriorated steadily and slowly for the great majority of citizens, the children must have first claim to the available help, but none but the hard-hearted could possibly be indifferent to the pathos of the old people. Some of them had had hard lives, economising and undergoing privations all along, in order to assure themselves a care-free old age. And when at last their frugality resulted in the purchase of an annuity or pension for life, the value of the money disappeared like a will-o'-the-wisp, and left a little worthless paper in their hands. And in this respect the poor and the rich suffered exactly alike, and were made equal in disaster. For what mattered it whether your yearly income was 250 or 100,000 kronen a year, when the pound sterling was equal to 350,000 kronen? So those of gentle birth who had lived the wonderfully beautiful and cultured life of the best society in Vienna, found themselves entirely deprived of every comfort they had known through life. Their houses remained, to haunt them like ghosts of former happiness, and to provide, one by one, treasured possessions which could be sold to obtain a little food. But let anyone put himself in the place of these aristocrats and realise the intense bitterness of being reduced to beggary. Every instinct was against even telling of their wants and difficulties, and to resign themselves to accepting charity at the hands of foreigners must, indeed, have meant almost mental torture. Every conceivable care needed to be taken to make them feel that the gift was a real expression of friendship and no mere efficient charity. Perhaps these old

people typified almost more than anyone else the past greatness of Vienna, that greatness so closely identified with a dynasty, and yet so aloof and dignified. It is difficult to realise the overwhelming change that has come over the city since the war. A new Vienna is being born and the young may look hopefully towards the future, but the old people are left untouched by this new life, realising only that they belong to a lost past, which has left them cruelly alone. Death is all they have to look forward to.

Very often the old people would endeavour to show their gratitude by rendering some service in return ; such was the case of an old lady, very expert in mending, who begged to be allowed to patch and darn ; or another, an excellent cook, who asked for materials that she might prove her skill. Others offered to translate, or to teach French or German, while some asked pitifully if no suggestion could be made as to how they might make a return and thus lessen the burden of taking a gift from strangers.

This touching request was received by the Mission, pricked with a pin by an old blind lady. "The undersigned begs you most kindly to grant us help, for we are both blind, my husband and I : so, may I ask whether it would be possible for us to be given some wool for knitting ? We ask for kindly consideration of our request."

The help given by the Mission to old people is associated particularly with the name of Lady Mary Murray, who, in co-operation with the Committee in London, made a special appeal for funds in England, through the *Manchester Guardian*, which enabled very many pathetic cases to be relieved. They were granted a ration of food and a little fuel, which made an unbelievable difference to their happiness. In other cases, free dinner tickets were given. An association of young people was formed in Vienna to show special care and help to the old, a movement which met with considerable success.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

HANDICRAFTS

IN close connection with the aid to old people was the department for handicrafts. The art of Vienna is not a thing of the past, and her cultured inhabitants have proved, not only their artistic ability, but their ingenuity in surmounting the immense material loss they have sustained. Take, for instance, the case of a lady who was found to be supporting herself and her father by her flower-painting—painting, it is true, in coloured inks only, because paints were beyond her means. Her father's clothes were made from an old flag, both his and her boots from canvas, laced with string across inverted hooks instead of eyelet-holes !

The petit-point embroidery done by their ancestors was revived, and incredibly fine work produced. A charming countess was discovered, living in a room full of valuable furniture, collected through generations, a chair given by Maria Theresa to an ancestor, a cigarette-case given by Napoleon. To put off the evil day of parting with their treasures, the daughter managed to do enough embroidery to keep herself and her mother, though her own marriage had to be postponed indefinitely for lack of any household equipment.

Such people, of course, had great difficulty in finding a sale for their products, though they could be self-supporting if a sale could be assured. So the Mission stepped in, and formed a link between producers and purchasers, and quite a flourishing business developed. All sorts and kinds of pretty things were sent to London, where a room in the office was given up to their sale, which was organised by Hilda

Schuster. The money was returned to the makers, giving them immense cheer in finding themselves once more self-supporting, and at the same time able to find scope for their handicraft. Over 2,000 people were helped in this way in 1921, and much attention was given to training the workers to make saleable articles.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE MIDDLE-CLASSES

BRIEF mention must be made of some other forms of relief given to the "Mittelstand." To help individual cases in such ubiquitous poverty was most difficult to do wisely, and was therefore administered, for the most part, through Austrian societies who were better able to sift out the neediest cases. The task of refusing to help was a very unenviable one, but it was natural that a relief society at such a time should be overwhelmed with appeals, addressed sometimes in quaint style, such as that to the "high-born Society of Friends," or, more difficult to resist, "Dear Society of little Friends." There were generally about 300 especially needy cases receiving help.

Young people, also, who were studying or training for skilled work, received rations to enable them to finish their preparation for work which should prove really sufficient to support them. This was often done in the form of free tickets to communal kitchens. Special attention, too, was given to the tubercular people, as well as to nursing and expectant mothers, who all received special rations.

One letter received from an "Individual case" must be quoted, as showing the non-material results of such help. After expressing his gratitude for both the help and the manner of giving, the writer went on: "This is not mere flattery, as until the day when I was forced to ask your help, I felt at enmity with all English, French and Italian people, which will hardly surprise you, as I was formerly a Prussian officer. But bitter necessity forced me to take this painful road,

and now I am overcome by the gracious, as well as kind, way in which you have helped me. This unconsciously wins hearts for you, and changes enmity and bitterness into the deepest respect and grateful love, which quickly heals the wounds caused by this disastrous war."

CHAPTER XL

LAND SETTLEMENTS

ONE may almost say that the Viennese Land Settlement Movement arose out of the food shortage. A visitor to Vienna in 1919 could not help being struck by the amount of spare land in the city which was not being utilised for purposes of food production then so urgently needed, but by 1920 this had been greatly remedied, for by that time 70,000 families owned allotment gardens, covering nearly 5,000 acres of such land, within the city boundaries. The rabbit population had risen to 240,000, the poultry to 300,000, the goats to 5,000. Coupled with this increase of outdoor work, was the fact of the great overcrowding, nearly half the population living at the rate of four persons per room, which overcrowding was increased by the demobilisation of the army. As both these shortages grew more acute, it was natural that the allotment holders should begin to build huts on their plots to sleep in during the summer months, and a demand for more permanent accommodation of the sort developed. A body of wounded ex-soldiers asked leave to settle in the park, which was formerly the ex-Emperor's hunting park. They were summarily refused, but, driven by desperate need, they ignored the refusal, and established themselves, a *fait accompli* which was afterwards regularised, and the "Land Settlement" of Lainztiergarten grew up. These pioneers appealed to the Society of Friends for help, but it was decided to wait for six months to see whether they proved themselves to be in earnest. At the end of this time they had cleared the land and begun to build, a proceeding followed by another

settlement, so that it was evident there was enough force in the movement to justify our appealing for capital for it.

Such men as were taking the initiative certainly needed exceptional treatment: for the career for which they had perhaps spent half a lifetime's preparation was swept away from them. However much some of us object to the military system, this does not diminish our feeling of sympathy for the human beings ruined by it.

Thrown out in middle age, worn-out, disabled and unfitted for any other avocation, the courage they showed in adapting themselves to their hard conditions must excite our admiration.

The straits to which ex-army men were put by their demobilisation in large numbers, at a time when unemployment was rife, and the State could not afford to pay adequate pensions, was shown by an incident related by one of our workers. She went with an Austrian to dine at a communal kitchen, where, for a sum equal to many shillings for an Austrian, a miserable meal of watery soup, vegetables and some unrecognisable substance called plum-cake, was served. The narrator did not finish her helping of vegetables, and was amazed when a little, withered, white-haired man darted out of a corner, and murmuring "Allow me," helped himself to the remains. Her companion explained that he was a Colonel in the late army.

To many of these people, a community effort was not easy, and they had to learn many lessons the while. Without idealism in the movement, it may be much doubted whether it could have succeeded. An important feature of it has been the strong anti-alcohol movement, allowing no licensed houses in the settlements.

To return to the history of the movement. Land Settlement Unions ("Siedlungsgenossenschaften") were formed, composed of working-men, teachers, artists, ex-officers and soldiers, that is to say, of especially those classes who were hardest hit by the conditions obtaining, and these were united into a central body, known as the "Hauptverband



COLLECTING WOOD FROM THE WIENERWALD WHEN COAL WAS
UNPROCURABLE



A STREET IN ONE OF THE NEW LAND SETTLEMENTS
(GOATS WERE PROVIDED BY THE FRIENDS)

für Siedlungswesen " representing societies of which the total membership was about 700,000 members. Building, in itself, may seem a prosaic, material thing, but inherent in this movement was a real enthusiasm, vision and determination to overcome the seemingly insuperable difficulties of obtaining new and better homes by self-dependent means. Rents—for what rooms could be obtained—had remained, owing to rent restriction acts, one of Vienna's few cheap provisions, but building, as everywhere, was fantastically expensive. These schemes were made possible through several factors. (1) Some State revenue was allotted for the work, though the national poverty made the paying of it very often most uncertain and grievously delayed. (2) The Municipality constructed the roads, sewers, water and light services at its own cost, and also made additional grants. (3) The houses were of the simplest possible type. (4) The settlers themselves undertook to give from 1,500 to 2,000 hours of their own labour towards the making of their homes, an undertaking carried out with great spirit and perseverance. Both men and women dug trenches, mixed materials, made concrete and clay bricks and gave general assistance under skilled supervision, which was itself given voluntarily by expert settlers. When it is remembered that many of the men were injured by their war service, and all had undergone prolonged hardships; that besides, many people gave such labour to other people's houses in the dim hope that some day their own turn might come, their real enthusiasm and self-discipline may be better understood, and it will be realised that in this movement is to be found one of the hopes of new Austria, and a most cheering sign of her undaunted courage and resilience. The change from the old life in high tenement houses to the community life in cottages with gardens is full of significance.

What was the share of the Society of Friends in this movement? The most tangible help was that of money to supplement the other sources of supply, which proved insufficient from time to time. More than once, when the

State grants were not forthcoming, all the work would be held up, and the prospect of home and garden would recede from the keen settlers. And then a timely grant or loan would set things in motion once more, until better times came. Nearly £12,000 was collected for this purpose. The Friends were also able to arrange for welfare workers and gardening teachers in some of the settlements, and to assist in providing poultry, pigs, goats and sheep for the settlers. Of no less significance was the cheer and encouragement given to the settlers by the sympathetic interest of the Mission, chiefly through the instrumentality of Aline Atherton Smith, whose whole time was devoted to the work.

One or two special buildings deserve notice: a group of houses at the "Eden" settlement was built as a memorial to Edward Backhouse, the beloved treasurer of the London Committee, who lost his life in an Alpine accident; another group at "Hirschstetten" was similarly completed in memory of Agnes Elizabeth Murray, who had given able help to the Mission in Vienna for a time, particularly in the work of student relief; other buildings, including a Community House, were built from special grants made respectively by the Friends' Ambulance Unit and Friends' Emergency Committee (which latter was united with the Relief Committee).

The food increase, consequent upon the foundation of the settlements, has been very considerable, many of the settlers growing 50 per cent of their food requirements. In one colony, for instance, 12 tons of vegetable, and 4,000 litres of goats' milk were produced on land reclaimed from forest in one year. The size to which the movement developed later is indicated by the fact that in 1923 the 2,800 acres of land allocated to it within the city radius provided accommodation for 18,000 families.

Throughout the work, the greatest economy has had to be exercised, and, at times, it has seemed as if failure were inevitable. Hollow concrete bricks had to be substituted for burnt bricks, until the latter became cheaper again, and, more important still, the type of house had to be greatly

diminished in size. Instead of the two-storied cottage originally planned, a so-called "Nucleus" house (*Kernhaus*) was devised, consisting of only two rooms and an attic, which could be added to in better times, and made into a complete house. The restrictions entailed by the League of Nations Reconstruction affected the movement very much and delayed its development, but it is going forward, and those best able to judge are convinced that it is destined to play a great part in the future history of Austria.

CHAPTER XLI

SOURCES OF FUNDS

THE Friends' work in Austria received support from a great number of sources, which must be briefly referred to with great gratitude, for without them the work accomplished would have been far less significant. The Save the Children Fund and Vienna Emergency Relief Fund both raised very substantial funds in England, of which they made large grants in money and goods to the Friends, and of these, one donation of £10,000 from the Miners' Union is of special interest. It is noteworthy that the former society's branch in France also held public meetings to raise funds for the same purpose. For a time all the funds raised in England, qualified the Committee to receive a like sum from the British Treasury under the £ for £ relief scheme, and by this means the sum of £98,391 was received and added to the amounts administered in the year ending September, 1920.

Further, the American Red Cross and American Relief Administration gave large grants for special purposes, and, as in our other Units, the American Friends collected from a very generous public, and shared in the carrying out of all the work. Collections, too, were made in Austria herself, notably the Kinderhilfswoche Fund, made in the end of 1920, when 7,000,000 kronen were collected by Austrians from Austrians and foreigners. Students, boy scouts, etc., lent their services to collect in private houses and places of entertainment. The kinema houses gave 1 krone per seat taken on a certain day, and all sorts of help, such as free paper, printing and advertisement were given, and a theatre orchestra gave a special children's performance and

made a collection amongst themselves. Nor can the splendid help of Baron Ofenheim, himself an Austrian, be omitted from mention.

The Friends' Committee in London also raised large funds direct, and most touching was the true generosity shown by numberless donors. One instance must suffice. A small English boy, hearing from one of the workers of the suffering of the children, listened intently for a time, and then disappeared. Soon they heard him fumbling with his little Savings' Bank and presently he returned and handed the visitor half a crown, saying, "I want you to give this to some of the children of Vienna." And the happy result was, that brought to Vienna, it was exchanged for 100 kronen, and with this money a sick little girl was given a whole month's holiday in the country, with 25 kronen left over.

Whilst instancing generosity, it is delightful to remember that this has been shown not unfrequently by the nationals of a country who are themselves in dire need. Thus the Austrians contributed to the starving Russians in the famine, and a writer in the *Manchester Guardian* of 14th December, 1919, states that "every adult person in the German Empire since November 27th surrenders a stipulated portion (50 grammes) weekly, of his already slender bread ration for the Austrian need."

CHAPTER XLII

PROVINCES

ATTENTION has thus far been centred on Vienna, but neither the need nor the work was by any means confined to it. Conditions differed in the different provinces, and although happily there was little unemployment, there was a desperate need for food. Even Upper Austria, the richest part of the country, had received before the war thousands of wagons of flour from Hungary. Now, on the contrary, some of its scanty supplies were deflected to Vienna. The town of Salzburg had depended parasitically on the visitors to its hotels. Now they came no longer, and there was no work, but if they came there would be no food for them ! The town of Leoben was in a dilemma of a different sort. There were iron mines, with eight enormous furnaces. These would have been of great economic value if they could have been worked to the fullest extent, but only coal enough to work one furnace could be procured. A further difficulty was the lack of labour, and an attempt to obtain men from Vienna resulted in entire failure, because they were so underfed that they could not manage the hard work. It was estimated that in the entire province of Carinthia, almost one-third of the men were unable to work because of illness or weakness. Styria had lost the richest part of its territory to Jugo-Slavia, and during the occupation in the war by that country of some districts still left to Austria, most devastating raids were made by the army, leaving the people to endure miserable housing accommodation, some even living in stalls with the cattle. In the town of Graz, the deaths so far exceeded the births that were

this to have continued for thirty years the town's population would have been wiped out.

Unfortunately, too, there was much ill-feeling between Vienna and the country. Vienna somewhat naturally looked askance at the country as failing to supply her elementary needs, and as being unwilling even to sell the goods produced. The country people, on the other hand, remembered the pride and luxury of the city in her prosperous days, and pitied themselves for receiving nothing but worthless paper money in return for their precious goods. So what goods they did part with were mostly for the lucrative *schleichandel*, already described. Meanwhile, their own needs were extremely urgent, and yet the outpouring of relief which helped Vienna very rarely reached into the country. The Friends decided that help in food and clothing should be extended to the country; accordingly twenty-one depots like those already described in Vienna were organised, providing food for ten thousand children. The necessary medical inspection meant very hard work for the country doctors and very long tramps for the people who attended it. When the depots were actually functioning, much gratitude was expressed, and one kindergarten school spent months in painting post cards for children in England, to show their appreciation. Seven hundred happy children were presented with wooden shoes, which gave back to them the power of going to school whatever the weather. Then clothing sales were arranged for members of the salaried and professional classes, and for old people. In the case of those who were near at hand, their fare to Vienna was given to them, and they proudly went to the city to "do their shopping," but in the more distant places the clothes had to go to the people, and on one occasion it was a picturesque sight to see the people from far-off villages arriving at the chosen centre in a big ox-wagon, paid for by their better-off neighbours. Not one single person entitled to come missed the sale, in spite of the fact that the rain came down in torrents and many of them had two or three hours' walk in thick mud. As in Vienna, there was

wonderful help from Austrian volunteers, and all were rewarded by seeing the great improvement in the health of the children. The proceeds of these sales, amounting to £2,000 (in spite of the very modest prices charged), were devoted to children's institutions in the towns from which the money had come. The gifts included linen, blankets, layettes, etc., and were distributed in the towns of Gmunden, Bad Ischl, Wels, Linz, Steyr, Klagenfurt, Graz, Leoben, Bludenz, Bregenz, Dornovin, Feldkirch, Gaisbutel, Valduna and Jagdberg.

CHAPTER XLIII

CONCLUSION

IT would be impossible to follow in detail all the alternations of hope and fear endured by the Viennese. In the spring of 1921 there was a period of belief that better days were in sight, and it was hoped that the days of relief were nearly over. But this, alas! was followed by great disappointment, and some of the most trying times were those of the autumn of 1921, when the great fall in the value of the krone took place. In November, its value was only one-sixth of what it was in September. I doubt if anyone who has not experienced these mad vagaries of currency can quite appreciate the sense of unreality it gives to life, and I am equally sure that no foreigners whose own money remains a solid asset, transformable into less or more paper currency, can have any idea of the strain it is to those to whom it means all or nothing. I think it is clear that this fluctuation of hope and fear is even worse psychologically than the certain badness of a stabilised currency, which once and for all eclipses possibility of regaining lost income. During the period of inflation prices become absurd and unreal, and have no relation whatever to the value of the goods or services. For instance, in Vienna, the rent of a certain flat for a year was the same as the price of six pears, and a frequent visitor to Vienna found that a sum which was ample for her annual income at the time of one visit, was the price of a cup of coffee at the next!

It was not till March, 1923, that this kind of uncertainty gave place to the practical stabilisation of the currency, and the hope aroused by the initiation of the League of Nations Reconstruction Scheme. At the time of writing

it is still too early to give final judgment upon the success of this scheme, but the rapid and remarkable improvement consequent upon the confidence it restored, must in any case have meant very great relief from suffering. The fact, too, of the co-operation of the various nations concerned, for the curing of a sick country, is a very noteworthy fact in the history of the world, and shows what can be done without financial outlay when Governments come together with no selfish ends in view.

The improvement in general conditions in the summer of 1923, therefore, seemed to justify the decision of the Committee to hand over the remaining work to the Council for International Service, as had already been done in the case of Germany. By this means, the character of relief was diminished, and that of permanent international work more emphasised. Some branches of work, such as the depots, and arts and crafts, were already closed, whereas special contributions from America (the Central Committee) made possible the development of anti-tuberculosis work on a considerable scale. Help and encouragement to the land settlements was also continued.

Other branches of work, too, remained to be developed. Years of intercourse with Austrians of all shades of thinking had brought together a band of those who sympathise with the international and spiritual outlook of the Society of Friends and these naturally associated themselves with the Meeting for Worship, held—paradoxically—in the Hofburg, the old Imperial Palace. Centring in this meeting and its allied activities, such as adult schools, lectures and study circles (with which Anna Braithwaite Thomas, Helen Fox, and Headley Horsnail were especially connected), is a work which we hope will continue to bring us ever into closer sympathy and understanding with a people who have endeared themselves to all who know them by their beautiful spirit shown during almost unparalleled sufferings.

VI. HUNGARY

CHAPTER XLIV

PREVAILING CONDITIONS

IT would be too long a story to tell here of all the political trials through which Hungary passed after the ending of the war : suffice it to recall the sequence of events of the Communist regime, the White Terror and the Rumanian occupation and withdrawal, which were said to be responsible for as many as 10,000 deaths.

It is well also to recall the difference in conditions between Austria and Hungary. The food supplies of the former, slowly diminished by the exigencies of war, were to a very considerable extent cut off by the Peace, which left the former food-producing parts of the Empire in other countries. Hungary, on the other hand, possessed much of this rich corn land which formerly fed Vienna : she is normally, therefore, able to feed herself and to export. Owing, however, to the difficulty of purchasing from the peasants with money which they considered valueless, as well as to the commandeering and interception of supplies by the Rumanians (including medical supplies sent in by the Allies) the shortage in 1919 was acute. In addition, the Allied blockade was still in force, so that a completely abnormal condition obtained.

It must also be remembered that districts formerly belonging to Hungary were granted by the Peace Treaty to Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and to Jugo-Slavia, and Hungarian refugees from all these countries had flocked back to Buda-Pesth. The nationalist feeling was extremely

strong, and doubtless very many came of their free will to be in what they considered their homeland, but others were actually expelled from the new countries—even from their birthplaces. These people, living, some in railway-trucks, for lack of housing accommodation, others in camps provided by the authorities, added to the number of mouths to feed in the greatly reduced country, and kept alive in people's minds the harsh injustice which they considered this reduction of their country to be. Certainly on my visit to Hungary in 1921 I was struck by the extraordinary intensity of the irredentist propaganda which seemed to occupy people's minds to the exclusion of any constructive work. The problem, in fact, was the very opposite to that of Poland, which is a new country with many diverse nationalities to absorb and consolidate in a very large area. Here, only the kernel of the country was left, but it cherished with great energy the idea that the country must be reunited.

Very early in the history of the Vienna Mission, visits of investigation to Buda-Pesth were made, the first being by Hilda Clark and Maurice Rowntree, just at the time of the Rumanian entry into the city, when conditions were terribly unstable. The ordinary train service was suspended, and it was only possible to travel when a special diplomatic train chanced to be going, and even then the frontier had to be crossed on foot. The food supplies were so uncertain, that even at one of the best hotels they would have fared badly had they not had their own supplies.

As in Austria, the hospitals were found to be quite destitute. Fuel was so rare that one hospital was found to have only a few small heaps of coal in the yard, as its sole supply, with no wood and no coke. Consequently, the absence of hot water for washing and sterilising caused a serious increase of epidemics, and also of the death-rate in maternity wards.

A few months later J. Edward Hall, another member of the Mission, visited the city and found it seething with revolutionist and militarist feeling: "soldiers and gendarmes

with fixed bayonets meet you at every turn, in the stations, in the streets, at the doors of public meetings, and public buildings; the walls are plastered with Nationalist and anti-Bolshevist posters, and also the red, green and white colours of the Nationalists. . . . There is a comparative abundance of all good things and very high prices, and as the bread and flour rationing system is altogether inefficient, in fact criminally so, queues for next day's supply collect at 11 p.m. and stand through the night. . . . A start has just been made with the systematic expulsion of some of the immigrants, viz. the Galician Jews, but this policy cannot be pursued in the case of Transylvanian and other immigrants, who are of Hungarian nationality. Overcrowding is terrible, and cattle-trucks at the stations are occupied by colonies of 200 or 300 persons crowded at the rate of twenty or more to the truck."

About this time a consignment of boots was distributed which was of great utility. In particular, the children were found frequently to have no shoes, and were consequently unable to go to school. Their mothers made coverings of cloth in cardboard, but so wet and sodden did these become in the cold that there were many cases of toes having to be amputated from frost-bite.

In 1920 Fredk. Hankinson settled in Buda-Pesth as the representative of the Society of Friends, and single-handed carried out a very considerable piece of work. This centred round the administration of a grant of £10,000 from the British Save the Children Fund, which was divided between sending 500 children either as guests to private homes in Switzerland, or to two sanatoria reopened for the purpose at Lake Balaton in Hungary, and a subsidy to the Elizabeth Tuberculosis Sanatorium at Buda Kesi. For the former work there was much to be done in arranging for the children's departure, and for their stay at the different places chosen. Their fares and incidental expenses were paid from the fund. Help for tubercular patients was very urgent, partly because the disease was estimated to have

increased 100 per cent, and partly because many sanatoria had been established in the lost provinces and the available accommodation was hopelessly inadequate. The Elizabeth Sanatorium is a fine institution, beautifully situated amongst wooded hills with a splendid view of the distant plain, giving one the idea of a country in which there could never be anything but peace. It was under the direction of an able doctor, but the State subsidy and the small fees which the patients could afford to pay were inadequate support, and the place was to be closed. The timely grant of the Save the Children Fund prevented this, and allowed for an increase of the food ration for six months, and the maintenance of twenty-five free beds, which were at the disposal of the Society of Friends. The five municipal tuberculosis dispensaries, which, with many of the hospitals were on very up-to-date lines, also received grants of food and money to enable them to reopen, and rations for 1,000 curable cases were paid for during two winters.

The refugees, to whom attention has already been called, needed very much help. Fredk. Hankinson was able to improve their condition in many ways. For the dwellers in railway-trucks, food and clothing were distributed, two visiting nurses were engaged, and help to move into the camps was given. For the refugees in the Augusta and Bocskya camps it was possible to arrange a *crèche*, clinic and work-room as well as a school for the children who were also bathed and fed.

The Protestant Churches were encouraged to open a hostel for sixty refugee Protestant students, to whom—and to many other students—clothing was distributed.

In such an atmosphere of suspicion, the giving of help quite impartially was fraught with difficulties, but was of corresponding value. To help Rumanians, Jews, Protestants, aristocrats, trade unionists and prisoners, laid you open to suspicion by every class not being helped at the moment, but, at the same time, gratitude and appreciation were received on all hands. In 1921, for instance, an appeal for

the continuation of the work was received from fourteen trade unions, and this was typical of much besides.

Three other classes of persons especially needing help must be mentioned. First, the number of suicides was so pathetically great that aid to their families had to be undertaken; secondly, large numbers of people who were shut up in internment camps, under very bad conditions, were visited and helped in many ways; and thirdly, the prisoners and their families were often in dire need owing to the absence of the bread-winners.

It was natural that in such a state of affairs the prisons should have a special importance. So great was the atmosphere of suspicion that people did not dare to be seen speaking to others of a different party, or *a fortiori*, of a different race. People would simply disappear, and their friends, without difficulty, would guess that they were imprisoned. A visit to prison, therefore, showed one a cross section of the people, and it was pathetic to see dignified elderly men, obviously of the professional classes, herded together with ordinary criminals of the roughest type, or as many as 120 women and girls living together in one room, aimlessly waiting or weeping, with nothing to distract their minds.

The Action Lodge Mission, who worked closely with the Friends, were visiting and helping in the prisons, and in co-operation with them it was possible to get many improvements effected. A separate hospital was arranged for the tuberculous prisoners, light and air were let into some totally dark punishment cells, and a workroom for forty women was set on foot. In addition to this, a special ward was arranged for expectant and nursing mothers and their babies, where milk and linen were provided.

Such were some of the numerous ways in which a spirit of quiet friendliness could be shown, which gave fresh confidence and hope to many in the terrible strain of uncertainty and suspicion.

VII. POLAND

CHAPTER XLV

INVESTIGATIONS AND EARLY WORK

POLAND seemed a land almost of mystery in the days at the end of the war. Dim stories of the awful battles, devastation and wholesale emigration of peoples had indeed reached us, as from another world, but seemed to have little connection with real life, and perhaps this unreality made it harder for the call for help, which came to us, to be considered as a possible one.

Let us pause for a minute to consider the circumstances. Poland is a country which under various talented rulers in the Middle Ages rose, one may say, to real greatness, but seemed always destined to lose that position speedily, by the incapacity of succeeding kings, or internal difficulties and quarrels. Its history, too, seems but a ceaseless conflict with one enemy after another, its geographical position having given it such an unfair number of neighbours. At last, the third partition, in 1772, took away its very existence as a country and left its inhabitants as citizens of Germany, Russia or Austria, according to the district of Poland in which they lived, and Polish nationalism was repressed till the rebirth in 1918, with all the natural effects which such long repression was bound to have. The three regimes were different, and the shoe pinched in different places, but only in Austrian Poland was any participation in government allowed, with the result that when responsibility for the whole country fell on its own people the experience of

Austrian Poles had largely to be utilised. "We have no experienced politicians, and have to make them out of our philosophers," as a Polish leader once said to me. And these rulers, without experience, had the problem of uniting three very widely differing areas into one whole, to form a constitution and traditions of government, and this for a country of 95,000,000 acres, of which about 160,000 were estimated to be quite devastated. Added to this, there was still—in 1919—skirmishing going on on four fronts, the Russian, Lithuanian, German and Czecho-Slovak, and when the frontiers were determined the minority problems to be settled might be likened to a fringe of four or five Irelands, one in each corner and another permeating the middle! One welcomes warmly the signs that her rulers realise the mistake of repeating to these minorities the harsh treatment formerly meted out to the Poles, and one trusts that the vicious circle of repression may at length be broken. During the war fighting was extremely severe over a great part of the country, and a description of the exodus of peasant refugees has been dealt with in the chapter on Russia, and will therefore not be repeated. Some parts had been under eight different Governments in seven years, so uncertain had ownership been. In addition, Poland was by its position cut off from Allied help, so that, until the lifting of the blockade, no imports from outside were possible.

From various sources, appeals for help from this unknown much-suffering land, came to us almost as soon as the war was over, and as personal investigation seemed essential, Thompson Elliott, then Chairman of the London Committee, Dr. Walter Stephens, an American working in France, and the writer undertook such a journey in May, 1919. Communication had only just been reopened by a weekly diplomatic train from Paris, to obtain seats on which was a matter of high privilege.

A few days in Paris, however, interviewing some of the powerful people assembled at the Peace Conference, produced the desired effect, and three more days circling Germany,

via France, Switzerland, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia brought the trio to Warsaw. The first sight of a Slavonic country can never fail to be of interest, but at this moment great tragedy was added to it. We found a most cordial welcome, notwithstanding, quite in keeping with the idea of our importance indicated by the belief of one of our friends that King George V was a member of the Society of Friends !

On arrival in Warsaw, we were very shortly in touch with M. Janisewski, then Minister of Health, with Dr. Rajchman, at that time of the Epidemiological Institute (who was largely responsible for our coming and has throughout befriended the Mission), and with Dr. Trenkner, of the Ministry of Health, with whom also we have worked on most happy terms of co-operation ever since. By Dr. Trenkner we were shown the typhus and other hospitals of Warsaw, and then it was arranged that Dr. Hryskiewicz should accompany us on a visit to the districts of Kielce and Olcusz in South-West Poland, there to make acquaintance for the first time with the greatly feared spotted typhus. The incidence of this disease had increased from 34,538 cases notified in 1916, to 231,206 in the year 1919, now being considered ; but, happily, in the following year this was again reduced to 150,612. The journey was made in a railway-truck kindly lent to us by the Director of Railways, and fitted up with simple living accommodation. Such trucks were afterwards lent to us by the Government for free travelling, and for greater immunity against typhus. They formed quite a feature of the Unit's life in Poland, and though primitive, such a form of "camping-in" is quite a pleasant way of seeing the country. A Polish boy usually accompanied them to help with the cooking and washing up, and to see—if he had sufficient intelligence—that the truck was attached to the right train, and to look after the goods which were carried to the different outposts.

We visited many small towns and villages in which the conditions were uniformly pathetic. Schools were turned

into make-shift hospitals, and the need for soap and linen—almost equally essential in the fight against typhus—was indescribable. The actual dearth of food was brought home to us by the fact that the tinned provisions, which we had brought with us from France for our own maintenance, were regarded as forming an almost unbelievable banquet by several people in Cracow whom we asked to share it (even when dealt out with pocket-knives and one teaspoon, which constituted our sole equipment!). Clothes seemed equally unattainable, for one of our guests told us she had tried to buy a dress in that town, but had been advised to return in six weeks.

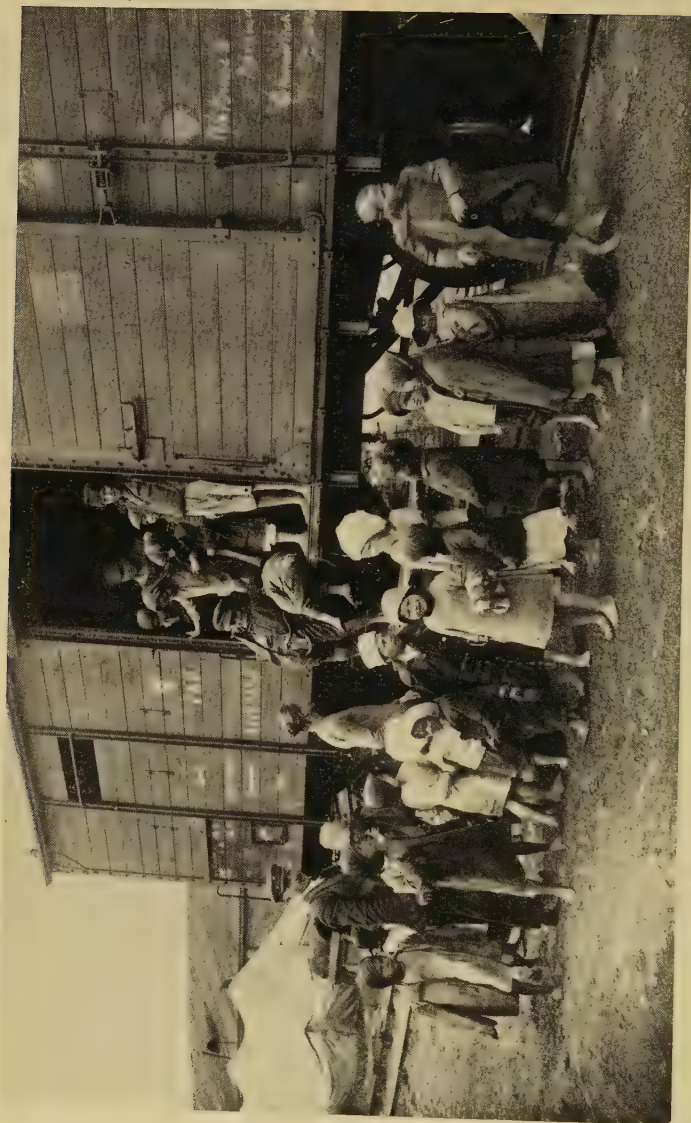
The Ministry of Health was eager for our help and co-operation, particularly in the uphill fight against typhus. If this disease were not to spread through Europe, energetic measures must be taken to cut it off. It is, as is well known, a dirt and hunger disease, of which the actual carriers are lice. The only known method of attack is the “delousing” of people likely to be infected and the disinfection of their clothes, and, if possible, their houses.

The report of these investigations was responsible, it is said, for calling widespread attention to the facts in Governmental circles. We took home with us a call to undertake this dangerous and disgusting work, and it is difficult to speak temperately of the heroism of those who responded to the call. By August a Unit of twenty-five took their lives in their hands and went out on this splendid service, under the leadership of Dr. E. W. Goodall, a well-known authority on typhus and allied diseases.

There were many difficulties incidental to the beginning of the work. The very necessary equipment for the unit was sent out on a ship which ran aground before reaching Danzig, and thus caused great delay. Nor had arrangements for the destination of the Unit been made by the Polish Government. There were very ambitious schemes afoot for anti-typhus work over the whole of Poland, by the Government, assisted by American army men; but this

latter had not materialised. I believe that the Friends' unit was the very first foreign help in this direction, and although on a very small scale, it did begin to tackle the work instead of only talking about it. Finally, the Unit was asked to undertake work at Zawiercie in South-West Poland and on August 20th disinfecting work actually began. Zawiercie is a dreary industrial town of about 37,000 inhabitants with as little feeling of romance as it is possible to conceive. It seems to unite the squalor of the East with the industrialism of the West, and when, as at this time, the lack of raw materials was making textile production (its staple industry) all but impossible, it had indeed very little to recommend it. There was actually very great poverty; people were living largely on potatoes and black bread, and clothing was often so absolutely ragged and patched, that disinfection was apt to render it almost non-existent!

The Unit was welcomed by an imposing meeting of the representatives of the town and was housed in a substantial club put at its disposal. This was better adapted for billiards than for bedrooms, however, and was not too comfortable. The anti-typhus work consisted of two parts, the disinfecting of individuals and of their houses. For the first, the people came to the baths, where they were personally cleansed at the same time as their clothes were enduring an even more drastic process, the two being reunited at the clean end. The school children, who were in time all treated, were given cocoa, bread and a cake of soap at the finish. Whilst undertaking this cleaning our workers were arrayed (by chance) in bright blue overalls, and as was said, "in trousers that come to the neck, and in hoods that tie round their waists, in hip boots and rubber gloves, our lady workers may not be beautiful, but they are safe." But this safety even when thus equipped was only the result of the greatest care, and the work was most exacting and unpleasant as well as dangerous. The process of cleaning the houses was even more difficult and elaborate and at times opposition was met with, in the fear that the disinfection



REFUGEE CHILDREN ON A JOURNEY

would spoil household goods. One of the workers who took part in it, thus describes this latter process :

“When the humans and clothes have been got rid of (that is, have gone to the bathing station) the spraying party attacks in force : beds are pulled to pieces, straw mattresses taken into yard or street and burned, all furniture is removed from its foundations where it has apparently stood since the beginning of time. Each person does his own job—first the sweeper with the broom, who must be preceded by one moving obstacles and putting them back in swept area, as there is no chance in most cases of getting the furniture outside the room. As soon as a portion is swept, the carbolic sprayers follow and squirt everything, walls, ceiling, floor, beds, furniture, pictures. The floor-scrubbers follow the sprayers, and the furniture remover leaves the van and occupies the rear, trying to put things back when the scrubbers have done their deadly work. Lice and bugs reel from the sabre stroke, and the shock of removal is often too much for some old wardrobe. . . . Sometimes the stink and filth of bedding, where typhus victims have been lying, is awful. Windows are forced open for the first time in their existence, and when we have done, although it might appear to an unsympathetic eye that a hostile army, accompanied by flood, had passed through, the verminous den is left sweet and clean.”

Such difficulties were not unnatural, especially when the cleansing agents were unknown foreigners, but it is believed that a dissatisfaction with the normal state of dirt was aroused, which should live after the Unit's departure, especially when facts began to speak for themselves. At the time of the Unit's arrival there were 200 cases weekly, with twenty-seven deaths ; a few months later there was only one case in five weeks. A specially bad outbreak at Bedzin and Sosnowice, near the German frontier, led to an appeal for help, responded to by a few of the workers, and in three weeks the epidemic had largely diminished.

The anti-typhus work was supplemented by relief work of various kinds, a workshop where women were paid to make up material, the finished products being sold at very low price, distribution of layettes and of food to sickly children,

and finally the actual administration of the American food (which at one time was bestowed on a million Polish children) was entrusted to the Friends' unit as far as 2,000 children were concerned.

With the coming of winter, however, it was obvious that the delousing work must cease, unless great expenditure was undertaken, as it involved outdoor work, and it was equally obvious that relief work was very difficult to carry on satisfactorily in so large a town without some really reconstructive programme. It was, in fact, too much a question of general poverty, and giving, on a scale within our means, might increase rather than diminish it. Whilst carrying on the relief work at Zawiercie various feelers therefore were put out to ascertain the most satisfactory future activities for the Mission, and the winter months were among the most tragic ever experienced by any of our Units. In December two nurses, Ethel Dunbar and Edith Boughton Leigh¹ felt constrained to offer their services to a prison camp at Bialystok where 3,000 Bolshevik prisoners were kept. In a letter testifying to the bravery and the excellent work done by these two, the American Red Cross Commissioner describes it as a camp where "3,000 prisoners were quartered in a building without fire, without blankets, with little food and practically no medical or nursing attention. Probably 80 per cent were sick, chiefly with typhus, tuberculosis or dysentery. The number dying each day varied from thirty to fifty. The filth was excessive." It was little to be wondered at that, though they succeeded in alleviating conditions very considerably, they both caught typhus and were seriously ill, though happily both recovered.

About the same time Sydney Wallis, then the head of the Unit, with Richard Reynolds Ball and Gertrude M. Powicke, went on a journey of investigation in the district of Tarnopol in South-East Galicia, where conditions were very terrible, and they thought that help might be given. It was impossible to take adequate precautions against typhus, which

¹ Who died in 1925.

was rampant, and they even had to travel with people suffering from it, with the result that on their return to Warsaw both Gertrude Powicke and Richard Reynolds Ball developed the disease and both died. Gertrude Powicke was a very able worker and organiser who had done excellent service in France as well as in Poland. Richard Reynolds Ball was one of the very first band of workers to go to France under the Committee and had worked in Russia as well. Wherever he went he was loved by the people and by his fellow-workers, for he had a very rare and beautiful spirit. In the following month the Unit was again bereaved by the death of Samuel Cole, from pneumonia, while on holiday in Vienna. The hard and strenuous work he had done for the Mission had probably weakened his resistance—he was a most conscientious and devoted worker. A severe outbreak of influenza among many other members of the Unit made the continuance of work most difficult and exacting.

CHAPTER XLVI

WERBKOWICE

LATE in 1919 the following letter was received by an American member of the first Friends' Mission to Russia:—

“HOSTYNNE VILLAGE,
“22 October, 1919.

“GREATLY ESTEEMED AMELIA FARBIZESKI,

“I think that you, while in the town of Buzuluk, Samara district, remember how the refugees always longed to return to their birthplace, and how this never came about, but behold! in the month of May of this year, we who did not own horses bought them with our last cent, and undertook this hard journey with horses.

“Very difficult this journey was—however, with God's help we accomplished it and in exactly four months covered more than 2,500 versts, travelling by wagon from Samara district to our own Lublin district—to our own beloved ruins. And what do you think we found at our birthplace? One after another, with hardly an exception, waste—barren. Of our village there remained not a trace—all entirely burned. Winter was coming: the people arriving home found themselves in distressing circumstances—nowhere to live—nothing to eat. . . .

“ . . . I also returned with the people, together with my family, but am terribly poor, because neither I nor the children can obtain any employment suitable for us. Dear, deeply esteemed Amelia, not only once did I hear from you while yet in Buzuluk, that the chief aim of your Mission was the reconstruction of the refugees in their own homes. If this is so, then I, in Christ's name, pray you to report our hard and desperate condition to the Society of Friends, to take upon yourself the trouble to intercede with them and ask them to put themselves into our miserable places and render us any possible help in any way in re-establishing

our war-torn homes. In our village are about 200 families. Besides this, in our neighbourhood are burned—destroyed by war—about ten other villages, so that at every step help is needed. When you receive my letter I implore you to answer—a telegram would be desirable—if we may hope for help from the Society of Friends. My address is—Poland, the town of Hrubieshow, district of Lublin, Hostynne Village, deacon Johan Kotnowicz. I greet you warmly. I and all my family often recall good, sweet Amelia Farbizeski, and all the members of your Mission who were known to us in Voronsovka. We ask you to extend to them our hearty greetings. I hope you are well—am very sorry to trouble you. Awaiting your answer.

“From my heart I esteem you,

“Your humble servant, former refugee in the village of Voronsovka, Buzuluk district,

“JOHAN KOTNOWICZ.”

This was brought to the notice of the workers in Poland and in February, 1920, Florence M. Barrow, who had also worked in Russia in the early days and was now again at work in Poland, with William A. Albright, Vice-Chairman of the London Committee, and Renshaw Watts, paid an investigatory visit to the district, which is in the east of Poland. After a rather long and difficult journey they reached Hostynne and received a most warm welcome from the deacon, who thanked God that his letter had actually been received, and was delighted that it should result in this visit. He wanted news of all his old friends in the Mission, and then explained, and showed, the grievous case that he and his parishioners were in. His own village had formerly 156 houses. They returned to find half a house and part of the church still standing. They had 17 horses instead of 253 and possessed no pigs, few chickens and no ploughs. Of the 1,200 acres of land owned by the village, only 6 or 8 acres had been cultivated.

Here, then, at last, was the opportunity for our workers to carry out the promise made, in the days of their war exile, to the refugees in Buzuluk, to help them to start life afresh,

and no time was lost in carrying it out, a few workers settled at Werbkowice, having persuaded the owner of one of the few remaining good houses to let them hire a part of it. By April, 69 ploughs and 381 spades had been distributed, and 310 hoes and other tools lent to the people. Vegetable seeds had been distributed to 21 villages, as well as 2,750 kilograms of barley and oats for which the peasants signed an agreement to give an equal amount of grain or to repay at the harvest. By May 5th 38 horses were at work ploughing for the horseless peasants. Thus started the agricultural reconstruction which afterwards grew to important dimensions. In addition to the horse-ploughing, 1,600 acres were ploughed by tractors.

Florence Barrow gives the following account of one of the earliest seed distributions :—

“ We arranged our seeds outside the Deacon’s house in the sunshine, and soon the village people gathered till we had a crowd of about 50 people, and then we found ourselves involved in a meeting and listening to an address from one of the younger men, recalling first of all the work done in Buzuluk when he said we ‘ had cared for them as your own children ’ and helped them in a way they could never forget. And then, expressing grateful thanks that we had come again in a time of such difficulty, when food was so scarce, and it was so hard to begin life anew, and then thanking for the seeds which would be such a help, and for other favours which were to come. He spoke most earnestly and some of the women wept, and it was quite an impressive occasion. We thanked them for their words and hoped to do yet more, and told them they must try and help us while we helped them. When most of the crowd had melted away (some into the church for a service) a man came up in his working apron, and rather breathless with hurrying to say that he *had* to leave his work when he saw the seeds his wife had brought home—he just had to come at once to say how grateful he was and how he thanked God that we had been sent ‘ like angels from heaven ’ to help them in their need.”

Naturally, difficulties were not slow in appearing either.

Strikes on the railway held up the wagon of ploughs and tools, when the weather was ideal for their use ; then came wet weather when the horses could not work, or they were ill, and oats were most difficult to purchase. Notwithstanding all this 250 acres were ploughed.

The summer showed the extent of the help given, for the beautiful vegetables and grain crops were largely the result of the spring distribution ; but, alas, the peasants were once more to lose them, for the Russian invasion ruined afresh this part of the country. At the beginning of July, soldiers appeared on the scene, and the Mission members were asked to vacate their rooms which were needed for billeting. An immediate decision had to be made, and as it seemed difficult to stay on as unwanted occupants of rooms required by the army, in a district far too upset by the war to carry on any reconstructive work, it was decided to return to Warsaw, there to await more peaceful times. Harry Stevens, with some of the Polish helpers, took charge of the horses and managed to remain in the western part of the district, living with the peasants. Of the 47 horses, 13 were taken for the use of the armies, some by the Russians and some by the Poles. After the cessation of hostilities, he and the other workers were able to return and begin afresh the reconstruction work.

In addition to the agricultural help, various other activities were carried on, among which may be mentioned the very careful visiting of the villages in the neighbourhood to ascertain the clothing needed, which gave much insight into the all-round conditions. Medical work was undertaken, and the visits of the nurses, Carol Burt and Lucy Layer (now Todd), did much to cure the people's ills. As there were very rarely any schools for the children to go to, they were very frequently found sitting passively indoors, with nothing to play with. Happily the Mission was able to give assistance in the rebuilding of more than one school, which were thus opened at least two years earlier than would otherwise have been the case. Late in the autumn, more refugees from

Russia arrived, further overcrowding the almost non-existent accommodation, but it was possible at all events to help them with clothing.

One letter of thanks addressed the head of the Mission as "the illimitable helper of my home!"

It is good to know that two years later this august personage visited the district again, the outpost having been closed, and thus describes the position :—

"Where two years ago were wastes and untilled ground covered with nettles, now are well-cultivated fields. Many houses, though very small and poor, have been built, and the people are living on the good supply of vegetables which have been grown from seed distributed last spring. In Hostynne the village weavers are working early and late weaving the fine flax which the women have spun during the winter from the long flax grown from the seed distributed from the Mission. The pigs have increased and multiplied and there are more cattle and horses but still not a single sheep and no prospect of wool for spring."

CHAPTER XLVII

NADWORNA

THE upshot of the enquiries and investigations undertaken by the Unit was, that in the spring of 1920, a centre was established at Nadworna in Galicia at the request of Dr. Trenkner, then medical officer for Galicia. This was indeed a change from the dreary industrial town of Zawiercie, for as you approach Nadworna along the valley of the Dniester you reach the beautiful mountain country of the Carpathians, at the foot of which it lies, thirty-five miles from the Rumanian frontier. The town, of about 8,000 people, had suffered heavily in the war and was quite half destroyed, so that there was great overcrowding in the remaining houses, made far worse by the bad outbreak of typhus. The people normally worked in the forests or at the oil-wells, of which there were many in the district. A hospital for 100 patients had been built here before the war, but had been knocked about in the war, and never used. This the authorities offered to complete and to open with the help of Amy Grantham and Lilian Shrimpton. A building for a delousing station, a home for the Unit and a garage were also provided and a few workers settled in. They set to work on cleaning up the people and their houses, after the manner already described, both in the town and surrounding villages.

In one of these, Pasieczna, an outpost was established and the work had some very interesting features. You climb gradually from Nadworna up a long beautiful valley with a rushing river flowing through it, and find Pasieczna to be the name for an interminable Ruthenian village some six miles long, which has been thus described :—

“A sprawling village of 4,000 people, underfed, hungry and lacking sufficient clothes for cleanliness ; some typhoid,

some typhus, some tuberculosis, widespread goitre, many cases of syphilis, a great number of imbeciles and other defectives ; filth and vermin unspeakable, almost complete absence of soap, none of the elements of a cultured life, but on the contrary a bare table and an empty shelf everywhere. Such was this Ruthenian village embowered in beautifully wooded mountains."

The people were in special difficulties because they had formerly worked in sawmills and iron factories under the Austrians, which factories were destroyed by the war. They used also to migrate in harvest-time to earn money in Germany. In fact, the available land was not sufficient to support them, and they were living on the milk of a few cows and on nettles. Their clothes were filthy and they had none others to wear while they were washed. They were themselves resigned to their fate and said, "The people will die out and the land be left alone. We must just go on existing till the good God sees fit to take us home."

Here various activities were begun, delousing of course, and a rather picturesque "Bathing parade" where the children were made to come and wash themselves and their only garment in the river, which garment was kept for them till the following week, while they proudly put on a new one presented to them. The prize of a skirt was given to the mothers whose children showed most improvement in weight and cleanliness, and so much was a sense of the propriety of cleanliness developed, that if an insect should unfortunately appear on a child, the mother would explain that it must have borrowed it "this moment" from someone else!¹

A shop was opened for the sale under cost price of the necessaries of life, with great emphasis on soap, and a nurse gave medical help to all and sundry, and an embroidery

¹ It is interesting to note that a worker who visited the valley in 1925 found much increased prosperity, and schools provided by the Poles to teach the children in their own language. The Friends' work was remembered, even in remote places, and the people proudly said that they still wash their babies.

industry was started by which the people could add to their earnings : nearly seventy girls were being taught there at one time. This was very successful and was handed over to Polish ladies after the closing of the centre, but unfortunately it was allowed to drop owing to the lack of proper management. Seven food kitchens were also operated in the neighbourhood, at which 1,100 children were fed. The food was provided by the American Relief Administration.

The nursing work extended over a considerable area, and the following account of a medical journey gives an idea of the character of the work required :—

“ We left Nadworna on Monday evening, in a *fura* (cart) with our *furman* (driver) and a load of medicines, rice and semolina for sick relief, 3 cases of soap, carbol and lightwood oil, an anti-louse propaganda poster and our personal belongings and supplies. We camped by the roadside on Monday night, and on Tuesday afternoon reached our first stopping-place, Porozy, where we found lodging in the house of the *woit* (district headman). Our goods having been safely deposited in the *woit's* forge, we walked down the village and had a talk with the priest, who gave us much information, and in the church that evening when a service was held, the day being a Ruthenian festival, he made an announcement of our arrival and purpose. Meanwhile, Ilko, our *furman*, had been visiting houses, and had already found several where people were sick.

“ . . . On Wednesday morning, Margaret Barber went round to the sick, whilst Mavis Hay visited many houses, seeking the poorest people to whom tickets for free soap were given. We all engaged in anti-louse propaganda and advertised our wares. On Wednesday afternoon we installed ourselves in the forge, to sell soap and give out carbol, lightwood oil (for getting rid of head lice), and medicine and food for the sick. Our louse poster was fastened up outside the forge, and Ilko harangued the crowd in the style of Mark Antony. ‘Hear me, peasants, I have something to say to you,’ explaining that the louse (enlarged 100 times) was a louse and not a ferocious variety of lobster, and expatiating on the value of cleanliness, and the dangers of infection. The demand for soap, etc., was tremendous, far exceeding our expectations : we had to ration everyone to one small piece

of soap: we explained repeatedly that the hair oil was *not* a mixture to make the hair curl but nevertheless our whole supply was used up; from the soldiers who occupied the village during the war, the people had learnt the use of carbol against infection and were very anxious to obtain it. We received so many eggs in exchange for soap that we were at our wits' end to know how to obtain boxes in which to pack them, but at the end of the afternoon a number of beggars hung around as we prepared to leave, so the egg problem and the beggar problem cancelled each other out."

The war situation in the late summer created great difficulties at Nadworna as elsewhere. The British Consul advised the withdrawal of the Unit, and for a short time some of the workers left, uncertain whether they could usefully continue their work.

The Polish Army retreated through Nadworna but the workers were able to return. Before the end of the year 11,300 people had been bathed and 800 houses cleaned and disinfected in the district.

CHAPTER XLVIII

SUMMER, 1920

AS has already been hinted, after the personal sorrows of the winter the summer brought anxieties of a different but serious order to the Unit, in consequence of the war with Russia, which resulted in the over-running once more of a large part of the country by fighting armies, causing a state of chaos everywhere. Reconstructive ideas were thrown aside and attention concentrated once more on the futile excitement of war. It may be of interest to chronicle that a member of the London Committee was successful in obtaining an interview with Pilsudski, then President of Poland, and besought him to put an end to the war by negotiation, but, alas! without effect. The war dragged on through the summer, though there was a great longing for peace to be felt in the country.

It was tragic that destruction should still be going on, when the needs of the people were overwhelming. I remember so well the wonderful crop of grain and vegetables which I saw during a visit to our centres in Eastern Poland in June, which quite shortly afterwards were ruined by the passage of armies. Travelling even then was difficult, for passenger trains had ceased on some of the smaller lines and our "truck" had to be hitched on to any sort of available train, at times and days not to be foretold by time-tables. This grew, of course, worse and worse, and sometimes our outposts were cut off from communication by train for two or three weeks.

To realise the situation one must remember that the Unit had centres at this time at Warsaw, Zawiercie, Werbkowice in Volhynia, and Nadworna in Galicia, whilst the

Russian Armies were threatening the whole country from the north-east, east and south-east.

To organise effective work of a unit under these circumstances was indeed an anxious and difficult task, and Dr. W. E. Haigh (who was at this time acting as head and was at a later time appointed to this position), brought great initiative and helpfulness to the work.

His letters to the Home Committee tell of the emergency work of the Unit—the creation of a temporary centre and warehouse at Bromberg (Bydgoszcz), the organisation of a clinic at Augustow, large distributions of stores, evacuation of refugee children, much stimulation of Polish help, and finally the gift of twelve cows to the Warsaw City Council. Dr. Haigh himself had to imitate a whirlwind, travelling as proved possible to supervise the various centres, doctoring the workers suffering from the strain of the emergency, and prognosticating the future military situation with a view to utilising in the best way the energies of the Mission. The situation changed daily and hourly ; rumours were so prolific and accurate news so hard to get that much time was perforce wasted in chasing imaginary refugees, or goods dispatched by erratic railway trains.

It was a matter of great difficulty to judge of the best action to be taken in the event of the success of the Russian invasion.

The fighting came nearer and nearer to Warsaw, until the booming of guns could be heard every day ; the British Legation evacuated and it seemed wiser to bring our stores from the warehouse over the river into the city itself. Some members of the Unit decided that, under whatever Government, there would be work for them to do, and we, at home, notified the Russian authorities of their presence in case they should enter the city. Housing of the Unit, which had been a great difficulty, became easier when rich people began to leave the city and offered their houses, to which they thought the presence of a Relief Mission might add safety. From this time dates the generous loan of part of a Princess's house,

with its piled-up furniture and gold plate and dignified butler, which was the home of certain members of the Unit for three or four years—a contrast to the primitive homes in which the Mission members almost invariably find themselves, and giving by contrast a wonderful sense of dignity.

But the Russians did *not* enter Warsaw; they were defeated in battle, an armistice was made and work gradually resumed a more normal character, though the special problems created by the war remained. That of the uncared-for children was so serious that Dr. Haigh appealed to Dr. Chodzko, then Minister of Health, to call a conference of interested relief societies in order to map out the help required to co-ordinate their work. Then there were the very numerous prisoners of war who wanted aid, first in the way of food for the Polish ones on their return to Warsaw, as well as in occupation for the still captive Russians, of whom there were about 70,000 interned in various camps in Poland. Gregory Welch organised this work in co-operation with the Y.M.C.A. which provided workshops, our share being the provision of household requirements as well as help in the handicrafts. It is interesting to note that in one camp at Przemysl 1,900 of Denikin's army lived quite amicably side by side with 1,500 Bolsheviks.

In December, 1920, William R. Fogg, of Philadelphia, was appointed head of the Mission and it was during his energetic leadership that it was estimated that the Mission was spending, on reconstruction, the one-hundredth part of what the Ministry of Finance was spending on the army, which latter sum was over 2 milliards of marks *per mensem*. On William Fogg's return to America in July, 1921, he was succeeded by Florence M. Barrow with Oscar Moon as associate American head.

CHAPTER XLIX

AGRICULTURE AND REFUGEES

BY degrees the full intensity of Poland's refugee problem, and the part which they could play in solving it, became clear to the observant workers in the Mission ; and we must turn our attention to the general position as they found it without detailed reference to time and place.

The flight during the early days of the war has been referred to in the Russian chapter. Let it suffice to remind the reader of what happened to one typical village in Eastern Poland. In 1915 two hours' notice was received that the whole population must leave the village and march into Russia. No excuse was accepted ; the sick, infirm, old and children all had to be out of the village ready for a march of, in many cases, thousands of miles into the heart of Russia. Then all the village was looted and burned.

Now, in 1921, the survivors of that awful exodus were doing their utmost to return—the richer ones by horse and cart, the poorer by train. One woman reported that she and her children had walked ceaselessly for a whole year, begging what food they could get, and often sleeping in railway stations. In either case they had to pass through one or other of the disinfecting stations on the frontier, where an attempt was made to prevent the importation of typhus. But as, on one occasion, instead of the 4,000 which could be dealt with in one week, a mass of 20,000 people arrived all at once, organisation completely broke down, and the people streamed through uncleansed. One thousand were said to have died at the camp in November, 1921, and in the following nine months 550,000 refugees were estimated

to have returned. They were given free passes to the station nearest to their old home, and there they had to wait—sometimes for days—till a friendly cart could be obtained to take them the last stage. During one of my visits to Poland I remember hearing of the arrival of a cart of refugees, in which were two dead bodies, one woman alone was alive, and she was too ill to guide the horse which made its own way until some peasants came to the rescue. Others coming back could not believe that a completely desolate desert represented their former flourishing village, and would wander on yet further, hoping to find it; others died of starvation and despair on reaching the village station and finding the hopeless devastation before them. At one time, one of our workers, Mary Middlemore, lived in a tent close to a station, in order to give help and cheer to refugees on their arrival. Many of these had been personally known to our workers in 1916 at the home of Mogotovo in Russia (see p. 146) and, on their return, Florence Barrow took special pains to find them out. Besides giving them help she listened to their sad stories; it may therefore be of interest here to relate a few, as typical of the lives of thousands—even millions—of others.

In 1915, Tatiana Wojtuchowicz had a husband and four children aged from twelve to two. The father was called up early in the war and left the village, and quite soon afterwards the war swept by, and the soldiers compelled the peasants to leave the district. Tatiana and her children joined the endless stream of refugees who were fleeing into Russia, shared with them to the full the horrors of the flight, and finally reached the Buzuluk district, where they were sheltered in the Mogotovo Home. In the flight they lost the father's address. Fruitless enquiries were made, endless letters were written, there was no reply; to all intents and purposes he was dead. In 1919 Mogotovo was shut, but they remained in Russia till 1921 when they were driven out by the famine.

Tatiana was determined to return to her home district,

hoping against hope that she would find her husband. She arrived ill and worn-out with travelling and starvation. Hope and despair awaited her. The husband, who had been a prisoner of war in Austria, was released. He, too, had returned to try to find her, only to find no trace of her at all. So he left the desolate scene of their home, leaving word where he was going with some peasants in case Tatiana should return. Despite her worn-out condition, when she arrived she left again at once to go to the address left by her husband. After a long further journey, by train and then over many weary miles of road—she found him.

When Florence Barrow heard of their whereabouts she made the long journey to find the family, and reaching the village she recognised in a tall ragged sickly boy, Vassili, the eldest son. He was almost overcome by the sight of an old friend, and then the sad news of the family was told. His mother had died, his father was very ill in hospital; the youngest child, Cola, who had been the pet of Mogotovo, had never got over the terrible journey home, but getting thinner and thinner, had died in the spring. Vassili's heart was so badly affected that he could not work, and only the brother and sister were able to do so. The father was visited and found to be well cared for, and the clothes and food left with Vassili seemed to bring a little hope and cheer into his tragic life.

Another story is that of the Harek family, which consisted in 1914 of the parents and their three daughters, Evodokia (13), Domna (12) and Feokla (8), living in a village twenty-five miles south of Brest-Litovsk. They had a comfortable house with several acres of land, enough to give food for all the winter. They also owned a small section of forest, three cows and a horse.

The father was called up for army service, and was chiefly occupied in digging trenches. After the harvest in 1915, the soldiers came into the village and told everyone that they must leave as quickly as possible. The mother and daughters put a few possessions into the cart and started along the



DOMNA AND FEOKLA HAREK IN THEIR NEW HOME

crowded road with their fellow-villagers. Fortunately they met the father coming back, and rejoiced that they could go together. The roads were very crowded and the soldiers hurried them along. The wells by the road were soon exhausted, and people were forced to drink from the pools and ditches. There was consequently much cholera, and both the father and mother were taken ill and died by the roadside.

The girls journeyed on alone, greatly relieved when they met their grandparents, who had followed them. But the grandfather was a disagreeable old man, and was far from kind to them.

After travelling for another month, the Government ordered the refugees to travel by train. At Pinsk, where the inhabitants were making an effort to provide food for the crowds, a teacher heard the story of the three orphans, and offered to adopt the eldest one. Her grandfather agreed, only thankful to be rid of her, and she remained behind.

The party eventually reached Efimofka, in the Buzuluk district. Happily, before long, Domna and Feokla were invited to the home at Mogotovo, which was being started for refugees by the Friends in 1916. Here they lived happily for a year and a half. In 1918, when the home was closed, they remained in the district, as it was not till 1920 that they could attempt to go home. During these years of hardship, the grandparents had both died, and they struggled back alone. They found that their house, happily undestroyed had, however, been removed to a neighbouring village by another refugee who was occupying it. Domna found refuge in the miserably overcrowded hut of a relation, while Feokla undertook the care of a child of very undesirable parents not far off.

Two of the Friend workers found them in these sad conditions, and arranged for Feokla to attend the school for spinning and weaving at Kobryn. The man who had carried off their house was made to pay something towards the cost of a new one, but as this was not enough, more was given

to them to build a new one, where Domna soon joined her sister. When they were again visited in 1925, they were full of hope for the future. Domna had married an industrious young man, who was setting to work to cultivate their land, and had already acquired some stock, while the girls were busy at their weaving. All trace of their sister had been lost, sad to say, and they feared they should never see her again.

Here, then, was the problem, in all its immensity. Over a large area of country, the survivors of the inhabitants, though not at all necessarily the breadwinners, had returned to the country with scarcely more equipment than we picture in the Garden of Eden, and everything, literally everything, had to be restarted. Take one village at random, to be multiplied indefinitely. Out of 300 former inhabitants, 176 had returned, of whom more than half were living on the charity of friends in slightly more fortunate villages. Fifty-one people were actually living in the village at the time recorded, and 37 more had died since returning a few months previously. Twenty-one were living in one building, half-house, half dug-out, where the head man of the village shared the only shelter he could offer. There were only two half-houses, and five dug-outs left in the whole village. Of the 47 pre-war horses there were two, and one cow instead of sixty. Almost the only things brought back by the refugees were diseases and the seeds of diseases.

The reader should pay a visit in imagination to one of these dug-outs where live the modern cave-men. You creep down a tiny stair-way or ladder, push open the door and try to recover your sight in the almost complete darkness, and you wish you were not gifted with a sense of smell in an atmosphere redolent of sheepskins and humanity, where every degree of warmth is too precious to be lost, and perhaps the only "ventilation" is a window four inches square. A dug-out is usually about 3 by 4 yards, not high enough for a tall man to stand up in. It may house 9-15 people. I have seen these dug-outs so close to the water level of the marshy land that they needed baling out every day, or in

a week or so they would be completely submerged. Very likely in one corner a heap of rags would denote an ill, or old, person on an apology for a bed. A stove and a very few utensils would fill up the rest of the space and perhaps a baby would swing in a cradle. Could any children survive such conditions? Is it wonderful that they were largely tuberculous? I suppose that if people had to return to a devastated land one must be glad that the armies had left at all events some dug-outs, and that the German ones were constructed with superior care, usually cement structures, which were a slight improvement on what the refugees could make for themselves. It is estimated that there were in Poland 900,000 families living thus without houses, along a battle front of 400 miles, or the distance from Aberdeen to Southampton.

One of our workers writes :—

“A few useless bits of paper money, a spade and an axe, are the sole remnants of equipment of thousands of returning families. With such a sum total of this world's goods, only one course is available and that is to get into a hole in the earth, either living or dead. The lucky get in alive, and put on a roof of twigs and straw : the unlucky get in dead, and another man puts on a roof of earth that needs no repair. The former is called a dug-out.”

In one such dug-out were found on one occasion two children of twelve and eight, the only remnants of a family, with no one to care for or look after them.

Sometimes there was wonderful generosity and kindness shown by these people to each other. Those who are suffering know what others' sufferings are, and apparently it is easier to some people to give of their *literal* all, than to some of us to give of our plenty—the more shame to us! And so those who got back earlier would share their last food and their dug-out with later comers, who, as likely as not, would bring typhus to the hosts' children. To add further to the difficulties, the land, uncultivated for four or

even six years, was in many places covered with self-sown forests, or the debris of battle and barbed wire.

Truly a tragic picture, and yet withal containing the elements of hope by reason of the fertility of the soil and the industry of the peasants. The problem was, of course, entirely beyond the forces of any voluntary relief organisation to deal with—almost beyond any Government. Yet helping even one family would mean increased production and diminished need, and so, to help even on a small scale, was worth while. The Friend workers set themselves to evolve a technique of help which should bring as big returns as possible in human well-being, and meet the most immediate needs of the returning refugees. First of all, of course, emergency rations had to be provided, unless these were forthcoming from some other agency. Next came the need for tools and implements—for people have even been found trying to dig the earth with their hands—and, of course, horses and ploughs; then seeds to sow, and small livestock, and last but not least, a house to live in. Or, to put it in greater detail, a typical family, returning to one of the districts where the Mission was stationed, would be helped thus:

They would receive for a short time the refugees' ration for the family.

The mother would be given embroidery or spinning in order to earn money with which she could buy food at reduced prices; she would have clothes for her baby and the privilege of buying warm clothing cheaply, and should there be illness in the family, medical help would be forthcoming.

The father would have the loan of horses to do one or two days' ploughing, and might borrow the Mission plough, harrow and cultivator. He would receive 1 or 2 poods¹ of oats, barley and buckwheat, 3 or 4 poods of potatoes, a packet of garden seeds, 1 kilogram of flax-seed, $\frac{1}{2}$ kilogram of peas and beans for his vegetable garden. It should be

¹ 1 pood = 36 lbs.



AN OLD ARMY DUGOUT USED AS A HOME

noted that the widespread help in vegetable seeds given by the Mission was of especial value for two reasons. It provided a much-needed and wholesome variety of diet, and this at a time much earlier in the season than that at which the grain crop was ready, when otherwise the scarcity would have been greater than ever.

Later in the year, the peasant would again be able to plough for one or two days and would receive 3-6 poods of rye to seed with. He would further have the privilege of buying a horse, and one or two sheep, very cheaply, as well as spades, hoes and plough, scythes, sickles, saws, axes and some glass and house fittings. Finally, the horses would be lent to him to fetch timber from the forest to build a new house.

We shall dwell further on each of these activities, but, first, let it be said, that by these means families were enabled actually to become self-supporting in a few months, and to repay something to the Mission. No one who has experienced it can, I think, ever forget the joy of seeing the change effected: the fertile earth being turned over once again by horse or tractor, after four years or more desecration for the purposes of war; the beautiful vegetable gardens and the pumpkins, etc., stored away for winter use, and the incomparable joy of the possession of a real home once more, even though on a much smaller scale than in the happy old days. That, in a nutshell, is the happiness which the Friends' Mission has been instrumental in giving to very many—if only a small proportion—of these returned exiles, and it is good to know that this help has brought courage far in excess of the material help given. That somebody should care about his sufferings, that a fellow-villager has had help, even though he himself has had none, have brought to many a peasant a new hope and cheer which have been expressed in greater efforts to help himself, and a determination to face anew the hard facts of life.

Let us turn first to the help given by the horses, those "associate members" of the Mission, whose work was of such untold value. It has been seen how the agricultural

work began on a small scale at the outpost of Werbkowice, and proved at once its utility. In the autumn of 1921 the members of the Unit worked out plans for developing this on a considerable scale, and, after negotiating with the Polish authorities, they were granted the loan of 1,100 army horses, with harness, for this purpose. During the winter, they were lent out to peasants in various districts, but this did not prove very satisfactory, and in the early spring they were recalled, and formed into "columns" of twenty to thirty horses, each under the care of a "horse controller." Simple as this is to record, it took a very great deal of work and detailed organisation. Men for the responsible work of horse-controller had to be found, whose job it was to see that the horses were lent to the peasant as arranged by schedule, that they took proper care of them, and returned them at the specified time; the general well-being of the horses was under the controller's care, with supervision from a Mission worker. The work was very arduous and under hard conditions. It was not to be wondered at that only comparatively few Poles of the right type were willing to undertake it, as they could so easily get better work. Russian refugees, however, of the educated class, whose experience had been gained as army officers, or with their own horses, were very suitable, and most anxious for occupation of any kind. Their employment, though it added an international touch to the work, added also some difficulties, as it was apt to lead to misunderstandings among some of the Polish officials.

Stables had to be found or made in the different villages where the horses were to work, supplies of fodder had to be bought, and lists made of the eligible peasants in the rota in which they were to be helped. Then, as was natural after the hard usage of the army, some of the horses were not fit for the constant work demanded of them, and had to be "nursed," or even sold to the peasants. For the care showered on a sick horse by a peasant was so tender and devoted that this course might be really the best. One

man is said to have given up his only blanket to keep such a horse warm, for after all, did not a horse mean life to himself and his family ? Another touching story was told of an old blind man who for a short time had the loan of one of the horses, and heard later that a few were on sale from the Mission. The story shall be told in the words of Joice Loch, one of our workers :—

“ He sought out his birch bark shoes ; he walked all night with his young lanky son, and long before the dawn he stood before the Mission member’s bedroom, that magic window from which all sales of every description were held.

“ At last the window opened.

“ The peasants pressed forward, all talking at once trying to reach over the heads of the more fortunate who had got a position nearer the window. The interpreter spoke to them, he shouted to them, but the crush became greater and greater, and the voices of the widows and orphans shriller and shriller.

“ ‘ No horse will be sold until you are quiet ! ’ he shouted at last above the din : ‘ Quiet ! Quiet ! ’ and the voices became muffled by a supreme effort, and finally died away.

“ The horses appeared on the scene suddenly, led and ridden by enthusiastic stable-boys, and Babel broke loose again, to be suppressed once more by the interpreter.

“ The first man to hand up his paper from the *Soltys*¹ was the old blind peasant, and the interpreter translated his story to the Mission member while the other peasants nodded their heads and exclaimed, ‘ It is true. That is quite true ! ’ at intervals.

“ ‘ Would he know the horse ? ’ asked the Mission member.

“ ‘ Know it ? Does a man know his own children ? ’ answered the blind peasant. His hands trembled more violently than ever on his crooked stick. ‘ I know every hair of it.’

“ ‘ Right. Take him to the horses.’

“ There was silence while the old man went from horse to horse feeling them and talking to them. Suddenly he was answered ; the horse knew him, and he put both his arms around its neck and sobbed.

“ ‘ The price ! ’ Eagerly he produced a homespun linen

¹ Village Mayor.

bag: all the summer he had been saving against hope. The price amounted to little, for Mission members meet their buyers half way, on occasions like these.

"All through the long hot morning the horse mart went merrily on, but no foot stepped more lightly on its homeward journey than the foot of the old blind man."

On one occasion, too, a woman was lamenting her possession of a husband, "for," said she, "if I were a widow I might have had one of the horses!"

But to return to the horse-columns. So assiduous was their work, that by the end of the season it was estimated that more than an acre of land had been ploughed for most of the needy peasants in the districts where we were working, and that in all 24,000 acres had been ploughed, which helped at a rough estimate about 60,000 people. It is very satisfactory to record that the yield next year was very good, and that the harvest on the land ploughed assured a bread supply through the winter to very many people to whom such security had been unknown for many years. So eager had the people been to begin cultivation that in one instance seven women were seen harnessed to a plough.

In the spring of 1922 the Polish War Office arranged to sell the horses and harness to the Mission, and by agreeing to a price (27 million marks, equal to £1,500) eight or ten times less than that which could have been obtained on the open market, gave proof of the Government appreciation of the scheme. Ploughing was again undertaken the following year, but not on so large a scale, the acreage amounting to about 6,000. But this affected about 14,000 people.

Before considering the winter work of the horses in hauling timber it will be well to detail the other agricultural help given, which was of a very varied kind.

To begin with, seed was provided for the land ploughed both in 1920 and in 1921. In 1922 more than 1½ million kilos of seed—corn, potatoes and vegetable seeds—were distributed. In 1923, finding that the Government were making a grant which would come to the people in money

too late to allow for the purchase of seed, the Mission purchased 400,000 kilos of rye which was distributed through the Government channels, and received a refund from the Government of the amount of the grant. Owing, however, to the fact that the mark was falling rapidly between the time of purchase and repayment, the loss was much greater than would otherwise have been the case, and amounted to about £1,200. Three years' credit was given to the peasants by the Government.

The distribution of garden seeds was of great importance. In 1922 18,000, and in 1923 15,000 packets were distributed to peasant families. Each packet contained ten varieties of vegetable seeds. In our warehouse in Warsaw these innumerable packets had to be weighed out and packed, then dispatched in the necessary quantities to the various outposts by train, and in this part of the proceedings there was often delay, which was very agitating lest sowing-time should pass. Finally, there was the distribution to the many benefiting villages. Then in a few months came the joy of seeing every house in a village ornamented with the glory of prospering vegetables ! It is pleasant to record that considerable collections of seeds were made both through Adult Schools and Children's Sunday-schools in England on more than one occasion.

But seeds are of no use without tools, and these, too, had to be bought, and in most cases sold at much reduced prices. Scythes, sickles, hoes innumerable, as well as 3,000 ploughs, and about 8,000 German trench spades were provided, of which last a surplus stock was purchased at 2 marks each, then equivalent to the lordly sum of 2d. There was a certain beautiful symbolism in the work of reconstruction being carried on by Polish army horses and German trench spades, co-operating this time instead of working against each other as before !

There was another happy fact about this reconstruction work for a considerable time, which was, that owing to the low *valuta* in Poland, the giver in English or American money

felt himself to be a millionaire. When you can pay for a house for a family for the expenditure of £9, or a plough for 10s., you can indeed very cheaply feel yourself generous. Whether such a pleasurable sense of righteousness is good for the giver who shall say, but perhaps at all events it may be taken to show that he who will make his investments in other people's happiness is sometimes repaid with a very high percentage ! Stabilisation of the currency was affected in 1924, aided by very large voluntary contributions in gold and jewellery from the inhabitants of Poland. After this prices were very high.

Even more exciting to the villages than the distribution of spades, were those of geese and of sheep which sometimes took place. These animals were quite the first of their kinds to make an appearance in the district. The sheep, of course, brought visions of the prospect of home-made clothes once more, and were especially coveted. The following case of a man who wanted a sheep is typical of the very many problems in equity which confronted the Mission member throughout the work. The sheep were reserved for the very poorest peasants, i.e. those who owned neither horse nor cow.

“ One day, a peasant presented himself.

“ ‘ But,’ said the member in charge of the distribution, ‘ you already have a horse. You cannot have a sheep, too.’

“ ‘ No,’ he said, as he shook his head solemnly, ‘ you are mistaken. I have only half a horse.’

“ ‘ Half a horse ? What do you mean ? ’

“ ‘ My neighbour, he owns the other half, and I must have a sheep. It is very necessary, for I have much hay and no one to eat it.’ He looked at her gloomily, scenting a refusal, and then repeated again, ‘ No one to eat it, think of that ! ’

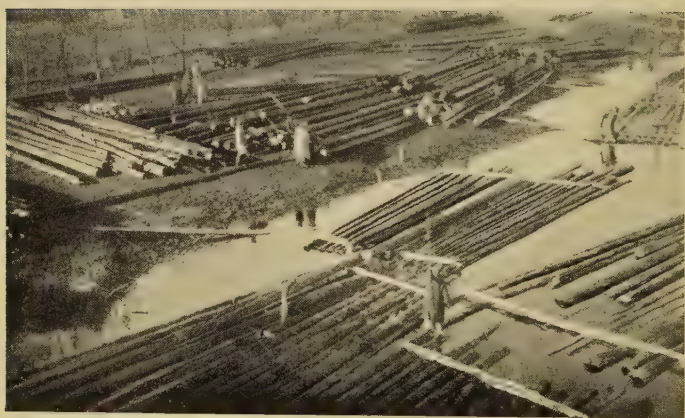
“ ‘ I see,’ she replied, ‘ you are unlucky and own the tail half of the horse ? ’ ”¹

Some of these sheep had been purchased with the money resulting from the sale of grain, for, as has been already

¹ Joice Nankivell Loch.



REFUGEES IN A MAKESHIFT HOME



TIMBER FOR HOME-BUILDING BEING TRANSPORTED BY RIVER

pointed out, many of the Mission's activities were sales for a small and quite inadequate price, but still enough to maintain the people's self-respect.

It is interesting that in this particular case the money resulting from the sale of grain was "turned over" into 176 sheep, and, revolving once more, it became 75 tons of fertiliser, the money given thus serving threefold duty. What became of the fertiliser history does not relate! Various uses were made of such money: for instance, some was given to a local orphanage, and in another instance it made possible the founding of a school of gardening at Djkainow, near Hrubieshow.

Let us now turn to the winter work of the horses in hauling timber for the building of new houses. Perhaps enough has already been said to show the acute need for more housing accommodation. The position found by the Mission was, that peasants owning horses were able—if lucky—to obtain *kwits*, i.e. certificates giving them the right to a certain amount of standing timber from the forest allocated to that particular village. Now this forest might be, and often was, at a distance of very many miles from the village. Therefore, even the peasant who possessed a horse and a *kwit* was in a most difficult position, but the peasant without either was without any hope at all of obtaining the new home round which all his hopes were centred. And it was particularly for these poorer people that the Mission was chiefly concerned. Their efforts to help themselves were sometimes pathetically plucky. There were the two widows, for instance, who were found building a tiny house for themselves, to whom the Mission gave a spade and an axe. They collected birch saplings, and carried them armful by armful, and placed them against the sides and on the roof. Or you might see a tiny pile of timber which had been carried by men and women, log by log, for a distance of ten miles. Pathetic and plucky, if naughty, was the old blind peasant, who crossed and recrossed a frozen marsh to steal some wood from the further side, which he found he could drag across

the ice ! As prison would at all events mean shelter, he had not much to fear on that account.

And so the Mission entered into negotiations with the "Biuro Odbudowy," the Government office which issued the *kwits*, to urge the issue of them to horseless peasants who could be helped by the Mission horses. This solution of a difficulty was warmly approved, but in practice there were still very often difficulties in the way of obtaining *kwits*. In one case every peasant's application had to be filled in by the Mission member, who even got the necessary official forms printed in order to try to avoid the interminable delays which lost such precious time and cost so much patience as well as money. It must regretfully be chronicled that in these difficult schemes the minor officials often proved most unhelpful, and reference had frequently to be made to the higher officials in Warsaw to right the difficulties. People who want things done to time, and who don't understand how to bribe, must indeed be a puzzle to a certain type of ill-educated Slavonic mind, which has a long tradition of questionable methods.

That the difficulties were not overcome even by the granting of the *kwits* may perhaps best be shown by the account of one individual piece of work in the Vilno district, under the charge of Carleton Palmer. One of the most efficient horse-controllers of the Mission was sent to the scene of action with a list of the families who had received *kwits*, with twenty-two horses, ten pairs of double sledges and full equipment. First, he spent four days searching for the forester, who came home from the forest one day per week, and moved from one forest to another. Then it was another week before he allowed the eager peasants to cut the trees. "Now the wood is being cut, and to-morrow we can begin hauling," said the controller to himself, but another difficulty supervened. The wood had been granted in a swamp. The Germans had built a corduroy road through the marsh, but the difficulty was to get the wood to it, as the marsh had not then frozen solid enough to support the

horses, who break through to their knees and often fall in the effort to get out. But the horse controller was not to be beaten, and harnessed six pairs of horses to drag the wood into the road. In four days' hard work, he managed to get forty trees to the road. It is certain that no peasants' horses would have been capable of such a feat.

New difficulties arose when the wood had to be transported by railway. The train would be promised, say, for 7 a.m., and with great efforts numbers of peasants from all the district round would be found and collected, to help unload. But the train might not arrive for sixty hours, by which time very few peasants, naturally, were left on the spot. It would be impossible to unload the train in the time allowed (especially as it shunted constantly) and demurrage charges of millions of marks would have to be paid.

Most grievous of all was the dishonesty of more than one trusted employee, whose thefts of wood, etc., defrauded the Mission seriously.

Sometimes the wood had to be hauled as far as 46 kilometres, and the men and horses would have to work all through the night. By May, 1923, 13,000 cubic metres of wood to build 1,600 houses had been hauled, and the sight of piles of wood, as I have seen them, along the street of a destroyed village, gave one a splendid sense of the new life springing up out of the old. Better still was it to see the houses rising from among the ruins.

Much labour was, of course, required to saw the wood into planks, and the local ripping saws even when they existed were very tedious and inefficient. Besides selling many saws, therefore, the Mission set up two power-driven circular saws with which to cut up the wood, charging something to the peasants.

Much help in the repairing of damaged or unfinished houses was also given. For instance, in one outpost, Beresa, thanks to the energy of Ethel Cooper and Mavis Hay, sufficient glass, fittings, etc., were distributed to repair 700 houses.

A considerable scheme, somewhat on these lines, was

supervised by Bernard Priestman in the ruined district west of Warsaw, by which about 500 families benefited. The Government provided the wood, whilst the Mission paid for all other materials and arranged for some of their horses to do the hauling, whilst the people gave their own labour in building. It is surprising to see what able builders the peasants are. Their houses no doubt are simple, yet their achievements, particularly in the matter of stoves, rouse one's admiration.

CHAPTER L

INDUSTRIES

THE place of the industries in the scheme of relief was a very important one. Mention has been made of their beginnings at Nadworna, but it was really in the devastated villages of the north-east that their greatest value was to be found. Without any doubt, in the winters of 1921-2 and 1922-3, very many families were saved from actual starvation by the provision of work which they could do in their homes, thereby earning wages in money, or in some cases directly in food. It must be remembered that these thousands of refugees had returned, demoralised from long living on charity, to desperately hard conditions, with little or no hope left in life. To such people, the boon of having some work to do, of becoming self-supporting once more, of diverting their thoughts from their woes, including the ever-present typhus danger around them, and of giving them some interest in life was incalculable.

The work provided in the first place was spinning and weaving, made possible to a large extent by a munificent gift of wool from Australia, which we divided between our Russian and Polish units, about £2,000 worth to each. The wool was first given out to spin, and then to others to weave. The resultant material (both shrunk and unshrunk) was sold at a nominal price to the needy, thus providing clothing of a most valuable kind, which was often not to be obtained in other ways.

It must be confessed that the spinning gave occasion to the unscrupulous peasant to do a little cheating. By judicious wetting, or the insertion of small stones, a hank of wool could be made to weigh as much as a larger amount of

unspun wool received from the Mission, and the relief worker needed a kindly scepticism and much judgment of human nature to detect such fraudulent practices. A tragic story is told of one poor widow, all alone in the world, who brought her wool underweight. She was told to bring it again full weight, but protested afresh her innocence, and walked away over the frozen river Stochod, regretting the keen discrimination of these foreigners. But her thoughts were cut short by the sudden cracking and breaking of the ice beneath her, and with a scream she disappeared and was drowned. No wonder that the other peasants regarded it as a judgment on her for her dishonesty.

Yet it is little to be wondered at that dishonesty should be practised. To those who have had the scantiest moral training and whose whole lives have been ruined by the stealing from them of all their worldly possessions, it is almost natural to improve their position by fair means or foul. But the relief worker's insistence on strict integrity may have dire consequences. It is related that some relief committee gave away seed potatoes on condition that they were sown and not eaten. One family adhered so pathetically to their promise that they were found dead beside two sacks of potatoes. Such honesty is almost equalled by the man who begged for work at one of our outposts, and who, as he seemed worthy, had a small job of cleaning a room entrusted to him. While doing it he chanced upon a dry crust, rather the worse for wear. He laid it carefully aside on the table and only after leaving it scrupulously untouched for some time, did he ask if it could be spared !

More than 200 spinning-wheels were distributed, and the keenness of the women to obtain them was shown by their starting at midnight, and walking ever so far over frozen lakes and roads, with nothing to sustain them but a hunch of rye bread, in order to get them. And this journey had to be gone through again every fortnight, at a temperature at times of as much as 20° below zero, in order to obtain the work.

Nor must it be forgotten that the Friends' workers shared to a very considerable extent these hardships. They had to drive for miles across the wildest country in extremes of weather, to supervise the fortnightly distributions of work, running such risks of typhus that in the winter of 1921-2 six of them suffered from the disease.

From these experiments in industries was developed the far larger one of embroidery, which at the time of writing has become a business on a very considerable scale.

Anyone visiting a home in certain country districts of Poland will see signs of their embroidery, either on clothes or household equipment, and it was their own art and no foreign innovation which was developed. There are two main kinds, the cross-stitch and the darning stitch, and it is interesting to note that this last—which resembles Swedish work—is found in the districts where Swedish invasion may have left its traces. On their return from exile some of the peasants had supplies of the linens woven in pre-war days. These were purchased by the Unit, and with French cottons which they provided, the joy of the peasants was great at once more making something beautiful in their dreary lives. The skill of these rough-fingered peasants is very surprising, enabling them to produce such beautifully executed work as elicited warm praise from the experts at South Kensington Museum. Our workers have not had to teach them, they have had to eliminate the careless and the bad work, to encourage the better patterns and to cut out and arrange the thousands of pieces given out, suiting them to western needs, for the sale has been largely in England and America. Some idea of the growth of the industry may be gained from the fact that in May, 1923, 4,740 peasants were at work, and in the year previously 70 million marks had been paid in wages, a statement, which if it does not convey much financially, owing to the fluctuating value of the mark, gives at least some idea of the mathematical labours of the Unit!

In June, 1923, an Advisory Committee of ladies repre-

senting various Polish Women's organisations was formed to co-operate with our workers in carrying on the industry, and it is pleasant to be able to chronicle that at the time of writing it is continuing to flourish and to be self-supporting, under Jane Pontefract's supervision, producing so many goods that fresh markets are always being needed.

CHAPTER LI

OUTPOST LIFE

THE reader will by now have some idea of the kind of work carried on in the outposts. At the time of the maximum activity of the Mission there were five outposts all at a distance of from twelve to twenty-four hours by train from Warsaw, and many of them most inaccessible from each other.

The home of the outpost workers was always of the utmost simplicity. A house, whitewashed inside and out, in one instance, I remember, consisting only of one big room divided by temporary partitions, served for the "family." With the Mission members lived and worked the various assistants, such as the horse-controllers, and I remember taking one meal at an outpost where the five of us were all of different nationalities, with nearly as many languages needed to communicate with each other !

The life was spartan and rough, and the cold, as in Russia, called for real endurance. Travelling in sledges in winter, or in the primitive springless peasant carts known as *fur-mankas*, in summer, over long miles of roadless country, needs all the undoubted beauty of the Polish country and colouring to make it endurable ; the monotony, however, was not infrequently broken by a wheel coming off, or the overturning of a sledge into the snow. The women workers had a large share of such travelling on account of their work. Distributions of clothing, of which 61,000 garments were disposed of in one year, of seeds, and of embroidery, or the visits of the nurse, all called them to distant villages. "Distributions " hardly conveys to the reader the clamour and fatigue involved in dealing with a constant swarm of peasants

through a long morning or whole day. The uproar would begin at daybreak, or before, and if it were a distribution of clothes, their slightest whim must be satisfied, for were they not purchasers, even if the price had no reference to the value of goods bought ? The relief worker must also be constantly on her guard in the interests of justice. And everything, it must be remembered, had to be transacted in a Slavonic language, or by the aid of an interpreter.

A nurse was almost always attached to each outpost, in case the necessity of nursing any ill workers should arise, a duty which unfortunately was sadly often required in the typhus days. Her help was given also in the district, patients flocking to the dispensary for the cure of all manner of ills. Undoubtedly, the luxury of a village nurse was very greatly appreciated by the refugees, and there was much lamentation when the time came to close the clinics.

Another important feature of outpost life was the organisation of the soup kitchens with rations given by the American Relief Administration, which have already been alluded to. These were not the grand establishments which their name might indicate. Alizon Fox, one of the workers who has given as many years' work in as many countries, as perhaps any other in the Mission, describes one of them as "a small shanty made of wattles plastered in mud, the roof thatched with coarse marsh grass, a hole in the wall for a window. Inside, at one end, is an iron cauldron built into the brick stove. Here, the cook stands, in snow, blizzards, in driving rain, or in still warm weather, preparing the soup and stirring the cocoa."

The children brought their pots to drink out of, and kettles for soup-plates were strangely popular. The children, as far as possible, contributed a little for their food, and on pay-day a small village boy used to act as book-keeper, as the cook could neither read nor write. The situation was complicated by the fact that payment was sometimes made in eggs when plentiful. These were sent to the hospitals in Warsaw.



NOT MUCH ROOM FOR THE FAMILY

It is not possible to detail the history of each outpost (their positions will be found on the map of our stations. A few points must, however, be noted. The outpost at Beresa Cartuska, housed in the fine old Carthusian monastery after which the place was named, was opened in December, 1921. It was near to the station of Bluden, which many train-loads of refugees passed through on their way from Russia. In co-operation with the Polish Red Cross, the Unit gave much help in feeding these poor people. With the returning refugees came much typhus, and to our great grief, Florence Witherington died there of it in February, 1922. She had done excellent work in many parts of the Mission, and was very much beloved by the people. She had been much concerned with the equipping of the local hospital, which the Unit was able to undertake.

To the Holoby outpost must be given the distinction of having organised the first agricultural show ever held in Poland! The workers felt that a day of village enjoyment would do a world of good, in addition to showing the progress made in reconstruction. And so, in September, 1922, in the deserted military siding, which made an ideal show-ground, were displayed vegetables and grain grown in the district from seeds distributed that year by the Friends. The show opened with a procession, including a military band, decorated *furmankas* and many hundreds of peasants, while the horses of the ploughing columns brought up the rear. There was an audience of about 6,000 people who watched sports and races—horse-races that must have been almost unique, for they were unaccompanied by betting or drinking, and all for the hope of a prize, in the form of a picture cut out of “Bibby’s Annual”! “It is the first time for nine years that I have heard the people really laugh!” commented one of the local officials. “They were happy. It was extraordinary.”

Happiness was distributed wholesale at Christmas, also, by the Mission. One never-to-be-forgotten Christmas, the Junior American Red Cross gave to it the delightful job of

distributing 9,000 wonderful boxes of little presents, packed by American children with great imagination as to other children's needs. Santa Claus, resplendent in beetroot juice on his face and a beard of Australian wool, toured the country in a sledge drawn by six white horses, and taught children, whose whole world of "home" was a dug-out, what toys were! Christmas-trees and food were added from special funds collected by the workers, and completed the bliss of 9,000 children and their grown-ups. The grown-ups are not very much older than the children in Poland, and it is said that an old lady of ninety applied for a present on the plea that she was an orphan and twelve years old!

Powursk outpost was situated in a specially devastated region quite close to the Stochod River, where you can see the positions in which were encamped the German and Russian armies, facing each other for three years. Unburied skeletons are still to be found, and an absolutely devastated stretch of land is pointed out to you as the main street of the village Ziacsowka, where seventy-seven families returned to find five houses. At the time of my visit the only new house belonged to a bandit, whose trade had apparently enabled him to build, though it seemed a puzzle to find the people whom he could have robbed in such a poor man's land. One peasant whom we saw there had returned the day before from his seven years' exile in Siberia, and that day the whole tragedy of his ruin had burst upon him. Not one word had he heard from home all those long years, for there was no one to write. He fondly hoped that he should find it as he left it, and he could only point out to us spots in the desolation where he located his garden, his house and his crops. He had brought back with him two children, the only survivors of eight.

At one time, the Unit was giving rations in the neighbourhood to nearly 300 such returned refugees, besides giving treatment to many sufferers from malaria. When the work there shut down in June, 1923, the spring ploughing had helped 889 families to whom 14,500 kilos of buckwheat had

been distributed. Everywhere there were evidences of reconstruction, the crops growing well, new houses being built, and live stock having increased. It was believed that there were no families within several miles of Powursk which had not been helped, and that there were then no families who had land still unploughed who were too poor to own or hire oxen or horses.

The district of Vilno was in many ways the most superlatively bad. In seven years it had been successively under eight regimes—one can hardly call them governments, for their connection with the country was scarcely more than to fight over or to rob it. In September, 1920, Zeligowski seized Vilno, and Poland's ownership was confirmed by the recognition of her actual frontiers by the Conference of Ambassadors in 1923. The devastation was very extended. In one *powiat*, typical of the rest, that of Swiechany, 159 villages had been destroyed, and another 95 were partly so, whilst 35,000 dessiatines of land were damaged. In the whole district it is estimated that 9,809 families lost their homes. The town of Smorgonie had formerly 35,000 inhabitants, of whom only 6,000 had returned, and 4,000 of these were living in cellars and dug-outs.

Many of the people, of whom the majority were Lithuanians, had been living for two years since their return, unhelped by anyone, eating roots, grass, berries and mushrooms, with no bread of any sort.

To this district, in the winter of 1922-3, the local authorities very warmly invited the Mission, and throughout the work their co-operation was most cordial and friendly. A centre was established at Hoduciski, under Carleton Palmer's leadership, and later on others were started at Smorgonie and Widzig, so as to cover a larger area of country. Here were carried out on an extensive scale the feeding, nursing, ploughing and housing activities already described.

CHAPTER LII

WARSAW

WARSAW itself was the seat of work far too varied to be chronicled, destined partly to succour districts of Poland otherwise untouched by the Unit's activities, and partly to fill the gaps between the carefully delineated spheres of work of the other relief organisations. From Warsaw, medical supplies were distributed to hospitals all over the country ; food was sent to the refugees in South-Eastern Poland and the Ukraine, and for the city itself an attempt was made to deal with individual cases of hardship amongst the *Intelligensia*. A depot was opened where over 1,000 children received rations on the advice of doctors, and where clothing was provided. Further, assistance was given to the establishment of a receiving home for destitute educated refugees returning from Russia.

In Warsaw centred, too, the work of childrens' homes. The war left the terrible problem of something like 300,000 orphans, and thanks to the energy of the Poles many homes for their care were founded. It was not to be wondered at, that in almost all there were far too many children, and great lack of proper equipment and accommodation, perhaps one bath to 200 or 300 children. There was often a most depressing air of orderliness at the expense of happiness. I remember visiting one home in the country, where the children, for our entertainment, sang a song to the effect that they were orphans, with nobody to care for them !

To many of these homes our workers gave much help, in food, clothing and equipment. More than this, they made friends with those in charge, and were able to give sugges-

tions as to better diet, open air, etc. By February, 1921, 156 institutions near Warsaw, affecting over 21,000 children, as well as very many in the country, had been helped with material gifts. Our workers also gave their personal service from time to time in homes, summer colonies and to an institution known as the League of Little Mothers, where girls were trained practically and theoretically in the care of babies.

As in Germany and Austria, help had to be organised for the students, whose distress was too similar to that elsewhere to need further description. With the co-operation of a student self-help society, the "Bratnia Pomoc" (Brotherly Help), a Committee of representatives of students and professors was formed in each University to administer the relief. The help given was not only in food and clothing to some 4,000 students, but in repairs to, and equipment for, students' hostels, and a sanatorium at Zakopane, where the Mission supported forty beds. As in other countries, the bulk of the work passed over to the World Student Christian Federation in January, 1921, and the Mission workers turned to the no less necessary relief to the Training College students. Elizabeth McHardy visited all the 120 colleges in Poland; much help was given including the gift or sale of clothing to 10,000 students. The money resulting from this sale was spent on books and scientific apparatus for the use of the colleges. In addition, 400 professors' families were aided by gifts of food, clothing and medicine.

One particular relief scheme needs more detailed notice.

As elsewhere in Central Europe, the supply of fresh milk was entirely inadequate to the needs. To begin with, the number of milch cows in Congress¹ Poland was reduced to about one-third the pre-war number, so that it was impossible to obtain enough, even by payment. For instance, in the town of Lublin, the former milk supply of 5,000 litres daily had dropped to 156, so that the "Kropla Mleka" (drop of milk), the largest infant welfare centre (which had the care of 700

¹ The part of Poland formerly under the Russian Government.

children, of whom 560 were under 3), could only obtain 20 litres daily, and had to make up with tinned milk. Even the cows that remained were hopelessly underfed, having to live on mangolds and straw, for no hay or oil-cake could be obtained. The cows, in fact, were only being kept alive, and were in miserable condition. William Fogg, and other agriculturally minded members of the Mission gave their minds to the problem, and came to the conclusion that the key to it was the importation of cotton-seed meal from America, a food very rich in protein value, found by experiment to increase the yield of milk from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 litres per diem, when carefully used. A great deal of propaganda work was necessary to make people realise the urgent necessity of increasing the milk supply if the Polish children were to grow up healthy, and to make the many parties to the scheme agree to take their share, but finally the following plan was set in motion, of which one great benefit was the number of people who were induced to co-operate and to work together altruistically.

About £6,000 was spent on 630 tons of cotton-seed meal, imported from America, for which the Polish Government gave free transport from Danzig. It was then distributed to farmers in the neighbourhood of the big towns, including Warsaw, Lublin, Krakow, Lodz, Lvow, Torun, Czestochowa.

The farmers paid for this meal in the resultant milk for which they were debited at wholesale price. In the case of Warsaw, a big co-operative society volunteered, free of charge, to collect this milk from the producers and to distribute it to institutions in the city, chosen by the Society of Friends, where it was used for the good of the children. Where it was possible the distribution was made in connection with the American Red Cross welfare centres. The cost of the milk was defrayed in three parts, one by the Society of Friends, one by the institution concerned and one by the city funds. At one time about 5,000 children under seven were benefiting to the extent of $\frac{1}{2}$ litre per diem, and altogether about 800,000 litres were distributed.

This scheme, it was believed, met many needs, and tended

to make healthier cows, better manure, stronger calves, richer milk and, above all, healthier children. As will be seen, it brought into touch the city authorities, the institutions and the agricultural societies in a very happy co-operation.

After a year's work on the scheme, early in 1922 the Friends withdrew, leaving it in the hands of the Polish Committees. It had been hoped that the payments for the milk could be used again for purchase of fresh cotton-seed meal, and thus provide a revolving fund, but unfortunately, the subsequent collapse of the value of the mark made this impossible, and the scheme had therefore to be discontinued.

CHAPTER LIII

THE END

THE life of the Mission had several times been extended after a date for its demise had been fixed, because the continuation of the needs to be met seemed to call for such a course, but the summer of 1923 brought a definitely new stage in the process of dissolution. Many of the outposts were closed. Sad though this work was, it brought encouragement of various sorts. At Holoby, for instance, many of the mothers brought their children to say good-bye, and to give their thanks for all that had been done for them, whilst the President of a Committee, which had been formed to carry on as far as possible some of the Friends' work, said, "The greatest help we have received from the Mission is that we have learned to help others."

It was decided to form an Advisory Committee of Polish, English and American members to supervise the remainder of the work, and to carry on such parts of it as remained after the main portion of it should be ended. The idea of founding an agricultural training school orphanage, which should be left as a more permanent memorial of Friends' work for Poland, was started. The authorities were found to welcome such a scheme very warmly, and after visiting various sites it was decided to accept from the Polish Government a lease for twelve years of the estate of Kolpin, near Brest-Litovsk, charmingly situated on the River Bug. This was taken over by the Mission in August, 1923, and much money and time were spent in making it ready for its purpose. The idea was to organise an institution which should serve two purposes. The first was to provide a school where a few of Poland's many orphans should receive an education fitting them to

take charge of the land of which so many of them are owners. The second was, that it should serve as a home for some of the younger children, both boys and girls. This part was to be worked on what is known in Poland as the "nest" system, a scheme on which five orphanages have been worked with marked success for the last fifteen years, owing to the energy and zeal of their originator. As indicated by the name, the children are cared for in small groups under the care of a foster-mother, so that the home has as little as possible the character of an institution. Kolpin was not ready for a formal opening till October, 1924, after the closing of the Committee whose work this book records, so that it does not truly fall within the scope of it, but as the initiation of the scheme and a great deal of its preparation was undertaken before the handing over of the work, it may be recorded that the institution is functioning under the supervision of an Anglo-American Polish Committee, known as the Komitet Pomocy Polskie Kresom Wscrodnim (Committee for the help of the Eastern Borders), which was incorporated under a statute drawn up and approved by the Polish Government. Two workers, Jadwiga Bialowieska and Erling Kjekstad, who have given years of devoted service to the Mission, remain at Kolpin as representatives of the Society of Friends. A sub-committee of the K.P.P.K.W. has charge of the Industries' scheme, which, together with the orphanage, constituted the work still in existence, which was transferred on November 30th, 1923, to the Friends' Council for International Service.

VIII. GERMANY

CHAPTER LIV

POST-WAR CONDITIONS AND FRIENDS' EFFORTS TO RELIEVE THEM

IT has been pointed out elsewhere that, under the name of the Emergency Committee, a group of Friends with many helpers from other denominations devoted themselves during the war to helping in various ways the Germans and Austrians who were interned in this country in Knockaloe and other camps, as well as their wives and families. The majority of the wives were as English by birth as ourselves, but German by the fact of marriage. It was a wonderful piece of work, and a thrilling chapter in the breaking down of the artificial partitions which divide mankind in war-time, but it is quite outside the scope of this book to wander into. With the reopening of communications with Germany after the Armistice and the knowledge of the sufferings of the population, came the ardent desire to send help thither. To this end a special branch of the Committee was formed, called the Foreign Fund, with whose history we are concerned, as it was amalgamated with the War Victims' Committee in September, 1919, forming the Friends' Emergency and War Victims' Relief Committee. The activities of the Fund included help to Austria and Hungary, as well as to Germany.

All through the war the Emergency Committee had maintained communication with a similar committee in Berlin, founded by Dr. Siegmund Schultze and others "for the advice and assistance of Germans abroad and Foreigners in Germany." An important branch of this Committee's

work was naturally for the British interned at Ruhleben camp, and it is only charitable to believe that the many people in England who lost no opportunity of denouncing the Emergency Committee and sought to hamper its work, were unaware of the similar labour of love being done, under precisely similar difficulties, in Germany. The able executive officer of the German Committee in Berlin was Dr. Elizabeth Rotten, who had lived in England before the war, and who was indefatigable in her efforts, and splendidly successful efforts they were, to give help and courage to the English who were stranded in Germany. When, therefore, the writer was visiting Holland and Belgium at the end of 1918, an attempt was made to arrange a meeting with Dr. Rotten on neutral ground, leave to enter Germany being refused by the English War Office. Thus, one of the earliest civilian meetings between English and German persons was successfully carried out, Dr. Rotten joining me at the Hague, where she gave most valuable information as to the present and past conditions in Germany, which were up till then almost a sealed book to us. For the first time, one realised something of the sufferings of the civilian German population during the war, beside which our slight inconveniences lost all significance; of the terrible "turnip winter" of 1916-17, when turnips under various disguises figured almost unaccompanied at every meal: she told also of the wonderful awakening idealism which came with the first days of the November, 1918, revolution, when it seemed as if a spiritual renaissance showed promise of new life, only to be sorrowfully lost as it was painfully realised that the new Germany met with the same treatment which might have been expected had the Kaiser and the old system remained. Interest in the reopened door, and the sad picture it showed was sufficient to crystallise swiftly into the formation of the Fight the Famine Council, which continued for long to obtain and distribute information as to the real conditions, not only in Germany, but in all Central Europe. Meanwhile, the Emergency Committee applied for a permit

for the export of food, clothing and other necessities for infants and nursing mothers in Germany. Such a permit to an enemy country was of course something quite new, and office after office refused to consider it, but owing to the determined and persistent energy of Rachel B. Braithwaite, the Secretary and moving spirit of the Foreign Fund, the difficulties were at length overcome, and a permit was issued by the Supreme Economic Council in February, 1919. Further difficulties, however, presented themselves as to the route: permission was first given to send through France, which, owing to the military exigencies was quite impossible: then, when leave was given for the route through Holland to be taken, the question of Dutch trucks going into Germany nearly wrecked the scheme, as all goods were transferred at a country station where much pilfering took place. Finally, the German Government arranged to let German railway trucks go through to Holland for locked return to Berlin, and in April, the first consignment was received in Berlin. The goods were consigned to Surgeon-General Sir Richard Ewart of the British Military Mission, who entrusted the distribution of them to the Deutsche Wohlfahrtstelle, with whom Dr. Schairer and Dr. Rotten were in co-operation. This consignment was the forerunner of a great stream of *Liebesgaben* (gifts of love), a name which very aptly characterised them as the outward expression of the spirit of love from man to man which refused to be turned into hatred at the bidding of Governments. In the first eighteen months about 874 tons of such gifts of a value of £127,855 were dispatched by the London Committee and distributed in 128 German towns, in addition to 113 tons (value £13,560) of private parcels mentioned later. Besides those sent from England, large quantities of food, such as cod liver oil and condensed milk, were purchased in continental ports at lower prices than were obtainable here. The *Liebesgaben* were distributed through existing German organisations, very carefully selected for their ability to make the best use of them. People in England could scarcely

realise what a strain this work imposed on Germans taking part in it. Fredk. Merttens tells of a man whom he visited, whose wife was terribly emaciated, who pointed to her, saying, "This is the result of giving her daily bread to her children and starving herself. It has been the hardest thing in my life to distribute foodstuffs received from England and to know that my wife was starving and not to be allowed to take her some of what seemed such a big store of food." He had resisted the temptation, but it is not for us who have never known such temptation to blame those who gave in for the sake of their dear ones. In every case the *Liebesgaben* were accompanied by a card explaining their origin, and emphasising their deeper meaning. The significance of the gifts was all the greater because to send them was in direct opposition to the Government policy. It is indeed hard to realise that kind-hearted people, who are to be found in every English Government, should have deliberately allowed the starvation of German women and children by the blockade to continue for seven months after the signing of the Armistice. This meant widespread suffering to women and children, who could in no sense be considered to have any share in the responsibility for the war, and, the Armistice having been concluded, I feel that it must have been a lack of imagination in those who allowed it to continue, which prevented their understanding what was its effect on human life. There were, doubtless, political reasons for continuing it, but from a moral and religious point of view surely it was quite indefensible. It naturally produced far-reaching hatred and ill-will whose effects cannot easily be obliterated. When I have had shown to me children in a German hospital, maimed and crippled by starvation and the doctor has said, "This is your fault," I have felt ashamed to the bottom of my heart at the action of my country. Protests against the cruelty of the blockade came not only from civilians but even more strongly from the Army of Occupation. The *Manchester Guardian* of May 17th, 1919, reported from Paris that British Officers telling the pitiful story of what

they had seen "say they did not fight for 5 years in order to watch German children dying of hunger 6 months after the war was over," whilst the British Tommies in Cologne took the practical and Christian means of sharing their own rations with the hungry children.

The pleasure which the gifts gave was enhanced by their unexpectedness, and the following is typical of many of the expressions which they called forth from those in charge of the institutions benefited :—

"How shall I begin? What shall I say? I really don't know. The blue and pink material is by my side, and I can't believe it is ours! The little ones run in again and again to pat and kiss it and they all beg for a warm nightgown and a pillow-case, because it is so soft! When I unpacked your parcel all our expectancy and hope were exceeded. We lived from one day to another and I had nothing over to buy what we so badly wanted, so you imagine *what* we felt when we saw those lovely materials without money!"

The Committee very strongly desired that the goods should be followed by a visit, the invariable principle of our work being that personal service should accompany material gifts, and they particularly desired to come into personal contact with those who were suffering in Germany. Permits were obtained, and a party of four English workers, Max Bellows, J. Thompson Elliott, Marion C. Fox and Joan M. Fry arrived in Berlin early in July, a few days after the signing of the Peace, and nearly a week before the raising of the Blockade. A quartet in connection with the American Friends, consisting of Jane Addams, Dr. Alice Hamilton, Dr. Aletta Jacobs, of Holland, and Carolena M. Wood, reached Berlin a few hours later, while a few days earlier a visit to occupied Germany was paid by Robert J. Lunnon. From these visitors, bringing widely varying experience to the task, a flood of light was thrown upon the conditions, physical and moral, obtaining in Germany, and we cannot do better than quote some extracts to show the state of the

country which had been so long entirely cut off from personal knowledge.

Robert Lunnon writes from Cologne, of his visit to the hospital there :—

“There were girls and boys of 6 years old, with leg-bones that I could bend, and soft skulls that I pressed, limbs deformed to many shapes, bones that gave no shadow at all under the X-rays; tiny shrivelled bodies covered with queer, inelastic skin that could be moved about in folds or smoothed flat. A child of 14 months weighing 8 lbs., one of 5 months weighing $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., one of six years measuring 2 ft. 2 inches, these were typical. Three babies had newly come in from a nursing home, babes of 3 and 4 months, they looked like skinny trussed fowls, and hardly larger. I shivered and begged to be shown no more. I studied several of the weight charts hanging over the cots, and found that even 3 months sometimes made little difference in weight. But two had already begun to benefit from the Committee's sending of cod liver oil—most treasured of all our gifts—and you may guess how glad they were to show these babes, and how cheering it was to see them.”

From the admirable survey of conditions presented by the American delegation we take the following passages :—

“We entered Germany just one week after peace had been signed at Weimar, and food conditions were already changing for the better, although most of the food shops and bakeries still had windows containing nothing but empty cans or biscuit boxes. An occasional display of American bacon would at once attract a crowd of adults as well as children, feasting their eyes on the unaccustomed sight of fats. The pale people we saw on the streets, especially in the industrial quarters, were very serious and quiet, and in the railroad stations there was a conspicuous lack of all that talk and bustle which one associates with German travel. Even the children were quieter. For them the war had evidently been translated into a lack of milk and butter and chocolate. The editor of a large city newspaper told us that he had been able the night before to take home a bottle of milk, and that his little girl who met him at the door, had shouted joyously to her mother that peace had come. We were told by a mother that her little girl had asked her if it were true that

there were countries in the world where there was no war, and where people could eat all they wanted to. Perhaps it was these mothers who suffered most, the intelligent women who knew perfectly well how important proper feeding was, and who were yet unable to obtain the barest necessities for their children. One such mother said it was hardest at night after the children were in bed, and one heard them crying and whimpering from hunger until they fell asleep and even after. She added, 'I do not see how the women endured it who were obliged to be always in the same room with their children and could offer no diversions. . . .' We were told that there had been a very general evasion of the food regulations and many people we met ruefully confessed that they had compounded with their consciences in the second year of the strict blockade. It is obvious that a mother who anxiously wonders whether she should really set a higher value upon impartial obedience to the rationing regulations than upon her elementary duty to preserve the health of her children has taken the first step towards illicit purchases. 'My husband knew that I bought smuggled food for the children but he would touch none of it himself.' 'I bought what I could for my old father after he had lost 40 lbs. and looked so wretched that all my friends accused me of neglecting him. At first he would not take any of the illicit food, but at last he was driven to it, and he always refers to it as the "time when my conscience died." ' "

It is interesting to note that it was found to be after the sixth year of life that the evil effects of underfeeding became most serious.

"We saw with our own eyes a striking demonstration of the insufficiency of food for the sick when we visited the kitchen of the great University Hospital in Berlin, the Charité. There are two thousand two hundred people in the institution to be fed, and since the Revolution the '*Einheitessen*' rule has been in force, that is, exactly the same food, in kind and quantity, is served to everyone in connection with the hospital, from the scrub woman to the head Professor. We were shown the supply of meat for one day. It consisted of lumps of very lean beef with much bone, already thoroughly boiled in order to make soup. It filled a tray about $2\frac{1}{2}$ by $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet in size and about 5 inches deep. This was the meat allowance for 2,200 people, but they do

not get it every day. There is only one loaf of white bread for 10 patients weekly. For this week the supply of potatoes was only one pound *per capita*. There has been no fish since the Armistice, when the blockade provisions prohibited fishing in the North Sea. With this diet of unsatisfactory bread was served the inevitable marmalade made of vegetable fibre, a minimum of fruit, the whole coloured with aniline and sweetened with saccharine. It is obvious that such a diet is insufficient, and that there is little chance of real recovery from sickness. The Director of the Hospital was suffering from a fracture of the hip which would not heal because his powers of recuperation were at so low an ebb through underfeeding.

"The children of Frankfurt had to eat a harmfully large quantity of soup in order to satisfy their hunger. Of course, no one knows better than the Germans themselves the harmfulness of this bulky diet, so poor in nutritive qualities. German scientists have made every possible effort to get at new sources of fat, every bone is saved that it may be crushed and the fat extracted from the marrow; they have taken the germs from the rye kernel; for the sake of the trace of fat they even collect the fats from the dish-water from the great hotels. . . .

"Many of the children, unable to bear any longer the anxiety of their mothers, stole food to take home, reckless of the consequence to themselves. Of course they often stole money from their parents, sold the clothing of their brothers and sisters, and such household articles as they could pilfer. To quote Miss van der Leyden, 'Children and youth from the most respectable families come before the Court, through their sheer inability to withstand the temptations to which the blockade so cruelly subjects them.' It has been said of these half-starved children that they illustrate a saying of Rousseau's :—

" 'The body must have strength to obey the soul, the weaker the body, the more it commands.' "

This, then, was the pitiful story, endorsed by so world-wide an authority as Miss Jane Addams, which was made known to the outside world, a story with which our workers have become more and more closely acquainted, and which in some ways developed in sorrow during the succeeding years. Alongside of the physical suffering was a very deep

mental and spiritual sorrow. Joan M. Fry writes: "We feel most deeply that to give hope must be our mission above everything else, and when one sits beside these people and look at their faces, where one sees hunger, physical and spiritual, not advertised, but as far as may be concealed, one feels one must go down with them into these dark places, and one dare not lightly speak words of hope, which they are too sore to be able to accept as true."

The English Friends visited many towns where *Liebeshaben* had made friends for them, and found already the wonderful response which has characterised, throughout, the work in Germany. The visit of yet another quartet of English Friends in the autumn of 1919—Florence M. Barrow, Edwin Gilbert, Frederick Merttens and his daughter Janie T. Merttens, must be chronicled. First, it must be explained that the London Committee had been prevailed upon, not without certain misgivings, to undertake to forward food and clothing parcels from English individuals to their friends and connections in Germany. It was natural that the former ardently desired once more to be able to send help to those whom they knew to be suffering grievously, and this desire the Committee felt they could not lay aside. The parcels, therefore, were dispatched in large cases to Berlin, where they were to be forwarded by post to the recipients. But news came from Germany that all was not well, and the above-mentioned Friends went over to set things right. They found, indeed, a state of utter chaos. To begin with, the Customs were unpacking every parcel and, on the other hand, the Wohlfahrtstelle was far too small an organisation to cope with the vast amount of work entailed. These Friends found, therefore, mountains of accumulated parcels in every stage of unpacking and loss of address, and found it absolutely necessary to rent a warehouse and to take over the whole difficult business themselves. They personally superintended and took part in the repacking, readressing and forwarding of the parcels, and Fredk. Merttens and Florence Barrow set to work to get the whole

matter remedied by the Government, and visited department after department with the usual bureaucratic delays. Finally, the Chancellor (Herr Müller) himself was visited, who, being persuaded that the entry of the goods was of far greater advantage than any possible abuse of the privilege, gave the assurance that arrangement for their free entry should be made. This was, of course, given on the understanding that no payment whatever was made for the goods, which were a free gift to German individuals. As a result, therefore, of these representations, it was arranged that the parcels then in the Custom House should be passed on to the consignees unopened, and free of duty, and that all further parcels should be similarly free ; further, that all such parcels should be carried without charge by the railways and even goods intended for Austria should be carried through at a greatly reduced rate ; and, finally, the German Government refunded the money which had so far been paid in railway freightage and Customs duty, thus proving by their very liberal concessions how much they welcomed the help given and their trust in the integrity of the organisation of that help. This piece of work was typical of the invaluable help rendered to the Committee both at home and abroad by Frederick Merttens, who has combined a power of executive ability with wise counsel.

From this experience it became clear that Friends needed an office of their own in Berlin, from which their help could be organised, and this was established in the autumn of 1919.

The first definite piece of work was to take over the distribution of the food and clothing from the Wohlfahrtstelle, an action which was rendered the more suitable because the German Government was establishing a Central Committee called the Deutsche Zentral Ausschuss, für die Auslands Hilfe, to regulate the distribution of foreign relief throughout the country, and on which Friends were offered, and accepted, representation, and subsequently worked in very close co-operation. This co-operation was rendered

all the closer by reason of the very large share in relief taken by the American Friends, as will shortly be told. We also gratefully record our very warm appreciation of the great help and sympathy received from Major-General (now Sir) Neill Malcolm and his colleagues, of the British Military Mission, as well as from Colonel Charley and Mr. Mayne of the British Red Cross.

There are certain other definite factors in the German economic situation which need to be dwelt on, in order that the picture of the conditions may be more complete, before passing on to the various pieces of work undertaken.

To begin with the mortality statistics. Figures given at a meeting of German scientists show 763,000 deaths of civilians during the war due to underfeeding, and in 1918 the deaths from this cause rose to 37 per cent of the total. They estimated further, that one million children died as a result of hunger and its attendant illnesses through the blockade. Deaths were so frequent that in Frankfurt-am-Main (March, 1920) there were funerals all day long, and a lady told our workers that she had to wait a whole week for the chance of burying her brother-in-law. On the other hand, the birth-rate fell to about 50 per cent of the normal, so that the deaths exceeded the births, and Dr. Meyer, of the Berlin City Health Department, stated in 1920 that the average size of the babies at birth was only one-half of the normal, and that there were no children who were not undernourished. Of the children in the elementary schools 80 per cent were estimated to be unable to follow the lessons because of their enfeebled condition.

Little wonder that this was the case when the Supreme Economic Council officially recognised that the calories of food rationed to the German population were only two-thirds of what we consider necessary for sustaining healthy life. These rations entitled each person to five slices of hard, dark-coloured sour bread a day—white flour could only be purchased with a doctor's prescription— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of meal per week; while potatoes, butter, margarine, sugar, peas and



APPRECIATING THE "KWAKERSPEISUNG"

beans were also rationed, but the well-to-do could buy additional supplies at two or three times the price. Little wonder that this should be so at a time when one of the foremost city statisticians estimated the minimum subsistence wage for a family of four to be 330 marks ; 77 per cent of the employed population of Berlin were receiving 162 marks per week, or less. An obvious result of this was the diminished productivity of labour, amounting in some trades to as much as 50 per cent, further emphasising the vicious circle.

Further, the food to be obtained was itself of such shocking quality. One's personal impressions are the strongest, and I shall not readily forget the sickly beverage which was called tea, nor the powdered sawdust, apeing flour, on brown loaves, nor the wet and leaden black sandwiches with some sort of onion-tasted substance between, which for a large price were the only food to be obtained at a station restaurant on a long journey.

The dogs and cats had long before disappeared as valuable articles of diet.

The nutritive value of the food being so low, everyone was hungry again in about an hour, even after a most expensive meal, and as Professor Förster has pointed out, the underfeeding was so gradually increased that the stomach accommodated itself to the conditions, although the whole organism could not : "the victims themselves only half understand what ails them : the most marked symptoms being dejection, irritability and abstraction." No foreigners could certainly, without great suffering, adapt themselves suddenly to unalleviated German conditions, and it was an extraordinary fact that this great nation should have been so entirely cut off from the rest of the world that they could not realise how far they had changed and suffered until someone coming in from outside gave them a totally new standard by which to judge.

It is one of the dreadful by-products of the war, too little remembered, that for the space of nearly ten years

almost the entire population was shut up within the frontiers of the country, unable to get any relief from the monotony of suffering, unable, too, to exchange ideas or to see their own country in the proportion which distance helps to give us.

And here it should be said, that he who would condemn without mercy the German families, who after this imprisonment have ventured to enjoy themselves in other countries, should first have shared their hardships. I can only say that after only ten days in occupied Germany at a time of very great strain which to me was only a sympathetic one, I felt as I came into the abundant prosperity of Holland that it was a natural reaction to desire to enjoy the good things of the earth, and I could fully understand the craving for it. Were these travellers really more heartless than we are each one of us every day, in enjoying our comfortable homes, regardless of the unthought-of poverty close at hand, for contrasts of luxury and misery are ever with us ?

Undoubtedly there have been war profiteers in Germany, as elsewhere, who have made large fortunes from munitions, or in other ways, at the expense of their fellow-countrymen, and who feel no sense of responsibility to spend it well. Such people, who are unfortunately to be found in every country, are a disgrace ; but it must be remembered that they make far more show than their numbers warrant, and they should not be considered to be typical of their fellow-countrymen, to whom they are as objectionable as to any foreigner ; nor should the innocent be left unhelped on their account.

There was another form of " profiteering " on a very small scale which became very prevalent in Germany, known as "*hamstering*." This consisted in going out into the country and procuring the food which could be bought there more cheaply, and bringing it home. This thoroughly uneconomic method of transport grew to large dimensions in some places in Central Europe.

As everywhere in post-war Central Europe, the problem

of the milk supply was very acute. To realise the special factors of the case in Germany, it has to be remembered that Germany had lost by the Peace Treaty a considerable area of agricultural land, and that, to make matters worse, thousands of refugees were driven back into Germany from these same districts: that, owing to the lack of imported manures during the war, the fertility of the land had been greatly reduced, and that, further, the Peace Treaty ordained the taking from Germany of 140,000 milch cows, meaning the loss of 1 litre per diem for 550,000 children. So serious a danger did this appear to be to the enfeebled children of Germany that the London Committee joined with other organisations in sending a delegation to Paris to lay the matter before Sir John (now Lord) Bradbury, and Monsieur Loucheur.

The pre-war supply of milk to Berlin was 1 million litres daily. This fell off quickly from 1915 onwards, till in the winter of 1918-19 it only amounted to 150,000 litres. Every effort was made to increase it: for instance, the municipal authorities maintained a herd of 7,000 cows fed upon potato parings and vegetable trimmings, collected every morning from householders. Every drop of milk was most carefully rationed, and no adult, other than nursing mothers or those with open tuberculosis, had any at all. It was reserved for the children under four, or if supplies were sufficient to allow it, for delicate children up to six years of age. The mothers in many cases suckled their children up to one year or even longer, after which their decline in strength was sad to see.

The difficulty of transport, both for milk and other commodities, was greatly enhanced by the delivery to the Allies of 5,000 locomotives and 150,000 railway trucks.

Clothing was almost as desperately needed as food. The Mayor of Essen reported in 1920 that at least 25,000 out of the 75,000 city school children had not even the most necessary articles of clothing. Children would sleep on straw mattresses covered with their day clothes, and nurses found no linen on the bed for confinements, all the bedclothes

having been used for making baby clothes. One army officer known to our workers sacrificed all his precious war-maps that the cotton backing might be used as diapers for the ten-months' old baby. "They were the major's treasures," said his wife, and then added with a smile, "but he thinks the baby worth more than the treasures." Paper was used to make bandages and all sorts of clothing, and in fact was so cleverly got up that the uninitiated took long to detect it. But such clothes, even with the greatest care, could only be washed four or five times.

This was only one example of the almost universal "*ersatz*" (substitute). Readers may remember the story of the man who ate a beefsteak, but it was "*ersatz*" and so bad that he determined to hang himself. But the rope he used was "*ersatz*," and wouldn't hang him, and so he took poison, but that being equally "*ersatz*" it did not poison him and he determined to live and be merry again! But true it was that necessity had proved the mother of invention, in a painful number of everyday needs. The ingenuity and skill displayed were most praiseworthy, but should have been needless.

Soap was one of the unfortunate instances of "*ersatz*," for a gritty earthy mixture minus any fats does little cleansing and allows vermin and skin diseases to become rampant. When, in addition, warm water, towels and bed linen are all impossible luxuries, despair almost inevitably takes hold of even the best housewife and a moral degradation very swiftly follows the physical. Life became—and remained month after month—a deadly monotony without any colour. Caroline Norment writes: "Lack of paint makes houses all one grey colour: lack of food gives faces of people the same hue. People who must get their food from the public kitchens find it of the prevailing shade. Clothes worn and worn, patched and darned, washed and worn again, gradually assume the same colour. There is no variety in food, none in the monotony of the daily routine."

Finally, the coal situation was most serious. The first

party to visit Germany went to Essen to find out facts, and were informed that instead of the pre-war daily coal output of 320 to 370,000 tons, there were but 200 to 220,000. This was partly due to the undernourished condition of the miners, partly to the lessened number of them, which in turn was due to the lack of houses to accommodate them. The shortage was aggravated by the coal deliveries to the Allies, and by the loss of the Saar and, later, of the Silesian coal-fields.

As a result, the trams, gas and electricity services were drastically curtailed, and sometimes suspended for hours, or, in the case of the railways, for days at a time. So small were the stocks of coal held by the railways that a prominent journalist stigmatised it as a crime to run an express train in Germany. Serious disturbances were feared in the winter of 1919-20, owing to the suffering that this shortage added to the many other difficulties, but happily the real cold only lasted a short time. Berlin was allowed rather more than its due share in order to keep the people quiet. Nevertheless, our workers shared in the general misery and sat in the office in all their warmest overcoats in a vain endeavour to keep warm.

It was into such a world of sorrow and hardship that these workers entered, determined to share, as far as was at all possible, the conditions, physical and spiritual, and to bring sympathy and cheer. It was obviously impossible, with the means at the disposal of the English Friends, to undertake any comprehensive scheme of physical relief. The *Liebesgaben*, as has been shown, went as messengers far and wide, and proved an opening for friendship all over the country. To them, in part, no doubt, was due the intangible nature of our work in Germany, which has throughout been a bringing of the message of friendship and love, of the brotherhood of man overstepping all artificial barriers of race, politics or creed, which we believe to be the only true foundation upon which the family of nations can rest. This message to a war-weary, suffering people came with extraordinary

freshness, with the result that from all over Germany came a flood of requests for information. In response to this, speakers have gone far and wide over the country telling, sometimes to little groups gathered amidst the smoke and beer of second-rate restaurants, sometimes in big halls and under distinguished auspices, of the power which inspired them and obliged them to come amongst their so-called "enemies."

One very interesting visit in the summer of 1920 was paid by James T. Bailey, accompanied by Charles Weiss. The former had worked assiduously in the internment camps for Germans in England, organising the teaching of handicrafts, and consequently he was known personally to hundreds of people in this way. Now they had returned home, but as many of them had lived for years in England, and very likely had English wives, they had very close ties with the country which had now expelled them. So a visit from the man who had made their internment more bearable was a great event, and in many places he made a sort of triumphal progress on a humble scale !

There has been much scope, too, for help to the English wives who have had to settle in Germany with their husbands. Often not knowing a word of German, they found housekeeping in an unknown language under the intensely strenuous conditions obtaining, almost too despairing a job. Our workers have often taken part in clubs for them, where English books and magazines have been shared and English spoken.

It is very difficult, at all adequately, to sum up the activities which were carried on in the Berlin Quaker centre, and perhaps this inability to tabulate indicates its very strength. First, it should be made clear that the American feeding, to be described later, was a completely separate organisation, under the terms of the agreement with Mr. Hoover, although English workers were asked to help with it. All the rest of the work was carried on as a joint English and American work, under a "Field Committee" of which

sometimes an English worker, sometimes an American, was Chairman. The Berlin office, therefore, was the definite centre of organisation for the student feeding, for the *Liebesgaben* distribution and for the work on the Deutsche Zentral Ausschuss Committee in connection with this; for anti-tuberculosis work, to be described shortly, and for the arrangements for all lectures, conferences and informal gatherings, of which a very large number were held, and in connection with which a lending library was opened. Much time, too, was taken in showing visitors how to learn the true condition of the German people, for many people came and stayed in comfortable hotels and saw nothing but the veneer (mostly foreign) of luxury. Such people were taken to see the more genuine life which was hidden, and suffering. But in addition to this was an unclassifiable amount of very diversified friendly help in all sorts of problems and difficulties. The psychological conditions were largely responsible for this. In a state of affairs where almost everyone alike is underfed, overwrought and with frayed nerves, the presence of healthy-minded friends to turn to in all sorts of ways, is a much-appreciated blessing. From time to time, too, there was actual material help given in individual cases, as was essential, but as far as possible this was avoided, and it was rendered more indirectly. In all sorts of difficulties, however, the words "Ask the Quakers" (which were written on the passport of a German-American anxious to get home, when he asked for advice at some office) became the watchword of all sorts of people in trouble. Of such a nature was the work of correspondence with London, about the personal belongings of repatriated Germans, which is dealt with in the chapter on London work.

It should be mentioned that in this work in the Berlin office, Germans were associated, as members of the Mission, with the English and American, and particular gratitude for invaluable help should be expressed to Baron E. von Gaisberg, Ernst Lorenz and Elise Behrend.

In 1921 some help was organised for the Russian refugees

in the internment camps. These people were of such varied classes and opinions, each refusing to be grouped with any others, that the authorities had to classify them in as many as twenty different categories. Some of the mothers and children were receiving the American feeding, but the workers mentioned above interested themselves in giving employment which was urgently needed. "Counts, barons, princes, princesses and officers seated side by side, may be seen in the 'Sweat' shops, painting little Russian souvenirs, making lace, designing embroidery, carving woodwork, packing, shipping, arranging such beautiful little articles as they have for the first time learned to make, while in the lobby stands an endless queue of applicants for home work." Unfortunately funds did not allow of one-tenth of them receiving it, although those who worked were paid less than 1s. a day.

As time went on, conditions to some extent improved, but in others changed rather for the worse. The long-drawn uncertainty as to the amount of Reparations to be paid; the financial burden of the Armies of Occupation; the lack of markets for goods, because of greatly reduced purchasing power at home and of the loss of Germany's colonial possessions abroad, all told as heavy difficulties in the way of recovery. Their effects were to be found in the large increase of unemployment, lessened production, leading to diminished export and consequent harm to the exchange and greatly increased prices of everything. The mad period of the exchange came after that dealt with in this book, when prices doubled from hour to hour, and a pound sterling—if it could be changed at all—procured anything up to 35 billion (i.e. million million) marks, and one could scarcely carry the mass of notes, each one of many million marks. The falling value of the mark was, however, already having its effect on the housekeeping and the nerves of the people, and was beginning to make saving money the greatest possible waste of it. The story is told—whether actually or symbolically, what matter?—of two sons inheriting equal

fortunes from their father. The good son invested his portion, with the result that when the fall of the mark came, he was left with a few pence ; the unworthy brother used his share in riotous living, till nothing remained but his empty wine bottles. But the empty bottles sold for far more than his brother's vanished investments ! Joking apart, however, the influence on character of such uncertainty is a very real one. Very noticeable was the increase in pawning, which had to be resorted to by all sorts and conditions of people to procure daily necessities. The collections of furs, pearls and precious jewels annexed by the pawnbrokers would have excited the jealousy of an Eastern rajah !

Stealing, on the other hand, took on new forms, and instead of being directed towards the so-called precious things, was instead more often concerned with articles of vital importance to life, such as overcoats and shoes. One was reminded of the temptations produced by the sight of clothing, when hotels contained strict injunctions against leaving one's shoes outside the door to be cleaned. A boy is said to have been sent to make a purchase armed with a clothes' basket full of notes, wherewith to pay. He left it outside the shop, to find on returning that the valuable basket had been stolen, the notes, as worthless, having been left !

CHAPTER LV

PAYMENTS TO PRISONERS

DURING the work of the Mission in France, an opportunity was offered by the military authorities to take advantage of the labour of some of the 400,000 German prisoners in that country. It was a difficult problem, for the work was compulsory, no payment could be made, and it seemed entirely out of keeping with the spirit of voluntary service on which the Mission was founded. But the realisation of the alleviation it would be to the prisoners, won the day, and for shorter or longer periods, about 600 men worked at reconstruction alongside of the English and American boys. They found, of course, that they were no longer considered as pariahs, but as human beings, and they responded by giving of their best. They were only too glad to repair the damage which they deplored, and the interest did something to lessen the pain of exile from home, with which their contact was greatly restricted, through heavily censored letters, taking weeks each way.

But despite the Armistice, there was no news of their return, and with the autumn of 1919, when nearly a year had passed, their depression and home-sickness grew well-nigh unbearable. The idea was conceived that the money which they had earned by their work, but which the authorities forbade their having as pay, should be taken to their anxious families at home, with direct news of their welfare. Consequently three of our workers, Constance Gostick, Ronald Hotson and Solomon Yoder went round to all the centres where prisoners were working with our Mission in France, taking photographs and gathering messages, and set off in December, 1919 to their homes in Germany. It was

a most arduous service. For four winter months they travelled ceaselessly, covering Brandenburg, the Saxonies, Bavaria, Württemberg, Baden, Hessen, Westfalen, Hanover, Hamburg, Mecklenburg, Schwerin, Pommern, Berlin and the Rheinland. Railway travelling was exceedingly disorganised and entailed discomfort of every sort, and a great many of the homes could only be reached on foot. But travelling in fourth-class carriages and sleeping in peasants' houses gave an extraordinary insight into the life of the country, and the intense thrill of joy which their visits caused, made them feel entirely compensated for their toil. They met with an ubiquitous kindness and protecting care. The people everywhere gave them any food they could, fearing that they were as hungry as themselves, and if they had nothing to give, they borrowed it! Solomon Yoder recounts how he visited a family in Jena. "I found the father, mother and a brother of sixteen at home, and when I showed them the photograph of the missing son and brother they stood amazed. In a few minutes I explained the purpose of my visit. Emotion caused the mother and father to be speechless, but the young brother was so anxious and excited for news that he could scarcely speak fast enough. When I left, the mother wept, and as I bid good-bye to the brother at the railway station, he almost embraced me."

The good physical condition of the prisoners shown by the photographs was a great surprise to people surrounded by an undernourished world.

Our workers were almost overwhelmed with the warmth of their reception everywhere, and the help showered on them from very many sources—banks, post offices, police and railway officials. They visited 300 families in almost as many towns and villages, and distributed £2,000, the equivalent of the wages earned. The money was of course extremely needful, for the families, often without their breadwinner, were enduring great hardships. This fact had been manfully kept from the prisoners, so that when these returned, as many did before the end of our workers' visit,

they were met by the horror of the situation in which their families were placed. The full significance of defeat and of the peace terms burst upon them and the joy of returning home was spoiled. Many of them realised the inevitable deception of peoples by Governments, in the making of war, and determined to have nothing more to do with it.

Perhaps one of the most touching incidents was met with in a little mining village outside Dortmund, which Constance Gostick visited in February, 1920. She found an elderly man leaning against the unlighted stove, with a little boy of about five, showing all the signs of slow starvation. The father had returned a few days before to find his child thus and was too dejected to speak. No word of comfort seemed possible, but as C. Gostick rose to go, he roused himself, and said that his wife would like to see her. When she came in, and it was explained to her that her visitor was an Englishwoman, she seemed to go suddenly mad, throwing her arms round C. Gostick and kissing her, and then rushed from the room, returning with a picture post card of some Scotch soldiers. She said they had saved their lives. They were working on farms outside the town, and so had enough food, but in addition they had packages from home. The woman said simply, "They brought them straight to us, sardines, biscuits, tea." She pointed to her little boy and said, "if it hadn't been for their sardine oil my little boy would have died." She went on to say how happy they had all been and that all the nationalities had fraternised together. She ended by making tea from some of the treasured stores still remaining from the soldiers' parcels. Quite apart, therefore, from the connection with their own prisoners these "enemies" were treated as the dearest of friends. Such conversion can a little sardine oil do, when it is an emblem of goodwill!

One last story must be told as illustrating the identity of the fears and untruths behind every battle front. Constance Gostick describes how she spent a few days with the family of one of the prisoners who had cooked for our workers

in a centre in France. "They told me how, when the English soldiers were to be quartered upon them in Cologne, they were so terrified that they fled from the house. 'We knew,' they said, 'what sort of things they did, cutting off babies' hands and lots of other horrible things.' At nightfall they all crept back together and looked in through a window, and 'would you believe it,' they said, 'they were all sitting round the fire like anybody else, and they saw us and gave us tea. So we came back, and they were quite all right, and we were glad to have them, for, she added, smiling, 'when we were short of food they got it for us from their canteens, and gave us some of their clothes,' pointing to a sweater she wore" !¹

¹ It was in response to the persistent demand for an explanation of what sort of people the Quakers could be to do such work, that the first of the line of explanatory pamphlets was written, called "Weapons of Love," distributed first in typed copies : it was later printed for wider distribution.

CHAPTER LVI

FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN

IN March, 1920, Marion C. Fox and Helen W. Dixon, who had both been intimately associated with the work for enemy aliens in this country during the war, went out to Frankfurt-am-Main to investigate the local conditions, which contained some special elements of difficulty, in addition to the invariable poverty of post-war Germany. These two Friends, with Elizabeth Fox Howard, who went out in June, 1920, have been jointly responsible for the oversight of the Frankfurt work since these early days, one or another of them being there almost uninterruptedly, whilst Dorothy Henkel has worked there indefatigably and almost incessantly for years.

Frankfurt before the war was a particularly prosperous town, but at the time of the Armistice about 120,000 Alsatians were driven from their homes at a day or two's notice. They were allowed to take no personal belongings of any sort, and only in some cases as much as £6 in money. They were literally driven from their homes with the clothes on their backs, and often with only such goods as they could carry. Unlike the war-time refugees, they went with no hope of returning to their beloved homes. About 30,000 flocked into Frankfurt, causing very serious overcrowding and an alarming increase of tuberculosis, as well as a rise in prices in the already poverty-stricken town. Many of them could only be housed in miserable barracks, sometimes as many as twelve in one room.

Owing to her pre-war friendship with Leonore Burnitz, a Frankfurt lady, who has ever since given invaluable aid to our work there, Helen Dixon was quickly in touch with

the refugee situation. She and Marion Fox found that a local "Hilfbund" (Committee of Help) had been formed amongst the refugees themselves, as in other big towns, and that a scheme was on foot for a village colony for some of the 1,500 refugees still remaining without homes or work. Away in the hills above Bad Orb, at some distance to the north-east of Frankfurt, lie two villages, Villbach and Lettgenbrünn, which had been emptied of inhabitants in pre-war days to give full play for a military training centre with barracks attached. This was, of course, now empty, and was offered for the refugees. They were most eager to take advantage of this home, but the scheme hung fire, chiefly for lack of money, and our friends were able by persuasion, backed by a grant of money, to get a beginning made, and great indeed was the "settlers'" happiness when they found themselves at last in their mountain village. Not that their difficulties were by any means over. The money given was only enough for the bare agricultural minimum of seeds, tools and cattle. A special gift of fruit trees was also made. The village had fallen, naturally, into very bad repair—roofs leaked, walls were black and windows were broken, and there was scarcely any furniture. The settlers, too, were thrown together merely by common adversity, and were a mixture of Roman Catholics and Protestants, who took it in turn to use the little village church. The tools and the cattle had to be shared in common, and the work run on a community basis, which naturally brought out differences of opinion under such circumstances. Still, though it could not take the place of their old homes, the life offered hope and possibilities for a time, and one could see by the sturdy looks of the children what an immense difference the good air and country life had made to them. As an instance, one family of twelve, who had lived for a year in a single room in Frankfurt, now had a house to themselves, and the nine girls worked industriously and happily in the garden.

Various further help was given by our workers, who

kept in touch with the villagers for a considerable time by frequent visits and by advice in their difficulties.

In Frankfurt itself, too, much work opened up before the workers. Amongst the middle-classes in particular were unnumbered tragedies, formerly well-to-do people whose resources to meet the exigencies of life were suddenly cut off, and whose hopelessness was sadly reflected in the large increase of suicides. Such a tragedy was that of a lady whose husband, a teacher in Alsace-Lorraine, was lying dangerously ill in hospital in Metz, when the Armistice came, and the expulsion of Germans took place. With the other patients he was turned out in an open motor in winter and driven away, no one knew whither. For ten weeks his distracted wife sought him, only to find at last that he had died. But not even papers proving his death could be obtained, so that she could not claim the tiny pension to which she was entitled and, with a new-born child, she found herself entirely destitute and returned to her mother's home. At first she was too bitter to accept any help, but gradually, realising the meaning of the Friends' work, she was soothed and comforted by it.

There were also those who, without further tragedy, simply had not the means to live, such as the old couple living on about £20 per annum who were given two cutlets, an unknown luxury. But what use could they make of them, when they needed to be cooked, and their gas was cut off, through their inability to pay the bills? For many hundreds of such people the Friends organised a depot for the sale of food and clothing at prices varying from time to time from 25 to 50 per cent of the local shop prices. This was opened in June, 1920, and invitations were sent out to certain families carefully selected by a local committee representing teachers, University Professors, Jews, Catholics, and Protestants, to attend and to buy a stated amount of goods during the following month. All sorts of pathetic people appeared in response—the "*Verschämte Arme*"—the ashamed poor who had known comfortable conditions

all their lives, people whose minds were capable of giving real contributions to the world, but whose whole energies now had to concentrate on the grim fight for life. There were teachers, scientific men, doctors and their wives and widows. One pastor's wife was overjoyed to buy some common shirting so that her daughter's trousseau might contain two new garments : and with one and all, one could see what an immensely important affair was the purchase even of a reel of cotton, which without this help would cost them the equivalent of 18s.

Two appreciations may be quoted, one showing how the spirit in which the work was intended was understood, the other from a child in the school where the depot was held, who benefited as a sign of our appreciation for the accommodation given :

“TO THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS,

“I have now made use for four weeks of the friendly invitation you sent to me, and I feel I must now thank the Society of Friends for all they have done for me. I thank them not only for the material help for my family, which suffers dreadfully now that provisions are so dear, but I must also thank you still more in that you have helped me not to lose faith in humanity. To-day it is most difficult of all for people with ideals, although it is so difficult for us to accept gifts from the members of a nation which not so long ago kept all necessities of life from the misled German people, still I find it a wonderful feeling : it is the feeling of the unity of goodness through it in spite of war. The loving-kindness of the Friends in Germany after the war is a glowing page in the history of mankind, more beautiful than any that has been in the world before. I thank you.

“Very sincerely yours,

“_____.”

“DEAR QUAKERS,

“To-day we were told in school all that you are doing for us children, During the whole of the war I did not know that in England and America there were people who had such love for us. Now, however, I know all that you are doing for us. You are so far away from home, and must,

because of us, spend your days in hotels. At home, in your own safe houses, no doubt you are much more comfortable. From early morning till late at night you work for us. You love us because we are also children of God. I thank you for the many gifts of love which you have sent to Frankfurt children, and also to me. If I ever meet an English or American child in trouble, I shall be sure to help him.

“Yours gratefully,

“KAETHE LUTZ,

“Annaschule.”

The part payments received for the goods sold were returned into the purchasing fund, so that to this extent the fund was a revolving one. A share of the gift of 100 tons of clothing which the American Relief Commission gave for our work all over Germany came as a great help to the supplies. The town authorities very kindly accommodated this, which was received at Frankfurt, in the City Museum, and it was a very odd sight to see the South Sea Island curiosities in company with some 16,000 up-to-date pyjamas !

So successful was the work of the Frankfurt depot that a similar one was started at Leipzig and carried on under Jane Bell's efficient supervision, as well as others at Nürnberg and Dresden.

CHAPTER LVII

STUDENTS

THE plight of the German students appeared to the Friends to be one which they felt especially called on to help. Over 100,000 young men and women were studying in Universities and technical schools in Germany. Sixty per cent of these were under the strain of earning their own living while studying, and many of the remaining 40 per cent were foreigners. Many of the students came from the middle- and lower middle-classes, very frequently the children of officials, whose income before the war enabled them to provide adequately for their education. After the war, however, when salaries had risen two or three times, and living expenses still more, they were entirely unable to support their sons and daughters and to educate them. German Universities have no college system, so students either live at home or in lodgings. Apart from the innate studious nature of a large number of Germans, which gave them the wonderful grit to carry through their studies against immense handicaps, there was little outlook for many of them in any other branch of life-work. It was, in fact, terribly difficult to obtain remunerative work by which the students could support themselves, although they made efforts in all directions.

In some Universities, very primitive cells were arranged in the yards for the students to sleep in, but some could not even afford the modest charge required, and would sleep in a motor in a garage, acting as night watchman in exchange for the shelter! "Even in the waiting-rooms of stations they may be found trying to work at their books, while in the parks at night the watchmen pretend not to see the

occasional student huddled on a bench, in the hope of a little restless sleep. In a building which is falling to ruin, and which has therefore been forbidden as a place of residence by the police, there still live nevertheless three students. One suit of clothes serves the three by turns. One only has any employment, this being a small job in a restaurant from which he now and then brings back an egg or small bit of ham for his fellows."

The strain of such a life in addition to study could not fail to be too much for all but the most robust, and must, alas! leave its mark on the coming generation for many years to come.

It must not be thought that no effort had been made by the Germans themselves to cure this situation. In this, as in countless other ways, great efforts had been made. When the municipal kitchens, open during the war, were closed down, a *Mensa Academica* was opened in many Universities on the initiative of the students, but the authorities had not the funds at their disposal to make this good enough, or cheap enough, to meet the need. This was the case with various forms of self-help which had been started.

It was to help such students that the Friends set to work. Dr. Reinhold Schairer was so convinced that Friends ought to take up the work that he inspired one or two of them to make investigations which resulted in a beginning being made in May, 1920, with a *Speisehalle* in Breitestrasse, Berlin, where a meal for 125 students was provided. Encouraged by the success of this, negotiations were undertaken with the Berlin municipal authorities to obtain their co-operation, which was obtained, and free accommodation was given by the city where 750 students could be fed in two shifts. The food was prepared in the municipal kitchens and the waiting was done by volunteers so as to reduce the overhead charges to a minimum. A *Speisehallen* Committee was formed, with the Oberbürgermeister of Berlin as Chairman and two Quaker representatives. Prof. Einstein was closely connected with the work.

The next centre to be established was in Leipzig, where, one week after making the preliminary investigations, more than 200 students were being fed. Gradually, centre after centre was opened, till in January, 1921, food had been sent to every University and Technical High School in Germany except Hamburg, Hanover and Erlangen, of which the first two could find no location for the feeding, but it was finally arranged at Erlangen.

This made a total of thirty-one Universities and Technical High Schools, in which between 15,000 and 16,000 students were being fed. The arrangements were in the able hands of Arthur and Pleasaunce Parsons till the death of the former in December, 1920, due to the strain entailed by the arduous service.

For the most part a certain contribution, mostly in fats, was made to the *mensa* already referred to. The addition of the food from the Friends made such a meal of far more value to all the students. For instance, 1 mark's worth of food might be added to the share of each student, and only an additional 50 pf. charged. This sum received in payment from the students was devoted to the provision of free meals to certain students carefully selected by a Committee. The charge made for the meals was exceedingly moderate, as is shown by the fact that a girl student once asked an American worker to change her 6 cents, which she had treasured since her childhood in America. The 6 cents became 12,000 marks at the current exchange, which was sufficient to pay for her meal each day for nearly two weeks.

This work brought our members into close touch with a large body of young people and gave them, in fact, an unusual opportunity to watch the currents of thought of the generation whose world had been brought to confusion by the war. It was in the social club held in connection with the *Speisehalle* that the Friends got to know and understand the students best, and in excursions arranged as a result. In connection with this club, Violet Tillard, who gave her life in the Russian Famine, will long be remembered, so

beloved was she by the students. There were social evenings for discussion of all sorts of subjects of vital interest, as well as more formal addresses given at the English Seminar of the University, at the invitation of the authorities. Evelyn Sharp, who worked for some time amongst the students in Berlin, writes: "I like best of all going to the club in the evenings. Sometimes it seems hardly credible that I should be sitting here, as I did the other night, between a man who had lost his leg and another who had lost his arm in the war (that one took the greatest pride in threading my needles for me, which he did most skilfully with his one arm !) and calmly discussing how to avoid the next war."

Another of our workers describes a large and enthusiastic pacifist meeting within the sacred precincts of Berlin University, supposed to be the home of German militarism.

Returning to the Friends' work, perhaps it would be well here to meet quite simply the criticism which may be made that such work was of the nature of "propaganda." I would reply that all material goods distributed anywhere by the Friends certainly carried with them a spiritual significance, but that spiritual significance which in its briefest form may be thus expressed—the brotherhood of man in the fatherhood of God—is no perquisite of a sect, but is revealed to men all over the world. In fact Quakers have not sought to make Quakers: they have told the questioner the source of their inspiration, and their happiness. In so far as Christianity must be revolutionary they are revolutionary. This, of course, must be objected to by many people if they are really honest with themselves, as were the group of reactionary students who came on one occasion to some one who was working with us and asked him whether he realised what he was doing. "For," said they, "if you are not careful, reconciliation will be spreading all over the country." Another testimony was that from a representative of Leipzig, who wrote: "The German students will be still more glad if they can return thanks to the other nations in the domain in which by nature they can accomplish most—the domain

of knowledge. And we shall always be bound together in the endeavour to make far more people into *Studentes*, seekers after true knowledge. For only then will the nations learn to despise frontiers, swords, guns."

And the Rektor of Halle University wrote :—

" Above all, though, it is the spirit of a love which reconciles the nations, the proof that the politicians have not been able to infect the nations through and through with the spirit of mutual hate, which shines forth from your work amongst our children and our students and unites us in grateful thanks."

One student wanted to know whether Quakers got murdered much oftener than other people as they do not believe in defending themselves by force.

Perhaps one of the most useful contributions to the work was the part taken by Friends in the German committees for making arrangements. Dr. Reinhold Schairer and others were going through immense difficulties in co-ordinating the Student Self-help, and the presence of those who were sympathetic with the aims, and yet somewhat removed from the clash of interests, was held to be of real value.

But to return to the feeding arrangements. Early in 1921 the World's Student Christian Federation intimated its desire to take over this relief work from the Friends as in Austria and Poland, a desire in which it was felt right to acquiesce, and by May the transfer was practically complete. A representative of the whole student body, however, begged Friends to continue their feeding in one University, as a *Patenkind* (godchild) and so remain in connection with the work. This was gladly acceded to, and both the *Speisehalle* and club at Breitestrasse, Berlin, and the University of Tübingen were continued.

A committee was organised, consisting of five representatives of the *Studentenschaft* and *Studentendienst*, two student organisations of different complexion, and one representative of the Quakers, under the presidency of Excellenz Michaelis as Chairman, to carry on the work.

CHAPTER LVIII

CHILDREN'S HOMES

WORK in connection with two children's homes must be mentioned. The first, a home in Zandvoort in Holland, was not directly under the Committee's management, being organised by the Yorkshire Friends' Quarterly Meeting in connection with it. From October, 1919, to April, 1921, about fifty German children were brought out into the sunlight of prosperity and happiness by the seashore in Holland, tenderly cared for by Edith Davies, Janie Robb, and a band of young helpers. They took back with them precious bundles of underclothing, treasures of the seashore, a bag of sweets and a parcel of health and strength and happiness, which one can only hope lasted them for a very long time.

The second home was one at Zehlendorf, in the beautiful woods near Berlin, which was granted rent free by the City authorities and opened in May, 1920. Here sixty underfed children and forty anæmic girls were looked after during the summer under the care of Gertrude Giles and other workers. They were indeed sorely needing this good air and food and care. It was decided to make a very small charge and to ask that the children should bring a change of clothes and their bed linen, but this had been quite impossible for them, and the kind helpers were often kept up late at night mending and altering and making, for the gymnastic exercises which the children were taught by day, wrought havoc with their "delicate clothes," and many children were found to be becoming malformed through constantly wearing clothes too small for them because their mothers could provide no others. The home was kept open through

the summer, but there were many difficulties about the arrangements made, and in addition the house was too damp for winter, so it was decided to close it and hand over the funds remaining to allow of more children going to an existing home in the country.

In connection with this home, a rather interesting incident may be told. At the time it was opened, conditions in Berlin were very unsettled : burglary and theft were of daily occurrence, and the sound of shots fired was frequently heard. The second night after the Friends' workers arrived, they were aroused by such a sound, and were told by the handy man that thieves had broken in, but had fled in consequence of this shooting. The Major who had been left in charge of the premises (formerly a naval convalescent home) was also roused, and appeared pistol in hand.

The next day, the Friends, after careful deliberation, decided that their home could not be protected by fire-arms ; a letter was inserted in the papers explaining the Quaker point of view, and appealing to the good in everyone to help to bring back health, safety and happiness into the lives of the children cared for. The letter explained that there had been no knowledge of the existence of any fire-arms and there were to be none in future. The Major was begged not to come to the rescue in case of further alarms, the handyman gave up his arms, the police were prevailed on, after some difficulty, not to send an armed guard, and the maidservants were told they might leave if they were afraid—an offer they did not accept. With the exception of one alarm, which was pretty certainly only an attempt to intimidate, no further difficulty was experienced, and the home was left in safety and peace.

CHAPTER LIX

ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS WORK

IN 1921 it was found possible to undertake anti-tuberculosis work under Dr. E. E. Glover's skilled supervision. The need was only too abundantly clear. The mortality statistics showed, in round figures, that the death-rate from this disease had increased 67 per cent between 1914 and 1918, or put in another way, and taking into account the smaller number of deaths in country districts, 100,000 more people died between 1914 and 1919 than might have been expected, calculated from the rates of 1914. Happily some improvement had been noted since 1918, the worst year of all, but as tuberculosis is a long-time disease, the number of patients was exceedingly great. The tuberculosis nurses in Berlin estimated that 50,000 families under their care in that city were in serious straits owing to the illness, while in Nürnberg, the City Council reported that 50 per cent of the children were suffering from it.

Statistics need to be translated into terms of human beings, and the following shall be told in the visitor's own words :—

“The picture is etched upon my brain. . . . A man, emaciated, half-clothed, propped up between a perambulator and a tiled stove, feeding the baby he was too weak to lift. He was feeding the baby with a paste made of black bread cooked in water, with the addition of a little lard and salt. That was the only food he had. Three other children of various ages were having their lunch from the same loaf of coarse black bread, spread with lard.

“At the entrance of visitors the baby wept, and hid its face in its father's bosom. He bent his head over the child with a look half-amused and wholly loving, such as one usually calls ‘maternal.’

“ ‘You must excuse her, she is afraid of strangers,’ he said.

“ ‘He had tuberculosis of the bone. Both legs were ‘open.’ Do you know what that means? He had tuberculosis of the lungs, too, ‘But I do not cough much,’ he explained apologetically.

“ ‘The tiny kitchen in which he stood was half of his home. In the other three little rooms were three single beds, guiltless of linen. Here, also, was his idle sewing-machine—he was a tailor by trade. That idle machine was a terrible thing.

“ ‘I try to sew a little, if I get a piece of work, and my wife sometimes gets something to do,’ he explained wistfully; apologising again for owning so valuable a bit of property. It was plain that he loved that machine, as he loved the baby.

“ ‘My wife had work to-day,’ he said. ‘Happily she has work three days this week. She irons. She makes twenty-one marks a day. Besides, we get ninety-one marks a week from the Illness Compensation.’

“ ‘There was one ray of light in the picture. The little daughter was one of those ‘dancing fays.’ She could not help it—she must dance. With her piece of black bread in her hand she wove a ceaseless pattern in and out around and among us. Eight years old, she looked five, a slender wisp of a thing, with her father’s half-amused eyes, though happily, as yet, without his background of pain. Her father smiled on her indulgently.

“ ‘She always dances, though she has no shoes,’ he said. True, she had no shoes, and her stockings had feet of a different colour set into them. These, too, were in holes. But still the little maid danced.

“ ‘A minimum living allowance in Berlin for a man, his wife and four children is 420 marks per week. This family has this week an income of one hundred and fifty-four.’”

To help such families as these, the Friends set to work, knowing only too well that their help could, alas! only touch the fringe of the problem. Their help was given through fourteen welfare centres in the towns of Berlin, Essen, Breslau, Chemnitz, Fürth, Königsberg and Mannheim. In this way they reached cases already known to the competent authorities, and spent part of the funds on necessities for the children and improvement in their home

conditions, and another part on adults in the incipient stage, especially breadwinners and housewives, whose capacity for full-time work it was hoped to re-establish. Each patient received milk, cod liver oil and sugar, and some other groceries and soap, as well as pocket-handkerchiefs, disinfectant, and, if possible, clothing. Not only were these gifts sent, but many of the different centres were visited by our workers, who were able to keep in personal touch with the institutions helped.

CHAPTER LX

COLOGNE

THE American feeding did not cover the areas in the occupation of the English, French or Belgian Armies, and, as has already been noted, the soldiers in the Cologne area called the attention of the British authorities at home, in a famous telegram from Lord Plumer, to the sad condition of the German children, but had failed to secure Government approval of a scheme for feeding. This was particularly unfortunate, as the £ for £ Treasury Grant, available for other Central European countries, was not given to Germany, and the money was correspondingly harder to raise voluntarily.

Meanwhile, some members of the London Committee felt strongly that the responsibility for work in Cologne should be undertaken, despite the heavy commitments elsewhere. Frederick Merttens visited Cologne and attended a meeting of influential citizens called by Dr. Krautwig, assistant Burgomaster, at which a collection was made amongst the bankers of Cologne. The scheme was accepted by the authorities, who undertook to bear a share of the cost, and Paul Sturge, who had already proved his capacity as a worker with the American feeding scheme, was appointed in the summer of 1920 to take charge of the arrangements, which he did with great success.

The British officers of the Rhineland Commission had already approached our organisation and offered, and gave, their friendly help and co-operation.

Unfortunately the schools were often amongst the buildings requisitioned by the army, so that the space left was very inadequate, and frequently the children could only have

half-time lessons, as two shifts of pupils had to be accommodated. As elsewhere, the condition of the children was tragic, e.g. at birth they often weighed little more than 3 lbs. and other cases noted were : a boy, aged 2 months, weighing 5 lbs. 5 ozs., and another weighing $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. at a month old. Before the war only 2 per cent were too backward, mentally and physically, to go to school, now there were 10 per cent. The increase of tuberculosis was from 738 cases in 1910, to 1,733 in 1919. Prices had naturally risen more than in unoccupied Germany, for the soldier's pay in English money translated into German made him a millionaire, and drove prices up, though it is arguable that the increased trade he brought, has ultimately proved beneficial.

By the kindness of the American Friends' Service Committee, the Cologne feeding was given the great benefit of their organisation, that is to say the district was considered as one of their own, but the money for the food was provided by the English Committee. This very greatly simplified the organisation, for purchase and transport were undertaken by their capable representatives. Nor must the very large share of the Germans themselves be forgotten. The detailed arrangements in each place were in the hands of a local committee, under the supervision of the English *Besirksleiter* Paul Sturge, who was succeeded by other workers.

The feeding actually began on December 2nd, 1920, and the opening shall be described in Paul Sturge's own words :—

"Dec. 2nd was a red-letter day for us : after 5 weeks' preparation our first meals were served in Cologne on that day. In the morning we visited the kitchen : this has been beautifully arranged, and is very roomy, light and airy. Ten boilers stand down one side, with a separate one apart from the rest in which the Jewish meals are cooked by Jewish helpers. The food is of excellent quality : such white flour, sugar, beans and lard have not been seen in Cologne for years, and are a source of wonder and admiration to the staff. Three boilers, each cooking for a thousand children, are in



CHILDREN COMING FOR THE AMERICAN "KWAKERSPEISUNG"

use at present : three more will be used in the next few days, and we hope that funds will allow us to use all ten before long. Afterwards we visited some of the feeding centres : the schools were easily identified by the crowds of children in the playgrounds during the break from 10 to 10.30 : on the stairs we were met by a long line of children, each with plate or bowl and spoon and the familiar buff feeding card, which has to be produced each day ; these cards are kept by the teachers and given out before the children go to the feeding centre to prevent their being transferred to unauthorised children. Up in the classroom allotted to the feeding there was a good deal of confusion, as was natural on the first day. In the centre were three big double-walled containers, in which the food is sent from the kitchens ; the food will keep hot in them for 5 or 6 hours. On the first day these contained chocolate pudding, the food of the day for 200 children, this being the number fed at that feeding centre : the food was presided over by an assistant, while the lady in charge stood at the teacher's desk to mark off her list and the cards. A couple of voluntary workers and a teacher looked after the children.

“And the children—there could be no doubt about the correctness of the medical examination : in spite of a good deal of noise and laughter they were a pathetic lot, small, undersized, pale and thin, looking two or three years below their ages. And when the food was served we soon discovered some who were crying, or sitting with the food in front of them not attempting to eat ; and we found that many of them just could not eat the food ; the chocolate was, no doubt, rather rich and sweet, and they were so unused to such food that they simply could not manage it.”

Happily, the children's ability to eat, and their weight, quickly increased in most cases—the three-monthly medical examination often showed a gain of from 3 to 13 lbs., even though the fact of having this one meal often deprived the child of almost any share in the family's food, which had to provide the nourishment for the unfavoured members. But the enjoyment of the meals was acute, and probably the little boy was typical who, when asked which day's meal he liked best, answered immediately : “I like cocoa best—I like milk rice best—I like bean soup best——” until he had gone

through the week's menus, much to the amusement of his neighbours !

The numbers were very speedily increased, and by the end of 1920, about 12,000 were being fed, and the highest number fed, 29,556, was reached in July, 1921, which was diminished by the autumn to 11,000, owing to the improvement in general conditions. In addition to the school children, a certain number of children below school age, as well as nursing and expectant mothers, were also fed.

For a time, feeding had to be completely given up in one or two towns, owing to the use of all the schools by French troops in anticipation of the occupation of the Ruhr, and only when they were evacuated could the children have their food again.

It should be noted that, in addition to the German official help to the scheme, local collections were made amongst those who still had any money to give, so that the thanks which were so kindly showered upon the English were not really all merited. It is far too little realised that through her time of suffering, Germany's help to her sufferers averaged 98 per cent of all that was given—this is including the total social burden of the Government, such as unemployment doles, social insurances, etc.—and foreign aid only the tiny fraction of 2 per cent. Yet the objection has often been unjustly raised, why do not the Germans help themselves ?

The thanks were often very touching. One German wrote to say that the children in his town had come to him of their own free will to ask him to send their thanks for the food, from the very bottom of their hearts.

The Landrat of the Kreis Solingen wrote at the end of 1921 :—

“It is wonderful what your Society has done and is still doing in giving practical help in their loving-kindness. We hope with their help to be able to save a large number of our poor children, who, owing to the exorbitant prices have suffered unspeakably, and are still suffering, and who other-

wise are faced with a living death. It will be years before there is any prospect of our conditions becoming normal. If only the hearts of the people and our former enemies might be filled with the love that speaks to us through your grand work, then there might be a chance of our overcoming the overwhelming difficulties more quickly.

"I hope with all my heart that the spirit which prompts you and your friends' work, will soon take possession of all the people of the earth."

At the beginning of 1922 the work was handed over to German control in consonance with the American Committee's decision to act similarly with their nation-wide work.

CHAPTER LXI

AMERICAN FRIENDS' SERVICE COMMITTEE WORK

THE work which the American Quakers carried out in Germany on behalf of their nation would need a separate and a large book to describe it at all adequately, and only the barest outline can be given here.

Mr. Hoover, whose Grain Corporation profits—the result of supplying food to Europe—were used for the benefit of starving Europe, in addition to very large *ad hoc* collections, approached the American Friends to ascertain whether they would undertake the organisation of German relief on the same lines that Mr. Hoover, through his organisation, the American Relief Administration, had done in other countries of Central Europe.

The offer was accepted, and a party of about twenty workers sailed in December, 1919, to organise by far the largest work of relief undertaken either by English or American Friends. If Bunyan had been making up the story, he could hardly have chosen a more apt name for the leader than was actually the case in Alfred C. Scattergood, whose personality happily followed his name. The opportunity was a wonderful one, of showing that “victors” could work with “vanquished” in a spirit of complete co-operation and lack of superiority; showing, too, that efficiency and success in a big and complicated organisation can be just as great when the end is the good of others, as in any money-making concern, and if the grace of humility be added to these achievements, I think one may feel that a great work has been accomplished!

The American Friends, despite the fact that the work had necessarily to be an American one, were free to associate

English Friends with them, and very soon invited two or three to join them.

The American Quakers were, as a German once expressed it, "only God's parcel-postmen," and that very truly expresses both their share and the spirit of it. All of the overhead charges were borne by them and their workers supervised in every district, but their expenses were but a small percentage of those very large sums provided from Hoover's and other American organisations, whilst the German Government provided the feeding-places, free transport from Hamburg, the local cartage, the working and serving equipment and personnel, and also, after September, 1920, gave the flour and sugar, contributions equalling about half the total cost.

Let us first briefly enumerate the actual figures of what was accomplished, to give some idea of the magnitude of the work.

By September, 1922, more than 33,300 tons of foodstuffs at a cost of over 8 million dollars had been distributed. The first meal was given on February 26th, 1920, and by 1922 over two hundred millions of meals had been served. At the time of maximum effort 1,010,000 children were being fed, and 40,000 Germans were helping in the preparation and distribution, of whom a very great number gave their services voluntarily. The feeding took place in over 1,000 cities and towns: was cooked in 1,100 kitchens under the supervision of 40 Americans, of whom those in Berlin encamped somewhat incongruously in a grand palace in Dorotheenstrasse, lent to them by the Government, in the ballroom of which the Emperor William I is said to have danced!

The whole country was divided into seven districts, each under the charge of an American *Bezirksleiter*, or district supervisor. It is impossible here to dwell on all the heavy work of organisation, of the gathering together of local committees in each place, of the arrangements for the cooking and distribution to the different schools, which needed the

most detailed attention if all was to go smoothly. Sometimes unusual help was received, such as that of the City Firemen of Braunschweig, who volunteered to distribute the thermos kettles to the schools on their daily practice, thereby quenching hunger instead of flames; or that of the Polish girl soldiers who convoyed some of the food for Upper Silesia, or again that of the Reichswehr of Stettin, who saved the heavy cost of motor transport by distributing it in the military waggons. Much of the cooking equipment had also seen service in the war.

The co-operation and help from the school teachers, themselves underfed, was a notable feature of the work. About 25,000 in all gave daily assistance, their only compensation being the increased well-being of their pupils. The following letters from teachers throw sidelights from their point of view :—

“ It will not be easy for you to realise what all this means to us. For years we were cut off from everything; for years we heard nothing but strife and hatred. Now, suddenly, you come to us and show us that behind the world of political strife, the real world still exists, the world of brotherhood and love.”

And again :—

“ Two teachers give out the food, while another supervises. They always have to fight against the fact—that children who are not admitted try to smuggle themselves in. One boy in my class brings constantly every day a basin and spoon with him, and beams two hours for joy when he may eat for a missing child. There is a kind of wireless telegraphy in the school-house, the menu is soon known. White beans, rice, flour and chocolate soup are the favourite dishes. The Quakers wished for a severe control to be held that the children eat the meal in the school-house. We are always finding that the small group tries, when something specially good is given, to take something for sisters and brothers or mothers to taste. If anything is left in the buckets, which seldom happens, then we send the children from the higher classes, who help to keep order, down after the recess.

“ Unfortunately, we teachers often have trouble with the

parents whose children have not been admitted to the feeding. At first they looked at the organisation with sceptical eyes, now one or another mother comes almost every day, who would like to have the privilege also for her offspring.

"The plea of a war widow went very much to my heart not long ago. The little one, who, while being 6 years old looked like a child of 4, was not selected by the school doctor. As the mother works in a factory from 8 to 4, the child only gets a warm meal at 5 o'clock. I found myself in a dilemma between conflicting impulses, and went against my duty in slipping the little one in."

This brings out sadly the pathetic case of those who are *just* outside any relief scheme, and clever was the teacher who managed to make the "fed" children pleased with their food, and the "unfed" proud of their ability to do without it. What a topsy-turvy world, though, which has to reject the wonderful generosity of hungry children, like two little boys who were found in one centre crying miserably because, having been discovered trying to pocket the beautiful white American rolls, they were sent back to eat them, though "'Mutti' (Mother) is sick, and has no money to buy white bread, though the doctor gave her a certificate to get it." Sometimes, too, the children's parents could not afford the very small charge which was made for the meal, and in one case the other children subscribed to pay it for such an one.

The children to receive the feeding, were selected with the greatest care after medical examination, and they were drawn from all classes, including those of at least one Ambassador and one Judge, who admitted in private conversation that they were entirely unable to provide food for their families.

Howard Brinton, whose coming to Upper Silesia as Supervisor, incidentally created great excitement among the children, of whom one believed he would be black, writes as follows :—

"You would probably not be much impressed to hear that we are feeding 700,000 children and hope soon to be

feeding one million ; but it would impress you to see one thin hungry little girl dive head first into a bowl of hot cocoa, and then if you should travel from one end of Germany to the other and find everywhere long lines of underfed, under-dressed children with bowls and spoons and Quaker meal tickets, and at the end of the line big cauldrons of milk, rice, peas or beans or cocoa or thick flour soup and close by piles of little white rolls, and beyond, a hall full to overflowing with the happy eaters, you would realise that something of historic importance was taking place."

One of the by-products of this work has been the introduction of a new word into the German language ! Quaker as a noun in English, may stand for someone holding very abstract ideas, but in German, as a verb it means the very concrete fact of eating ! "Hast du gequäkert" is the newer form of "Hast du gegessen ?" and a derivative noun has also appeared "to eat a quaker," meaning to eat a meal ! True it is that the word "Quaker," and their black and red star have a very magic power in Germany as well as in lesser degree all over Central Europe, and at their appearance all sorts of unlooked for help is forthcoming ; Customs' officers cease opening your bags, and quite full hotels have several rooms awaiting your occupation.

The friendship which the star brought with one's fellow-passengers by train, in all the countries travelled in, cannot be passed over in silence. I know that my experience is only typical of that of our workers. I have had to rouse myself from sleep on night journeys to explain to interested enquirers the connotation of our star ; food has been shared with me ; hospitality for tired workers has been offered me ; and on one occasion my fellow-passengers, irate on my behalf, severely and successfully scolded the ticket-collector for charging me an excess fare which I had unwittingly not paid. Trains might often have no heat, no cushions and no light unless one brought a candle, but similar kindnesses, and most interesting conversations did much to counterbalance any material discomforts. Only once can I remember any incivility.

A story is told, too, of a child, who, seeing another child knocked down in the street, reported it to its mother, with the comment that it was all right, because a Quaker picked it up. When asked how she knew it was a Quaker, she replied that that was the kind of thing that Quakers did !

Such are some of the reminders to those bearing the name, of the very great responsibility laid upon them to live up to it, in so far as in them lies, and to work unceasingly for the ideals behind it. For it would seem that a sort of "Quaker myth" has arisen. The name has "caught on" to an idea which in no sense is limited to that sect, but which has, by what one may almost call accident, become connected with them, and therefore may be dealt with here in an impersonal sense. It is the antithesis of the war atmosphere, which is hungrily received by people the more they have suffered from the opposite. It should be an immense encouragement to all that large body of people who believe in the ideas of true peace and brotherhood to make fresh efforts to bring about their realisation.

Certainly the appreciation which was shown to the *Kwakerspeisung* was almost overwhelming, and was showered in all sorts of ways upon the American workers as representing the very large body of givers in far-away unknown America.

On one occasion Caroline Norment was in one of the centres in Berlin where nursing mothers were fed, and the healthy babies they brought gave testimony to the good results. The woman in charge suggested that the mothers who so often wanted to express their thanks should take this opportunity, and a most moving little scene it was, as one after another tried to say a word. A few days later Caroline Norment was there again, and as she left, a woman with a baby in her arms, ran after her—"Oh," she said, "I wanted so much to speak to you. I was not here the other day when the other women thanked you. Please let me thank you, too. I had one little baby girl born in 1917. She died when she was only a few weeks old. I was just too weak.

I had a little son a year and half later. He died, too. Now I have this little daughter, and she is really strong. I am nursing her. I thank God every day for the Quaker food."

Another mother whose baby's life and health she attributed to the same cause said: "This is a Quaker baby: that is why we are so thankful. It is decided that when she grows up she shall go to America to try to find you all to thank you herself." Even if that journey should never be taken, it may well be that the seeds of love sown may be bearing their fruit in many places as far into the future.

Here is one of the children's letters of thanks:—

"To the dear Quakers in America. I am so thankful to the dear Quakers and would like to send them this letter. While I have had the Quaker feeding, I have gained 12 lbs. to the delight of my parents and teachers. I feel so thankful to the Quakers for the friendly help they gave me.

"With kindest regards,

"RUTH HOEPNER."

"Teacher said I learn much better already," is a theme touched on in many letters, and surprisingly many children who are onlookers only and not partakers yet feel a corporate gratitude which is very touching, such as:—

"What a great pleasure you have given us children, feeding us every day with your beautiful soups. I also wanted to have the food once, but the doctor said I was too fat."

And scraps from the essays which some schools set their pupils to write show some mixing of ideas, as:—

"They (the Quakers) have great brotherly love, and are enemies. . . . Every morning the children are consumed (*verspeist* instead of *gespeist*)."

The work brought the Quakers into unwonted circles of life. Who, before the war, would have expected any intercourse between them and the city of Potsdam, yet the following letter shows that even this came to pass!

"To the Conference of Friends from America which is

now meeting in the Palace Hotel, the city of Potsdam extends its hearty greetings. The city begs that the conference will accept the decoration of the conference room with flowers as a little sign of thanks for the extraordinary help which the Quakers have granted to the city of Potsdam, as to so many other cities, by feeding women and children.

"The city hopes that the friendly connection which this philanthropic work has begun between two great peoples may be continued and strengthened after the end of the work.

" (Signed) VOSBERG,

" Oberbürgermeister, Geheimer Regierungsrat.

" *July, 1921.*"

The President, Herr Ebert, also received them on more than one occasion, and the President of the Reichstag (Herr Löbe) expressed in one of its sessions the thanks of the German people.

At the beginning of 1922 it was decided to hand over the organisation and the stocks of food to the German organisation, the Deutsche Zentral Ausschuss, to administer. Though outside the time limit of this book it may be of interest to mention that this was not entirely effected before the recurrence of worse conditions in 1923 caused the American Committee to take charge again and to carry on the work for a second period.

CHAPTER LXII

THE END

IN February, 1922, the work of English Friends in Germany was handed over to their Council for International Service, which is the concluding refrain of nearly all the chapters in this book.¹

Friends could not feel that their work for Germany was done ; they see no real end at all, but they did see that a new stage was reached, which called for different measures, and that even more than before their work was to be "with" Germans, rather than "for" Germans. At the time of writing more than three years have gone by, years which have been wonderfully full of co-operation in thought and ideal, in learning as well as giving. They have seen the birth of an embryonic movement which may or may not prove to be something analogous to the Society of Friends in this country.² Its organisation matters not at all, but what does matter is that the seeds of love instead of hatred may germinate and bear abundant fruit. I believe that all those who have had any part in this work in Germany have felt the answering love which it has aroused as a very wonderful experience, and through all the denunciations of that nation which they so frequently hear repeated, they know that they have clear proofs from personal knowledge of the spiritual

¹ At the time that this took place conditions in Germany gave hope that the days of relief were coming to an end. As a matter of fact, however, things became so desperately bad again in the autumn of 1923 that emergency relief had to be organised afresh both by the English and American Committees and maintained for at least nine months. This, however, falls outside of the scope of this book because it was undertaken by the Council for International Service.

² A Society of Friends in Germany was founded on the 23rd July, 1925.

life of that other Germany which is unknown perhaps to the politician, the journalist or the merchant.

In conclusion I would quote, as an instance of the spirit which can only make one feel deeply humbled, a letter from a German lady to one of our former workers, written at a time in 1923 when the outward conditions seemed well-nigh desperate :—

“ You must not dread hearing from us. After all one needs much less for living on than is generally supposed, and there is compensation in everything. I feel very much like a plant under a heap of stones. The quiet force of life itself working against the dull weight of the mass of stones and forcing itself against all obstacles. Do *you* know how a plant like that feels, if it feels at all ? Well there is a voice singing in it, actually singing a beautiful song of life. You know even steam that cannot properly escape, just only through a very tiny hole, begins to sing. I think the enormous pressure and the very little room there is to escape from it makes us feel life and its beauty in itself so keenly. There are moments, at night, when the dead weight of stones seems to crush every effort. But with the delicate blue and white of the morning sky the little strong voice begins to sing again, and the song helps the plant to rise against the stones—it feels the air that is above them.”

EPILOGUE

BY PROFESSOR RUFUS JONES, LL.D., D.D.

COVENTRY PATMORE in an unpublished note, jotted down apparently shortly before his death, wrote : "If you wish to be good, the easiest way, indeed the only way, is to be heroically good." In the long run the uncompromising course, that blazes a trail straight through the jungle of difficulties, proves to be not only the wisest and best course, but also the easiest one—because there usually is no other way that will do.

This book has told the story of an experiment of love and service carried through by a group of peace lovers in the midst of the storm and wreckage of war and in the hardly less difficult world of the after-war years. There is no attempt here to play up the heroic ; quite the contrary, the story is everywhere marked with modesty and humility, but it leaves, nevertheless, on the reader's mind, as it should do, the impression that this was an unusual, and on the whole an heroic, way of working out a peace programme in war-time.

I am convinced that we shall never get our warless world, our world of peace and brotherhood, through external schemes of security, nor through the propagation of peace in the abstract. Nothing will hold, when a cyclone of war-feeling sweeps over a country or when a Euroclydon of war-propaganda is abroad in a land, but a deep-seated spirit and habit of good will, cultivated and formed in the hearts and lives of the rank and file of the people. We can hardly overestimate the importance of a solid body of citizens in a nation who, instead of flying on the instant to methods of hate, will quietly have a profound confidence in the value of the exercise of good will and restraint.

Every successful experiment which proves that evil can best

be overcome with good, that deeds of love win victories much quicker than guns do, will tend to produce this confidence and will develop this spirit among men. While chemists are testing out the deadliest types of poison-gas for future wars and ingenious inventors are contriving the most effectively destructive forms of bombing planes and zeppelins, it is well that there should also be some notable attempts made to conquer the hearts of men by kindness and to demonstrate that one person who heads an expedition to heal the wounds and desolation of war is stronger than a battalion of men under arms. The story that has been told here is a modest contribution in that direction.

It is immensely important that there should be in the world a body of Christians who are not satisfied alone to bear testimony to the gospel of peace in peace time, but who seriously undertake to continue unswervingly their allegiance to Christ's way of life when the nation to which they belong is engaged in war. Such a position cannot be justified, nor can such a testimony be made effective, by merely quoting famous texts of Scripture, or by maintaining an easy, passive attitude toward the calamity of war. No, those who are to stand behind such a bold experiment as that must be prepared to adjust their lives through and through to the tremendous demands of Christ's way of living and they must expect to mobilise moral and spiritual forces in some positive way and to show that love does not let go in the welter of hate and darkness. It is no easy matter to put on the armour of light when darkness has invaded a land and to fight with no weapons except truth and love, but is any demonstration more needed in the world than the demonstration of the effectiveness of this method?

If we are ever to rebuild our world and to lay the foundation of a new and better type of civilization we must begin by rebuilding our own lives. We have fostered fear and hate and suspicion and rivalry. We must now cultivate trust and confidence and understanding and good will. These things are stronger than navies. They hold across frontiers and beyond seas. They solve labour problems and compose industrial differences. They make for harmony and progress. They

draw peoples together for co-operative ends and for higher ways of living. Every effort which weaves, however feebly, these adamantine bonds of faith and fellowship is like a new star in the East heralding the dawn of the new civilisation. This book tells of some quiet endeavours to promote these deeper forces of unity and good will and therefore it should have a welcome from those who want to see the skirts of darkness pushed back and the area of light widened.

RUFUS M. JONES.

HAVERFORD,
PENNSYLVANIA.



Work was undertaken at each place marked on the map

APPENDIX

F.E.W.V.R.C. List of Workers.

1914-1923.

A. = American. Aa. = Australian. Aus. = Austrian.

C. = Canadian. D. = Dutch. Da. = Danish. F. = French.

G. = German. L. = London Office or Committee. N. = Norwegian.

P. = Polish. R. = Russian.

Without initial = British worker abroad.

- | | | | |
|-----|-----------------------------|-----|-------------------------------|
| A. | Abell, Walter H. | | Anderson, Selina Kate |
| L. | Adams, Ernest J. W. | A. | Andrews, Esther |
| A. | Addams, Jane | A. | Andrews, Esther C. |
| A. | Adamson, Loren O. | | Andrews, Helen |
| | Adcock, Ethel Kate | | Andrews, C. A. Wilson |
| | Addison, Edward | | Angus, Kenneth M. |
| | Ade, Percy Wm. | | Angus, Laurence M. |
| | Adeney, Maggie | | Anthony, Constance (now |
| L. | Aggs, W. Hanbury | | Wishart) |
| L. | Albright, M. Catharine | A. | Appel, Mary Ellen (died 1920) |
| L. | Albright, William A. | | Appleton, William R. |
| A. | Alden, Louise | | Armitage, C. Phyllis |
| L. | Alden, Percy | | Arnold, Irene |
| | Alexander, Jean I. | | Arnold, Ragnhild |
| | Alexander, Katharine M (now | A. | Arnold, Truman D. |
| | Maltby) | | Arundel, Winifred |
| | Alexander, Rachel F. | L. | Ashby, Augusta L. |
| | Allan, Mabel | L. | Ashby, E. Evelyn |
| Aa. | Allen, Alfred | L. | Ashby, Ethel M. |
| Aa. | Allen, Douglas K. P. | | Ashby, G. Douglas |
| | Allen, E. Constance | Aa. | Asche, Eric T. |
| | Allen, Edward W. | | Ashurst, Gwyneth M. (now |
| | Allen, Gilbert Stafford | | Cremer) |
| A. | Allen, Joseph T. | | Atherton-Smith, Aline S. |
| | Allen, Margaret M. | | Atkey, Margaret |
| A. | Allen, Mary Norton | | Atkinson, James Henry |
| | Allen, Olga | | Attenborough, Edith Mary |
| A. | Allgyer, Jacob R. | A. | Augsburger, Fred D. |
| A. | Allgyer, Samuel E. | A. | Augur, Tracy B. |
| A. | Allinson, Brent D. | | Austin, John |
| | Allison, William | A. | Babb, Herbert H. |
| A. | Allman, Harold T. | A. | Babb, Howard W. |
| A. | Amend, Katherine | A. | Babb, Nancy |
| A. | Amick, Vaughan D. | A. | Babbitt, Dr. James A. |
| | Anderson, Margaret | | Backhouse, Alfred E. |

- L. Backhouse, Edward (died 1922)
 L. Backhouse, Lucy B.
 A. Bacon, Francis R.
 A. Bacon, Mrs. Francis R.
 Bagnold, Enid
 A. Bailey, Moses M.
 A. Bailey, Philip R.
 Baily, James T.
 A. Bainton, Roland H.
 Baker, Henry E.
 A. Baker, Herbert N.
 Baker, Hinman J.
 Baker, H. Wright
 A. Baker, John C.
 L. Baker, Katharine U. (died 1918)
 A. Baker, M. Louise
 Baker, Mary B. (now Penman)
 Baker, Wilson
 A. Balderston, Caleb C.
 A. Balderston, Mark
 A. Balderston, Richard M.
 A. Balderston, Robert W.
 Ball, Louisa
 Ball, Phyllis M.
 Ball, Richard Reynolds (died 1919)
 Balls, Beatrice
 Balls, Edward K.
 Banks, Isabel V.
 Barber, C. Enid
 Barber, E. Doris (now Bedwell)
 Barber, Margaret
 A. Barclay, Mrs.
 Barkas, Wilfred W.
 Barker, Mabel M.
 Barlow, John D.
 Barnes, James Haydn
 Barnett, Charis M. (now Frankenberg)
 Barrow, Florence M.
 L. Barrow, Harrison
 Barry, John Walsh
 L. Bartlett, B. Francesca
 L. Bartlett, Margaret
 A. Bates, Floyd E.
 Baumgartner, Tryce M.
 Baxter, Arthur
 Bayfield, Marie L.
 Bayliss, V. Scott
 A. Baynes, Charles
- A. Beal, Charles S.
 A. Beals, Ellis H.
 Beard, Mary S.
 Bearman, Donald B.
 Beck, Gertrude
 A. Becker, Meta M.
 A. Beier, Lee C.
 Bell, Herbert
 Bell, Jane
 Bell, Mary Ann
 Bell, Norman H.
 Bell, William
 Bellows, Hannah
 Bellows, John E.
 Bendall, Allen C.
 Benjamin, Lawrence A.
 Bennett, Leslie H.
 Bennetton, Malcolm McQ.
 A. Benson, Thomas A.
 Bentinck, Ursula
 F. Berger, Marie L.
 F. Bernand, Suzanne
 A. Betts, Franklin F.
 L. Betts, John H.
 Bevis, Augusta S.
 P. Bialowieska, Jadwiga
 Bibby, James R.
 L. Bickers, George
 A. Biddle, Clement M.
 A. Biddle, Helen Elsie
 A. Biddle, William C.
 L. Bigland, Edith M. H. A.
 Biguet, E.
 A. Binder, A. Carroll
 A. Binford, Ernest C.
 Binks, Harold
 A. Binney, Annie
 A. Binns, Clarence H. (died 1925)
 Birrell, Francis F. L.
 Black, Norman
 A. Blackburn, Willard C.
 Blake, Arthur A.
 L. Blakemore, Harry
 Blanchard, Georgina
 Blandford, Phyllis S. (now Cawl)
 A. Bliss, Anita
 A. Bliss, Elma May
 Blomfield, José
 Boddy, Harold
 Bolton, Dr. Alethea (now Eames)

- A. Bontrager, Amos T.
 A. Boogher, Ethel
 A. Booth, Lewis O.
 A. Borders, Karl
 A. Borton, John
 Bosanquet, Professor R. C.
 Boshell, Grace M.
 Boston, Eric James
 Boughton-Leigh, Edith V.
 (died 1925)
 A. Bowen, William C.
 A. Bowerman, Arthur L.
 A. Bowerman, Walter G.
 Bowron, William Major
 Bowry, John T.
 A. Boyer, Fred G. L.
 L. Bradbeer, Frank
 A. Bradbury, Emily C.
 A. Bradley, Dr. Neville
 L. Braithwaite, Catherine
 Braithwaite, Dorothy
 Braithwaite, J. Frederick
 L. Braithwaite, Rachel B.
 Braithwaite, Richard B.
 A. Branson, J. Howard
 A. Branson, Julia E.
 Braund, Arthur E. (died 1921)
 Braund, G. Harold
 A. Bray, Kenneth A.
 L. Brayshaw, A. Neave
 F. Bréal, Hermine (now Priest-
 man)
 Brennan, Fred G. Woulfe
 A. Brennerman, Alfred W.
 A. Brennerman, Benjamin F.
 A. Brewer, Mabel E. (now Rid-
 path)
 L. Bridgwater, T. R., and A. M. S
 Briggs, Margery H.
 A. Brinton, Edward G.
 A. Brinton, Howard H.
 A. Brinton, Walter Carroll (died
 1918)
 Brison, Irene
 Britain, Andrews
 L. Brockbank, Amy
 C. Brockelbank, William J.
 Brocklesby, Harold
 Brocklesby, John Hubert
 L. Bromberger, Fred
 L. Brooke, Hilda
 A. Brooke, Margaret
 L. Brooks, Alfred
 L. Brooks, E. Wright
 L. Brooks, Frank
 Brooks, Norman E.
 Brooks, Ruth O.
 Broome, Elsie
 A. Brophy, Esther
 A. Brosius, Malcolm A.
 Browett, Henry A.
 A. Brown, Albert J. (died, date
 uncertain)
 L. Brown, Alfred H.
 L. Brown, A. Kemp (died 1925)
 A. Brown, Althea (now Mirza)
 A. Brown, Charles F.
 A. Brown, Dorothy M.
 L. Brown, Dorothy Vipont
 Brown, Eileen Barratt
 L. Brown, Ellen L.
 A. Brown, Elliot W.
 A. Brown, Ernest L.
 Brown, E. Winifred
 Brown, Gertrude E. (now
 Watts)
 A. Brown, Henry Tatnall Jr.
 L. Brown, Olive Barron (now
 Sewell)
 Brown, Oliver P.
 A. Brown, Omar
 A. Brown, Pearson C.
 Brown, Ralph Vipont (died
 1919)
 A. Brown, Robert P.
 Brown, Sidney K.
 A. Brown, Sydney F.
 Brown, Sylvia
 A. Brown, Vesta R.
 Browne, Lionel G.
 A. Bruner, Ralph P.
 F. Brunot, Paule M.
 A. Buchanan, Roy
 L. Bucknole, Edward H.
 Bugbird, Lilian
 Bull, Elsie A.
 Bulley, Margaret H.
 Bullock, Dr. Marian
 A. Bundy, Chester E.
 A. Bunting, Edith C.
 Bunting, Herbert F.
 A. Burdsall, Ellwood Morris
 A. Burdsall, Richard L.
 A. Burkle, Frieda M.
 L. Burn, Elizabeth H.
 Burnand, Madge

- G. Burnitz, Leonore
Burroughs, Helen
Burton, Alice Kate
Burt, Caroline K.
Burt, E. Graham
Burt, Howard F.
Burt, Mary G. (now Smart)
- L. Burt, Philip
Bussell, Edith Mary
Butt, Ellen
- L. Butt, C. Basden
Butt, James G.
- L. Butler, Alfred
- L. Butler, Joseph
Butler, Nurse (died, date uncertain)
Butler, Sister
Butterworth, Elinor Mary
- A. Buzby, John Howard
- A. Bycraft, George H.
Bye, Leslie W.
- A. Byron, William F.
- L. Cadbury, Barrow
- A. Cadbury, Henry J.
- A. Cadbury, Leah Tapper
Cadbury, Paul S.
- A. Cadbury, Richard Jr
- A. Caldwell, Clyde Frain
Caldwell, Maud
Callow, Victor A.
Calvert, E. Roy
- A. Calvert, Leland S.
- A. Campbell, Stewart F
Candler, Muriel I.
Candt, Marie de
Carabin, Gertrude F
- A. Carey, G. Cheston
- A. Carey, Howard Leslie
Carlisle, Helen Grace
Carnegie, Oswald L.
- A. Carter, Cassius Cleo
- A. Carter, Elmer W.
- A. Carter, Leland K.
- A. Carter, Rebecca
(now Nicholson)
- A. Carver, Wilhelmina
- A. Cary, Richard
- F. Casalis, Hélène
Cash, Mabel (now Lunnon)
Cashmore, Hilda
Catchpool, E. St. John
Catchpool, H. Guy
Catchpool, T. Corder
- Catford, Robert Osmund
- A. Cawl, Melvin Allen
Cawood, Bessie M.
- A. Chaffin, Charles Homer
Chalmers, Esther B.
Chambers, Blanche E (died 1926)
- A. Chambers, Elliott P.
- A. Chambers, Fred James
- A. Chambers, William Canby
- A. Chandless, Edith Anna
- A. Chandler, Emma C.
Chapman, George A.
- F. Charensol, Dorcas Lydie
- A. Charles, Arthur M.
- A. Charles, Harry Lytton
- A. Chase, Marianna
- A. Chawner, Lowell Jenkins
Chesterman, Arnold de M.
- A. Cheyney, William Walker
- A. Cholerton, Frank Edward
Christie, Ethel M.
- A. Church, Elsie
Church, Jeanette
Churcher, Dora G.
- L. Clark, Alice
Clark, Dr. Hilda
Clark, Hugh B.
- L. Clark, James E.
- A. Clark, Lewis Chester
- L. Clark, Lucretia K.
Clark, Margaret M. (now Haines)
Clark, Mary B.
- L. Clark, Roderick K.
- L. Clark, Roger
- A. Clark, Ruth
- L. Clark, Wm.
Clay, Beatrice L.
Clayton, Cuthbert E. A.
Clements, Richard
Clemesha, Margaret
Clendenon, Lawrence
- A. Clibborn, Edw. (died 1925)
- A. Cloud, Cecil F. (died, date uncertain) [1926]
- D. Cnoop-Koopmans, Ada (died 1926)
- A. Coale, Edith S.
- A. Cocks, James Campbell
- A. Cocks, Rowland C.
- A. Coffin, Theron Elsmore
- A. Colcord, Frank Cyrus
Cole, Samuel (died 1919)

- Colebrook, Mary Blanche
 Colles, Charles
 A. Collins, Arthur Woolston, Jr.
 A. Collins, Benjamin
 A. Collins, Byron Coles
 L. Collins, Outhbert C.
 L. Colman, Fred
 Colville, Elizabeth M.
 A. Comfort, Forrest D.
 L. Comfort, Professor
 A. Comfort, Laura Ethel
 A. Comly, Marion S.
 A. Compton, Daniel Arthur (died
 1917)
 Connah, Sarah H.
 Connell, May I.
 A. Conover, Chase Levi
 A. Conover, Vernon White
 A. Conrow, Maurice
 Conry, Kathleen
 L. Cook, John
 L. Coombs, Blanche M.
 Coope, Dr. Robert
 A. Cooper, Bennett S.
 Cooper, Edmund
 Cooper, Ethel C.
 A. Cooper, Joseph Arthur
 A. Cope, Oliver James
 A. Cope, Paul Markley
 A. Cope, Thomas Pym
 Copeman, Tom D.
 A. Coppock, Omer Alvin
 L. Corder, Herbert
 L. Cordner, Mary
 A. Cory, Charles Whitman
 L. Cotterell, A. P. I.
 L. Cotterill, H. Frank
 Cottrell, Harry
 Courtney, Kathleen D.
 L. Courtney of Penwith, Lady
 Coventry, Roy
 Cowles, Sylvia
 A. Cox, Anna (now Brinton)
 A. Cox, Catharine M.
 Cox, Ethel
 A. Cox, Garfield Vestal
 L. Cox, George
 A. Cox, Joel Bean
 Cox, Katherine L. (now
 Foster)
 Cox, Reginald R. S.
 Cox, Thomas
 Cox, Thomas C.
- Craddock, Margot
 Craig, Susan Marion (now
 Dearden)
 L. Cramp, Winifred
 A. Crawford, Anna L.
 A. Cressman, Joseph Boyd
 Crompton, Gertrude (now
 Hall)
 Cronin, Nora K.
 Crook, Margaret B.
 L. Crosland, Herbert
 A. Crosman, Aquila Hurford
 Cross, Dorothy
 L. Cross, E. Richard (died 1916)
 Cross, Kenneth M.
 L. Crosfield, Albert J.
 L. Crosfield, Gulielma
 L. Crosfield, Hugh T.
 L. Crosfield, Helen G.
 L. Crosfield, James B.
 Crossley, Elizabeth
 Crossley, Fred
 A. Crowder, William Samuel
 Crowdy, Rosamund
 Cudworth, Mary
 Cumber, Percival C.
 A. Cunningham, Sara Ann
 Cunnison, James
 Curran, Philip
 L. Curtis, Andrew and Violet
 A. Curtis, Margaret
 Dalby, Norah L.
 Dalgish, Elsie M.
 Daniel, Olive
 L. Dane, Florence
 Dann, Freda
 Dann, Reginald
 Darling, A. Margaret
 A. Darling, Benjamin A.
 Darling, Herbert
 Darling, James
 Daunt, Dorothea O'Neill
 A. Davies, Alice O.
 Davies, Bryn G.
 Davies, Edith M.
 Davies, I. Christina
 Davies, Stanley W.
 A. Davis, Henry
 A. Davis, Horace Bancroft
 Davis, Isabel
 Davis, Kate
 A. Davis, Milton Cornwell
 Davis, Norman S.

- Davy, Isabella
 Day, Suzanne R.
 Dearden, Bessie
 Dearden, Henry
 Dearden, John W.
 Debenham, Elizabeth
 F. De Chiseuil, Albert Joseph
 Delaney, Annie
 F. Delattre, Alice
 F. Delattre, Frances (now Pen-
 nell)
 Dell, Anthony W.
 A. De Mott, Paul (died 1920)
 Denham, E. Ruth
 Dennithorne, John
 Dent, Harry T.
 A. Detweiler, Joe Harrison
 A. Detzer, Dorothy
 A. Diamant, Francis H.
 Dickinson, James E.
 A. Diller, Arthur D.
 Dineley, Emily N.
 Dismorr, Jessie
 Dieterlin, Laurette
 Dixon, Frances K.
 Dixon, Gertrude H.
 Dixon, Helen W.
 Dodds, Isabel M.
 A. D'Olier, Mabel C. S.
 Dolling, Ulrica R.
 Doncaster, Nora
 A. Donnell, Lloyd Hamilton
 A. Donnell, Rachel Eleanor
 A. Dorland, A. G.
 A. Dorland, John William
 A. Doty, Dr. Flavia May
 A. Douglas, Howard Hutchens
 A. Douglas, Joseph Nathan
 F. Doutre-Roussel, Marthe M.
 A. Downing, George Valentine
 A. Drange, Edward Richard
 A. Driver, Daniel Demuth
 Du Cane, Isabel C. L.
 A. Duguid, Mary Elkinton
 A. Duguid, William Morrison
 A. Dulles, Eleanor Lansing
 A. Dulles, Sophia Heath
 Dunbar, Ethel G.
 A. Dungan, Eugene Alvin
 L. Dunn, Ethel
 A. Dunn, George Strawbridge
 Dunn, Lily
 A. Dunn, Robert W.
 L. Dunning, Hubert
 L. Dunstan, Edgar G.
 L. Durham, Elsa (died, date un-
 certain)
 Durrell, Richard
 A. Dushame, Fred Arthur
 Dutch, George F.
 Dyer, W. Grace.
 Dyson, Frederick Philip
 Eames, Felix H.
 A. Earnest, Franklin McCreary
 Earp, Dr. J. Rosslyn
 East, Ethel Dorothy
 A. Eavey, Charles Benton
 Eccleston, Percy
 Eckhard, Edith V.
 Edelman, Louis
 Edwards, Grace Dilya
 Edwards, H. Norman
 Edwards, Marjorie C.
 A. Edwards, Paul Kenneth
 A. Edwards, William Lytle
 L. Egerton, Phyllis M.
 L. Elcock, O Ernest
 A. Elder, Helen Tacie
 A. Eliot, Samuel Ely
 Eliot, Elsa von Mandersheid
 Elliott, Amy
 Elliott, Arnold
 Elliott, Henrietta
 Elliott, J. Thompson
 Elliott, Ralph (died 1926)
 A. Elkinton, Howard West
 A. Elkinton, Katherine W
 A. Elliot, Errol T.
 Elliott, Charlotte L.
 Elliott, Dr. Lucy M. (now
 Gulbrandsen)
 Elliott, Maria
 A. Elliott, Meade Gilbert
 A. Elliott, Paul George
 Ellis, Edgar W.
 L. Ellis, Edith M.
 Ellis, Evan T.
 Ellis, Harold T.
 Ellis, Marian
 Elsey, M. J.
 Elwes, Mary S.
 D. Emden, Alice van
 L. Emmott, Mary K. (now Cros-
 field)
 A. Emson, Edmund
 Engel, Paul George

- G. Essinger, Anna
 Evans, Agnes
 A. Evans, Charles
 A. Evans, Harold
 Evans, Harry
 Evans, Margaret H.
 Evans, Richard
 L. Evens, Frederick W.
 L. Evens, T. Nelson
 A. Eves, Julia
 A. Eves, William
 L. Eyk, Fannie S. van
 Fairbrother, Lucy
 A. Fanning, Ralph S.
 A. Farbiszewski, Amelia
 L. Fardon, Mary E.
 Fardon, Dr. Harold J.
 A. Farquhar, Francis Hunt
 A. Farr, Laurence McPherson
 Farrer, Edward
 L. Faux Mary
 A. Fawcett, Howard S.
 L. Fayle, Alfred W.
 G. Feldner, Gerda
 A. Fellow, Fred Donald
 L. Fell-Smith, Charlotte
 Ferguson, A. Isobel (now
 Black)
 Ferguson, Anne M.
 A. Ferguson, Eldred H.
 A. Ferree, John Ralph
 F. Ferrier, Gabrielle
 A. Ferris, Frances Canby
 Ferry, Elsie
 Fewkes, Anne L.
 A. Fewkes, Miroslav J.
 Fieber, Eric
 Field, Leslie W. H.
 Finch, Alfred P.
 Fincken, Burleigh W.
 Fineberg, Abram
 A. Fisher, John J.
 A. Fisher, Leander Winsor
 A. Fitinghoff, Laura Z.
 Fitzpatrick, Robert R.
 Fleming, Horace K.
 Fleming, Marjorie
 A. Fletcher, Emily M.
 Fletcher, John P.
 A. Flickinger, Jean
 Flinn, Eric C.
 A. Flory, Jacob
 A. Fogg, William R.
- A. Fogg, Mrs. William R.
 Ford, Sibille O.
 Fordham, Montague
 L. Forrester, Robert W.
 A. Forster, Emma
 L. Forster, Hubert
 A. Forsythe, Alice (now Crosman)
 A. Forsythe, Jesse Garrett
 A. Foster, Eva
 Foster, Hannah M. Millicent
 A. Foster, Nellie
 Foster, Vera
 Foulds, Edward J.
 Fowler, Christabel M.
 L. Fox, Alfred F.
 Fox, Alizon M.
 Fox, Anna
 Fox, Dora E.
 L. Fox, Elsa
 Fox, Elsie Tylor
 Fox, Dr. J. Tylor
 Fox, Helen G.
 L. Fox, Hester E. (now Rutter)
 Fox, Hilda A.
 Fox, Dr. Iris (died 1926)
 Fox, Marion C.
 Fox, Ralph W.
 Fox, Thomas Arthur
 L. Fox, William E.
 L. Francis, Arthur
 Franklin, Geoffrey M. E.
 Franklin, Dr. Marjorie E.
 Freem, John A.
 P. Friedman, Madzia
 Friend, Brenda M.
 L. Fry, A. Ruth
 L. Fry, Ellen M.
 L. Fry, Henry E.
 Fry, Horace D.
 Fry, Joan Mary
 L. Fry, Lucy E.
 Fry, S. Margery
 Fry, Sophia M.
 Fryer, Alfred H.
 Aa. Fryer, Charles F.
 A. Fuller, Harlan J.
 A. Fulton, Arthur Davis
 A. Furnas, Philip W.
 L. Gage, Arthur S.
 G. Gaisberg, Edwin von
 Gallimore, Ernest S.
 A. Gamble, Arthur S.
 A. Gannett, Lewis S.

- A. Gannett, Mary Ross
 A. Gardner, Julia Anna
 L. Garmonsway, Elizabeth
 Garnett, David
 A. Garrett, Alice
 Garrett-Smith, Celia M.
 A. Garrigues, Albert Graham
 Garstin, M. D. Alethea
 Geddes, Arthur F.
 G. Geiger, Charles
 L. George, Millicent
 A. George, Paul Afton
 A. Gerber, Christopher
 A. Gerig, Orie Benjamin
 Gibbins, Francis
 Gibbins, John
 L. Gibbins, Marian B.
 Gibbins, Marjorie E. (now
 Fox)
 L. Gibson, Rev. Theodore
 Gibson, Maud M.
 Gieve, Gladys M.
 A. Gifford, Helen Janeway
 A. Gifford, Maurice Hadley
 Giles, Gertrude A.
 Gill, John A.
 L. Gillett, Arthur B.
 L. Gillett, Chas. E. (died, date
 uncertain)
 Gillett, George
 Gillett, J. Rowntree
 L. Gillett, Lucy B.
 L. Gillett, Dr. Richenda
 Gillham, John Henry
 Gilmore, E. Josephine
 Gilpin, Eva A.
 Glancy, Catherine A. (now
 Schwatze)
 Glover, Arthur Donovan
 Glover, Dr. William
 L. Gloyne, Dr. Stephen R.
 Glynn, Nora (now Douglas)
 A. Gnagy, J. Erwin
 A. Goddard, Alvano C.
 Goddard, Charles V.
 Goddard, Scott
 A. Goddard, Walter Louis
 L. Godlee, Mary Jane
 A. Goff, Clifton Duett
 Gold, Margaret
 Goldey, Henry
 A. Good, Dorothy (now Butt)
 Goodall, Dr. E. W.
- A. Goodhue, Wistar Evans
 A. Gordon, Paul Wiley
 A. Gordon, William Max
 Goss, Frank
 Goss, Ralph
 Gossage, Ralph
 Gostick, Constance M.
 A. Goudiss, Dr. A.
 Gough, Benjamin
 Gourlay, David
 Gower, Edmund I.
 A. Grabarska, Mae
 A. Graber, Harrison A.
 A. Graff, Dr. Elsie R.
 A. Graham, Malbone Watson, Jr.
 Graham, Rachel (now Sturge)
 Graham, William H.
 G. Gramm, Hans
 Grant, Catherine M.
 Grant, Donald
 Grant, Rachel Enid
 Grantham, Amy B.
 C. Gravelle, Roy
 L. Graves, James
 Graveson, Bertha B.
 L. Graveson, Emmeline
 Graveson, Hannah H.
 A. Graybill, Chester Spicher
 Green, Gertrude L.
 L. Green, Gurnell C.
 Green, Margaret M.
 Greene, Ben
 Greenfield, Kate
 Greenfield, Lilian
 Gregory, Jessie
 L. Gregory, Maurice
 Gregory, Stanley O.
 Gregory, Thomas E.
 Gribbon, Madge J. R.
 F. Griboval, Marthe
 A. Griest, Carolyn Emily
 A. Griest, Ellwood.
 A. Griest, Virginia P. (now Bow-
 man)
 A. Griffin, Joseph Carpenter
 Griffiths, Muriel
 Gripper, Elfrida Mary (now
 Howard)
 A. Griscom, Dr. Mary W.
 Grubb, Elizabeth
 A. Grundy, Alfreda (now Fer-
 nald)
 Gunter, Lilian M.

- A. Habegger, Joe F.
- Hadfield, Elizabeth
- A. Hadley, Leland Thompson
- A. Hadley, Loren Samuel
- A. Hadley, Olin Clair
- A. Hagaman, Wilford P. C.
- Haigh, Charles R.
- Haigh, Dr. William E.
- A. Haines, Anna J.
- A. Haines, Joseph H.
- A. Haines, Ward Lemley
- A. Hall, Albert Dunbar
- Hall, Dorothy M.
- A. Hall, Edith
- A. Hall, Foster Arthur
- Hall, J. Edward
- A. Hall, John Floyd
- L. Hall, Reginald
- Hallatt, Clucas M.
- A. Halliday, Archibald Crosbie
- A. Hamilton, Dr. Alice
- A. Hamilton, Henry W.
- A. Hammer, Laura
- A. Hampton, Russell
- Hankinson, Frederick
- Hanna, Jane H.
- A. Hannum, Mary
- A. Hanson, Gurney Frederick
- A. Hanson, William Edwin
- Harby, Edward W.
- Hardern, Geoffrey D.
- Hardern, Ivan.
- Hardern, Leonard R.
- Hardern, Winifred M.
- L. Harding, F. J.
- Hardyman, M. L.
- Hardyman, H. F.
- L. Hare, Edward W.
- A. Hare, William Yarnall
- Hargrave, Victoria May
- Harris, Ellen
- L. Harris, Henry
- L. Harris, Hugh
- A. Hartshorn, Gordon Birdsall
- Harvey, A. Irene
- Harvey, T. Edmund
- A. Harvey, Jesse Mahlon
- Harvey, John W.
- L. Harvey, Rosina D.
- Haskins, Sidney G.
- Haslam, Fred
- Hattrill, Helen M.
- Haughton, W. Theodore H.
- A. Haworth, Cecil Earl
- A. Haworth, Harry Hopkins
- Hay, Alexander J.
- Hay, Mavis D.
- Haycock, Alex. W.
- A. Hayes, William Waldo
- Hayler, Mark H. C.
- L. Hayward, Mary M.
- L. Headley, Herbert D.
- Heald, Thos. Dann
- Heaney, E. Joan
- L. Heath, Carl
- L. Heath, Ellen M.
- L. Heath, Florence
- A. Heath, Leslie O.
- A. Heaton, A. Russell
- Hellard, L. D.
- Hemington, Violet M.
- Hemmons, Nellie G.
- A. Henby, Abbie Eliza
- Henderson, David
- Henderson, H. William C.
- L. Henderson, John B.
- A. Henderson, Sidney
- Henkel, Dorothy
- A. Henley, Marvin J.
- Henty, Sybil Edith
- Henwood, Albert E.
- Henwood, Sarah Hutchinson
(died 1918)
- L. Herbert, Horace
- A. Herkner, Anne
- A. Hershey, Lloyd D.
- A. Hertzler, Asa Miller
- Heseltine, Olive
- A. Hester, Fred Ira
- L. Heumann, Lionel
- Hewitt, Albert M.
- A. Hewson, Cornell
- A. Hewson, Estelle
- Heyland, E. Margaret
- A. Hiatt, Frederick William
- Hicks, Charles Cuthbert
- Hicks, John A.
- A. Hiebert, Abraham Ezra
- L. High, Stafford
- A. Hill, Hiebert Arthur
- A. Hill, Horace Prentice
- L. Hill, John
- Hill, Norah
- Hill, William E.
- L. Hills, Juliet
- Hinde, Dr. Eric C. (died 1925)

- | | | | |
|-----|-------------------------------|----|-------------------------------|
| A. | Hinshaw, Daniel Hainer | | Horsnail, Herbert Laurence |
| A. | Hinshaw, Ezra B. | A. | Horst, George D. |
| A. | Hinshaw, Harvey D. | A. | Horst, Mrs. George D. |
| A. | Hinshaw, Virgil Vernon | A. | Hoskins, Joseph John |
| L. | Hoare, Russell | A. | Hostetler, Atlee A. |
| L. | Hobbs, Edith D. | A. | Hostetler, Forrest E. |
| L. | Hobbs, Mabel E. | A. | Hostetler, Hamer V. |
| | Hobbs, Mary Elliott | A. | Hostetler, James A. |
| A. | Hobbs, Richard Y. M. | A. | Hotson, John Leslie |
| | Hockey, Lillian K. (now Gra- | A. | Hotson, Ronald Bruce |
| | ham) | A. | Hough, Israel Eli |
| F. | Hocart, Elsie Marguerite | | Houghton, Ethel K. |
| L. | Hodgkin, E. Joy | | Houghton, Mary G. |
| | Hodgkin, Howard | | Howard, Elizabeth Fox |
| | Hodgkiss, Edward F. | | Howard, Percy |
| A. | Hoepfner, Dietrich R. | A. | Howell, Folger Branson |
| A. | Hoff, Grace O. (Skoraczewski) | A. | Howland, Weston |
| A. | Hoffman, Ruth MacCollin | | Howson, Joan |
| A. | Hoffman, Wray B. | | Hoysted, Beatrice Beryl |
| | Hogben, Lancelot T. | A. | Hoyt, Margaret K. |
| | Hogben, Bernard | | Hughes, Emily |
| | Holdsworth, Dr. C. Dyson | | Hughes, Helen N. (now Por- |
| | Holdsworth, Ruth Isabel (now | | itch) |
| | Midgley) | L. | Hughes, Llewellyn |
| | Holliday, Ernest | L. | Hulbert, Frank |
| A. | Hollingsworth, Lawrence | A. | Hull, James Allison |
| L. | Hollis, William E. | L. | Humberstone, Leslie J. |
| A. | Hollowell, Frederick Thomas | A. | Hunnicut, Raymond C. |
| A. | Holme, Hilda Mary | | Hunter, Arthur |
| | Holmes, Bernard | | Hunter, John |
| | Holmes, Ernest W. | A. | Hunter, Milton Perry |
| A. | Holmes, George Otho | A. | Hurley, Beulah A. |
| L. | Holmes, James Dearden | A. | Hussey, Philip William |
| A. | Holmes, Jesse Herman | | Hutchinson, Agnes Irene |
| L. | Holmes, Mary P. | | Hutchinson, Jonathan |
| A. | Holmgren, Richard S. | | Hutchinson, Maurice S. |
| A. | Homan, Walter Joseph | L. | Hyde, Madge |
| A. | Hood, Harold D. | | Impey, Dr. Elsie (died, date |
| A. | Hoopes, Ruth | | uncertain) |
| | Hopkinson, Dorothy | | Impey, Francis L. |
| | Hopkinson, M. B. | L. | Impey, Isabel. |
| Da. | Hoppe, Helga L. | | Inman, Harold R. |
| A. | Horine, Floyd R. | | Innes, George A. |
| A. | Hornbrook, Frank L. | | Iredale, A. M. Eleanore |
| A. | Hornbrook, Grace C. | A. | Jackson, Arthur C. |
| | Horne, Edith G. S. | | Jackson, Clare A. |
| | Horner, Bryan | | Jackson, Howard B. |
| | Horner, Edward Holmes | | Jackson, Mary |
| | Horner, Ernest | | Jackson, Stanley H. |
| | Horsfall, Phyllis | A. | Jacob, Anna Gertrude |
| L. | Horsnail, Alfred E. | L. | Jacob, Sylvia (died, date un- |
| | Horsnail, Alfred Henry | | certain) |
| | Horsnail, Headley | | Jacoby, Charles Ivan |

- James, Cecil A. B.
 James, G. Douglas
 A. James, John Robert
 James, Nurse
 A. Janney, Rebecca (now Tim-
 bres)
 A. Jantz, Elmer Herman
 A. Janzen, Cornelius Cicero
 A. Jay, Harold M.
 L. Jeffery, Arthur
 L. Jeffery, George B.
 A. Jenkins, Alfred W.
 A. Jenkins, Francis Arthur
 A. Jenkins, Francis Raymond
 Jennings, Silvanus J.
 Jewson, John C.
 Jewson, Phyllis K. (now Wood-
 all)
 A. Johnson, Carl Cecil
 A. Johnson, Carol Ellwood
 A. Johnson, Given Charles
 A. Johnson, Marjorie Daw
 A. Johnson, Omer Charles
 A. Johnson, Robert Howard
 Johnson, Stephen K.
 A. Johnson, Truman Rufus
 Johnson, William E.
 Johnston, George
 A. Jones, Arthur
 A. Jones, Dorothea B.
 L. Jones, Ernest
 A. Jones, Ernest Fuller
 A. Jones, Harlan Thomas
 A. Jones, John Langdon
 Jones, Walter Henry
 L. Jordan, Ada
 Jowitt, Lettice
 L. Jowitt, Moya
 A. Joyce, Nellie M.
 R. Jukova, Ksenia
 A. Kamp, Wilbur William
 A. Kane, Francis Fisher
 F. Kauderer, Martha J.
 A. Kaufman, Addison Roode
 Kaufmann, George
 Kaufmann, Mary Fox
 A. Kauffman, David C.
 A. Kauffman, John Mervin
 Kaye, Madge
 Keddie, Frank
 L. Keeling, Stanley V.
 A. Keeney, Henry Gideon
 A. Keever, James Clarence
 A. Keim, Jeannette
 A. Kellum, Donald R.
 Kelsall, Jessie M.
 Kelsey, Audrey
 A. Kelsey, Mary
 A. Kelsey, Robert Moffat
 C. Kemp, Hubert W.
 Kemp, Dr. Dorothy (now
 Catchpool)
 P. Kempner, Joan
 Kennedy, Ruth
 Kenworthy, George
 A. Kenworthy, Murray S.
 L. Kerpen, Claude
 Kerr, Dr. H. I. Winifred (now
 Taylor)
 Kerr, Jessie E. M.
 Kerr, Marion Macfie
 Kilbey, Ernest
 Kilbey, Richard
 King, Alice Maud
 L. King, Douglas
 King, R. Estelle (now Giles)
 King, Elaine Winifred
 Kingham, Ernest A.
 Kirby, Anne E.
 A. Kitts, Harvey E.
 N. Kjeckstad, Erling
 A. Klassen, George Stanley
 A. Knight, Clifford L.
 Knight, Charles
 Knight, Marjorie
 A. Knollenberg, Margaret Agnes
 A. Knower, Eve Tenney
 Knowles, John C.
 Knowles, Sarah
 G. Koch, Walter
 D. Kramer, Elizabeth
 A. Kraus, Emma
 G. Kraus, Herta
 A. Kruse, Corneius F.
 Kuenen, Mary
 A. Kuh, Frederick Robert
 A. Laity, Harold S.
 Lake, Harold Coote
 A. Lake, Herbert Marquis
 A. Lamb, Alice
 A. Lamb, Ezra Wendell
 Lamb, Gilbert C.
 A. Lampson, Myrle R.
 A. Landsberg, Clara
 A. Lane, Harold Macy
 Lane, Margaret E.

- Lansdell, A. Norman
 Lansdell, William H. S.
 A. Lantz, Russell A.
 A. Larkin, Richard Anderson
 Lauder-Brunton, Anne S. A.
 Lauriston, Alexander
 Law, Lilian M. (now Worth-
 ington)
 L. Laurence, Albert G.
 Lawson, Bernard G.
 Layer, Lucy (now Todd)
 Layman, Carl Emile
 L. Leaf, F. Walton
 Leather, Margaret
 A. Lederer, Cecile M.
 A. Leeds, Morris E.
 Leek, Charles E. E.
 L. Leicester, Mark
 A. Leichty, Harry M.
 A. Leichty, Ora K.
 F. Lepetit, Jeanne
 Lester, Bernice Doreen
 Lester, Herbert M.
 Lester, Thomas Milner
 Lester, Beatrice M.
 Lester, George A.
 L. Lett, Rev. Albert E.
 Levin, Helen
 A. Levis, John Ralph
 Lewis, Cicely
 Lewis, C. Gordon
 Lewis, Eden
 L. Lewis, Georgina K. (died 1924)
 A. Lewis, Lucy Biddle
 A. Lewis, Lydia C. (now Rick-
 man)
 A. Libby, Frederick J.
 A. Liechty, Reuben S.
 L. Lief, Bert [1926]
 L. Lightowler, Clarice M. (died
 Lindley, Grace
 A. Lindley, Lawrence Eldon
 Lindsay, Eleanor T. (now
 West)
 Lingford, Herbert M.
 A. Lippincott, Howard Aaron
 A. Lippincott, J. Lawrence
 Little, Chrystine
 Little, Wilfred R.
 L. Littleboy, Alfred H. (died
 1921)
 L. Littleboy, Anna L.
 L. Littleboy, Gerald
 Liveing, Harriet Susan
 A. Livezey, Albert J.
 Livingstone, F. Armina
 Livock, Stanley J.
 L. Lloyd, T. Alwyn
 Lloyd, Margaret L.
 Loch, F. Sydney
 Loch, Joice M. Nankivell
 L. Lock, Cyril E.
 A. Loeb, Alfred Herman
 Aus. Loewen, Magdalen
 A. Longshore, Clinton H.
 A. Longshore, Marion H.
 A. Loree, Dolan Herbert
 A. Lounsberry, Hermon Stokes
 L. Lovelock, Marjorie
 A. Lownsbury, Ella Louise
 Lowe, Thomas
 Lowish, Doris
 A. Lowson, Jane N.
 Lucas, Audrey
 Lucas, Edward V.
 Lucas, Elizabeth
 L. Lucas, Henry Edward
 Ludlam, Ernest B.
 Lummis, Geoffrey
 Lumsden, Mary
 Lunn, James
 Lunn, Robert G.
 A. Lupo, Dr. Carl W.
 Lupton, Frank G.
 A. Lyman, Helen
 L. Lynn, Alfred
 McAfee, James R. (died, date
 uncertain)
 Macalpine, Bernard I.
 Macbeth, Elsa
 A. McClure, Abbott
 Maccoby, Simon
 MacColl, Marie H.
 A. McCollin, Catherine T.
 McConnell, Dorothy (now
 Welch)
 McConnell, Aida (now
 Gamble)
 A. McCracken, Lloyd John
 McDermid, H. Raymond
 Macdonald, A. Keith G.
 Macdonald, Dorothea
 McDonald, Donald
 Macdonell, Archibald G.
 A. McDonnell, Jacob Howard
 A. MacDowell, Edwin C.

- A. McFadden, Arthur H.
 McFarlane, Agnes M.
 McHardy, Elizabeth
 McIver, Alice (now Kemp)
 A. Mack, Harvey
 Mackay, Edith J.
 McKay, Minnie
 A. McKay, Maynard Jacob
 Mackenzie, Agnes M.
 McKenzie, Dr. Melville D.
 A. Mackereth, Adelaide P.
 A. McKinsey, Alice Maud
 A. McKinsty, Hugh Exton
 McKnight, Mabelle F.
 MacLachan, Lewis
 MacLachan, Dr. Margaret Jane
 (now Wright)
 McLaren, Malcolm S.
 A. McMaster, Amelia K.
 A. McMaster, Gilbert L.
 A. McMillan, Mark E. C.
 McMinn, Margaret E.
 McMurtrie, Beatrice S. E.
 Macphail, Dr. Katherine S.
 A. McPherson, Charles E.
 A. McVey, Herbert Barrett
 A. Macy, Roland C.
 A. Magee, John William
 L. Maguire, David
 Mahler, Lily
 L. Mahoney, Wm. John
 L. Malcolm, Douglas
 L. Mannering, Edythe L.
 L. Mannering, H. Dorothy
 A. Manning, Gladys
 Manning, Dr. Herbert C.
 A. Marburg, Anita
 Mardon, Vida
 A. Maris, Charles Emlen, Jr.
 A. Maris, Katherine S.
 A. Maris, Mary Carr
 A. Maris, Robert H.
 L. Markel, Dr. K. E.
 A. Markle, Loren Broyles
 A. Markle, Thurman B.
 Marsh, F. Alec
 L. Marsh, E. Harold
 L. Marsh, Helen
 L. Marsh, Florence
 Marsh, Jessie
 A. Marshall, E. Howard
 A. Marshall, Harold David
 A. Marshall, Lewis Harvey
 Marshall, Margaret L.
 A. Marshburn, Clinton
 A. Marshburn, Oscar Obed
 A. Marshburn, Sylvester L.
 L. Marten, Howard C.
 A. Martin, Dr. Ann Louise
 Martin, Katherine S.
 Martin, Marian
 A. Marvel, Joseph P.
 Marwick, William H.
 A. Mason, Samuel, Jr.
 Matheson, William
 Matterson, Lilian K.
 Matthews, Joel
 Matthews, Nora (now
 Whitney)
 Mauger, Paul V. E.
 A. Maxwell, Max
 May, Dorothy
 A. Maynard, Helen Christine
 Maynard, J. Douglas
 A. Mead, Belle Louise
 Meinertzhagen, Mary (now
 Wollaston)
 A. Mekeel, Frank Richard
 Mellanby, T. Graham
 L. Melland, Frances
 Melland, Ruth
 A. Mellor, Ruth
 Mellor, William
 A. Mendenhall, Warren O.
 Mennell, Brian T.
 L. Mennell, Christabel
 Mennell, George Henry
 Mennell, Leontine
 Mennell, Edward N.
 Mennell, Mabel F.
 L. Mennell, Robert O.
 F. Merle, S. Jacqueline
 Merrick, Dr. Margaret M.
 L. Merttens, Fredk
 Aus. Merttens, Fritz
 Merttens, Janie
 Merz, Teresa
 A. Mesner, Raymond Douglas
 Messenger, Donald O. J.
 Messer, Walter (died 1915)
 L. Metcalfe, John A.
 A. Metcalfe, Robert Davis
 Metford, Matilda M. C.
 A. Meyer, Jacob Conrad
 Meyer, Philip John (died
 1918)

- Meyer, S. Burtt
 A. Michener, R. Bryan
 A. Michener, Dwight W.
 A. Michener, Howard Paul
 Middlemore, Barbara Carola
 (now Mason)
 Middlemore, Mary E.
 Middlemore, Sarah (now
 Khoslov)
 L. Midgley, Wilson K.
 P. Mikosz, Paul
 P. Mikosz, Stanislaw
 Mildern, Philip M.
 L. Miles, Clement A. (died, date
 uncertain) —
 A. Miles, Ross Clarkson
 A. Miller, Alvin J.
 A. Miller, Anna Lippincott
 A. Miller, Alice Thompson
 Miller, Arnold V.
 A. Miller, Earl Elbert
 A. Miller, Eli Abram
 Miller, Jane
 A. Miller, Payson
 A. Miller, Truman Titus
 Milligan, John L.
 A. Mills, Dillon Wood
 A. Mills, George Votaw
 A. Miller, Sumner Amos
 Milne, Christine M.
 A. Milner, Alfred W.
 A. Milner, Clyde A.
 Mitchell, Bessie
 Mitchell, May B.
 Montford, Ernest G.
 Montford, Reginald W.
 L. Montgomery, George T.
 A. Moon, Charles Webber
 A. Moon, Edith Collins
 A. Moon, J. Edward (died, date
 uncertain)
 L. Moon, Joyce
 A. Moon, Mary B.
 A. Moon, L. Oscar
 A. Moon, Wyman John
 A. Moore, Ezra (died 1919)
 A. Moore, Lyman L.
 A. Moore, Raymond Truman
 A. Moore, Sybil Jane
 L. Moore, William G.
 Moorhead, Maud S.
 A. Morefield, Chalmers E.
 Moreton, Frank E.
 Moretti, Elizabeth
 Morgan, Ethel A.
 Morgan, Elizabeth A. (now
 Little)
 Morgan, William
 Morland, Dr. E. C.
 L. Morland, Harold J.
 Morland, Kenneth H.
 Morland, Mary W.
 Morland, Molly E. (now Scott-
 Stokes)
 A. Morris, Edna W.
 A. Morris, Homer L.
 A. Morris, Elliston P.
 A. Morris, Marriott C.
 L. Morris, Percy J.
 A. Morris, Samuel
 Morrish, Grace
 A. Morrison, Louis A.
 Muirhead, Catherine E.
 Murdoch, Harold H.
 Murdoch, Dr. Rhoda M.
 Murray, Agnes E. (died 1922)
 A. Murray, Francis King
 A. Murray, Frederic Seymour
 Murray, Dr. Mary
 L. Murray, Lady Mary
 A. Myers, Harold
 A. Myers, Mervin Snavely
 L. Nash, Mrs. Vaughan
 Nawn, Josephine
 Naylor, Elizabeth F.
 A. Nazro, Mary Evert
 Neale, Williamza de C.
 Aa. Neave, Norton James
 Neild, Mabel D.
 Ness, Margaret B.
 Newberry, Elizabeth Mary
 A. Newlin, Jay J.
 A. Newman, Herman
 A. Newton, Caroline
 L. Newton, Clifford
 Nicholl, Isabella
 Nicholl, J. Mildred
 A. Nichols, Mildred Louise
 A. Nicholson, Caroline L.
 A. Nicholson, Edwin Leslie
 A. Nicholson, R. Elma
 A. Nicholson, S. Edgar
 A. Nicholson, Samuel Francis
 A. Nicholson, Sidney Oswald
 A. Nicholson, Vincent D.
 L. Nicholson, William F.

- Nickalls, John L.
 Nike, Alice
 Niven, Ellen F.
 Noon, Monica (now Ben-
 neton)
 A. Norment, Caroline G.
 A. North, Dorothy
 L. Norton, Henry T. J.
 A. Norton, James Augustus
 A. Norton, Marion
 Nott, Stanley C.
 L. Nutter, Margaret D.
 O'Brien, Flora Vere
 O'Brien, Dr. Helen
 O'Brien, Jane Vere
 O'Brien, Margaret
 O'Brien, Muriel H. (now
 Kinnish)
 Offord, Frank
 Ogle, Edith
 Oldham, Ernest W.
 A. Oliver, Wendell French
 A. Oliver, William Theodore
 A. Olmsted, Seymour Hatch
 A. Oppenlander, Herman
 Frederick
 A. Orr, Sarah Matilda
 A. Osler, Chester and Mrs.
 A. Oswald, Walter Emanuel
 A. Otis, Willard Benjamin
 A. Otterson, Jonas Bernard
 L. Ould, Hermon
 A. Outland, Dr. Charles
 A. Outland, Louise S.
 A. Outland, Elfreda Robert
 Owen, Charles E.
 Owst, Gerald R.
 Oyler, Helen M.
 Oyston, George D.
 A. Packer, Dr. Jesse E.
 A. Packer, Mary Haines
 Padwick, L. Christobel
 Page, Fred Marriott
 A. Palmer, Edgar Z.
 Palmer, Frederick
 Palmer, William N.
 A. Palmer, W. Carlton
 Pape, Mary Hannan
 A. Parker, John Hollowell
 A. Parker, J. Irving
 A. Parkes, Clyde Cleveland
 Parkinson, Frederick M.
 Parley, Agnes
 Parley, Norman I.
 A. Parnell, Charles Thomas
 Parris, Hubert B.
 Parris, Stanley V. C.
 A. Parsons, Arthur B (died 1920)
 A. Parsons, Pleasaunce Baker
 Pateman, George H.
 Paterson, Jane
 Paterson, Kathleen
 Patterson, Alexander B.
 Pattison, Mary B. (died
 1921)
 A. Paul, Parry H.
 L. Payn, Agnes
 Payne, Muriel A.
 L. Payne, Stuart
 A. Peacock, J. Donald
 Pearce, David C.
 L. Pearce, Edward E.
 A. Pearson, Andrew Russell
 Pearson, Arthur
 A. Pearson, Cecil Eli
 Pearson, Dr. George H.
 A. Pearson, John Howard
 L. Pease, Marian F.
 L. Pease, T. H. Ormston
 Peckover, W. Lionel H.
 A. Peery, Loren Lyman
 L. Peet, Hubert W.
 L. Peirson, Chas. J.
 A. Pennell, Charles Leslie
 A. Pennell, Clarence Edward
 Penney, Humphrey L.
 L. Penney, Robert A.
 Pennington, Ruth V.
 A. Pennock, Charles Foster
 A. Pennock, Margaret Lidden
 A. Pennock, Roger
 A. Pennock, Samuel S.
 L. Penrose, The Hon. E.
 Josephine
 L. Pepler, Amy
 A. Perisho, Corwin Horace
 Perkins, Bryan W.
 Perkins, Winifred
 F. Perrot, Henriette
 Perry, George E. J.
 A. Perry, Harvey C.
 A. Peters, Samuel Everett
 Petrie, James A.
 L. Phare, George
 A. Phelps, Katherine E.
 A. Philips, Dixon Coale

- A. Philips, Thomas H.
 A. Phillips, George B.
 A. Phillips, Mabelle C.
 Pickard, Basil A.
 L. Pickard, William
 A. Pickering, Hannah
 A. Pike, Vernon Lloyd
 L. Pilley, Alice H.
 Pim, Caroline A.
 Pim, Constance
 Pim, Gertrude
 Pitt, Arthur
 L. Pitt, John Marsh
 A. Plank, Laurence R.
 L. Playne, Caroline E.
 L. Plummer, Leslie H.
 A. Poley, Emily Corson
 L. Poeschl, Willibald
 Pollard, Ernest B.
 Pollard, Olive M. (now Southall)
 Pollock, Bessie (now Commoner)
 Pontefract, Jane H.
 Poole, W. Hubert
 Pope, Frank
 A. Pope, Frederick Jones
 Pope, Mildred K.
 Aus. Popper, Edith
 A. Potts, Thomas C.
 Powell, Alfred H.
 Powicke, Gertrude M. (died 1919)
 Pratt, Elizabeth
 A. Pratt, Henry S.
 L. Pratt, Rowland
 Presslie, Dorothy G.
 A. Preston, Edmund Curtis
 A. Preston, Mary C.
 A. Price, Mabel
 A. Price, Marian
 Price, Reginald C.
 A. Price, William Webb
 Priestman, Bernard
 Priestman, Bryan
 L. Priestman, H. Brady (died, date uncertain)
 Priestman, Joan (now Ray)
 Pritchard, Eric A. B.
 Procter, G. Dorothy M.
 Procter, Janet
 Procter, Helen G.
 Proctor, Dr. Ruth
 Pugh, Maud
 Pumphrey, Aubyn H. (died 1918)
 Pumphrey, Christine K. (now Taylor)
 Pumphrey, Esther Mary
 A. Purdy, Alexander
 Pye, Edith M.
 Pye, Ethel
 Pye-Smith, Desmond E.
 Pyott, Keith M. R.
 A. Quigg, Eugene Kramer
 A. Quimby, Dorothy Katherine (now Peaslee)
 Quinn, John Henry, Jr.
 L. Quinn, May S.
 Rackstraw, Marjorie
 A. Ragsdale, James Willard
 A. Ralston, Elliott Boston
 Ransome, John Alfred (died, date uncertain)
 A. Ratcliff, Alice
 L. Ratliffe, Edith
 A. Ratliffe, Wallis Harvey
 L. Rattray, Margaret
 A. Rawson, Arthur J.
 Ray, Winifred M.
 Rayner, Doris L.
 Rear, May
 A. Redick, William Rawlins
 A. Reece, Gurney B.
 A. Reed, Roger Everett
 Reed, Tom
 L. Rees, Catherine M.
 L. Rees, David
 Rees, Mary T.
 A. Reichert, William Kenneth
 Renton, Sara
 Reynolds, A. Malcolm
 A. Reynolds, Ethel
 Reynolds, Margaret Awmack
 A. Reynolds, Leroy Willard
 A. Rhoads, Charles James
 A. Rhoads, Lillie F.
 A. Rhoads, J. Edgar
 Rhys, Myvanwy
 Rhys, Olwen
 F. Richard, Suzanne A.
 A. Richards, Clarinda
 Richards, May Brinsley
 Richardson, Alfred B.
 Richardson, Cedric T.
 Richardson, Helena

- A. Richardson, Hubert T.
 L. Rickman, Caroline A.
 Rickman, Dr. John
 A. Ricks, Richard Arnold
 A. Ridpath, James Weaver (died 1924)
 Rigg, T. Theodore
 Riley, George William
 L. Ripper, Thomas A.
 Rissik, Apollonia E.
 F. Rives, Madeleine
 Robb, Jane
 Roberts, Dr. Adeline
 Roberts, Alfred
 A. Roberts, Anna Wilkins
 Roberts, Betty
 Roberts, Charles D.
 Roberts, Christina H. (now Wood)
 L. Roberts, Edward G.
 A. Roberts, Christopher
 Roberts, Eric W.
 Roberts, Vere
 Robinson, Charles H.
 Robinson, Margaret S.
 Robinson, Haldane M.
 Robinson, Henry J.
 Robinson, Dr. Joseph
 Robinson, Rosemary
 L. Robinson, Thomas
 Robinson, William Arthur
 Rodgers, Eva
 Rodwell, John P.
 Rogers, Clara C.
 A. Rogers, Joseph Walton
 A. Rogers, Margaret G.
 A. Root, Edward Merrill
 A. Root, Esther Sayles
 L. Roote, Lilian
 Rose, Alan W.
 Rose, Jeanie A.
 L. Rosebottom, Alfred S.
 A. Ross, Curtis Orville
 A. Ross, Huldah
 Ross, Mary G.
 A. Ross, Robert Frank
 Rothney, Constance
 F. Rott, Jeanne
 F. Rouffiac, Elizabeth
 F. Roux, Hélène
 Rowe, Helen R.
 L. Rowntree, Allan
 Rowntree, A. John
 Rowntree, A. Claude
 Rowntree, Ernest W.
 L. Rowntree, Fred
 L. Rowntree, Freda (now Harris)
 Rowntree, Howard D.
 Rowntree, Joan H. (now Boardman)
 Rowntree, Kathleen (now Fincken)
 Rowntree, Mary (now Thomas)
 L. Rowntree, Maurice L.
 L. Rowntree, Nora S.
 Rowntree, Olive H.
 F. Roze, Yvonne
 Ruddock, Mabel D.
 A. Rush, Loretta Olive
 A. Russell, Dr. Antoinette
 Russell, Louise
 A. Russell, Luther
 A. Russell, Mary Talcott
 A. Russell, Parvin Masters
 A. Rutledge, Ralph Merrill
 A. Rutt, Walter N.
 Rutter, Agnes Mary (now Moreton)
 Rutter, Dorothy
 Rutter, Francis Burchett
 Rutter, W. Farley
 Sackur, Margaret R.
 A. Sager, Carlton E.
 Sainsbury, Dorothy
 F. St. Vite, J. L. André
 Sampson, Lucy
 A. Santmier, Arthur
 Sargeant, Alberta N.
 A. Satterthwaite, Charles L.
 A. Satterthwaite, Margaret E.
 L. Savary, Peter J.
 A. Saylors, Clifford Ray
 Scanlan, Hilda Mary (now Hobson)
 A. Scattergood, Alfred
 A. Scattergood, Henry J.
 A. Scattergood, Margaret
 A. Scattergood, Maria Chase
 A. Scherer, Henriette (now Gräber)
 A. Schmoe, Floyd Wilfred
 A. Schnieder, Paul
 A. Schoonover, Milo Merton
 Schor, Pauline
 D. Schummelketel, Ida

- | | | | |
|----|----------------------------------|----|---|
| L. | Schuster, Hilda | A. | Smith, A. Clark |
| | Scott, Frances Alice | A. | Smith, Alan Gerald |
| A. | Scott, Mildred | | Smith, Charles Turley |
| A. | Seaman, Dr. Emily | | Smith, Christina |
| | Secret, Robert | | Smith, Constance |
| L. | Seed, Grace | | Smith, David H. |
| L. | Seekings, Dr. Sophia (now Friel) | | Smith, Douglas B. |
| F. | Segond, Suzanne (now Morel) | L. | Smith, Ernest T. |
| L. | Selby, William A. | | Smith, George L. |
| A. | Senger, Mrs. August | A. | Smith, Greta |
| | Service, M. Dorothy L. | L. | Smith, James A. |
| | Seward, Dorothy (now Walton) | A. | Smith, James Bennett, Jr. |
| | Sewell, Joseph K. | A. | Smith, Jessica K. (now Ware) |
| L. | Sharman, Joseph H. | L. | Smith, Margaret Ford |
| | Sharp, Frederick J. | | Smith, Margaret J. |
| | Sharp, Evelyn | L. | Smith, Maud B. |
| L. | Sharp, Isaac (died 1917) | A. | Smith, Ralph Philips |
| A. | Sharpless, Francis Parvin | L. | Smith, Richard Ford |
| | Shaw, Frank | A. | Smith, Walter Eugene |
| | Shaw, Mary | A. | Smith, Walter Henry |
| | Shaw, Raymond | A. | Smith, Warren Marion |
| | Sheffield, M. Edith | | Smith, William Kenneth (died 1915) |
| | Sheldon, Gladys M. | A. | Smucker, Vernon Jonathan |
| | Sheldon, Robert A. | A. | Snively, Ralph William |
| | Sherlicker, Lucy Elizabeth | D. | Snoop, Elizabeth (now Horsnail) |
| | Shewell, Mildred E. | A. | Snyder, Donald B. |
| | Shewell, Miriam | A. | Solt, Guy Wilbur |
| | Shewell, Wilfred | | Soltau, Irene C. |
| A. | Shipley, Elizabeth T. | | Soltau, Roger H. |
| | Shipway, Enid P. | A. | Somerville, Katherine Irene |
| A. | Shoemaker, Lester Burton | A. | Sommer, Albert John |
| A. | Shore, B. Clyde | A. | Sommer, Charles E. |
| A. | Shore, Marvin Henderson | | Southall, M. Gwen (now Catchpool) |
| A. | Shrigley, Arthur | A. | Southworth, William B. |
| | Shrimpton, Lillian G. | | Spalding, Kate |
| A. | Sibley, Edward Abbot | A. | Speakman, Janet |
| | Sidgwick, Margaret | A. | Speakman, Martha T. (now Wood) |
| | Sidgwick, Rose (died 1918) | A. | Speer, John Henry |
| | Sidney, Alex. M. | | Spenser, Ella S. |
| | Sidwell, Rennie | A. | Spicer, R. Barclay (died, date uncertain) |
| A. | Simmonds, Emily Louise | L. | Spinks, Florence |
| A. | Simms, Gertrude E. | | Splett, Alfred Ernest |
| | Simpson, Agnes A. | L. | Splett, Arthur E. |
| A. | Simpson, Andrew | L. | Splett, William E. |
| | Simpson, Ethel | A. | Springer, George Oscar |
| | Skinner, Margaret Grace | A. | Sprunger, Clifton H. |
| P. | Skipworth, Margaret G. | A. | Stabler, Henry |
| | Skoracjewski, Ladislas | L. | Stackhouse, Gertrude E. |
| | Slattery, Maud S. | | |
| | Smallwood, Philip | | |
| A. | Smaltz, Alfred G. | | |

- A. Stahly, Ernest Irving
 A. Standing, Alfred Edwin
 A. Standing, Arthur Charles
 Standing, Susan G.
 A. Stanislawsky, James
 A. Stanley, A. May
 L. Stanton, Harry
 L. Stanton, Mary L.
 Stanyon, Herbert
 Staveley, May C.
 Steel, Frederick
 A. Steer, James Wilson
 A. Steere, Isaac Thomas
 A. Stemen, Robert Montel
 A. Stephens, Daniel Owen
 Stephens, John S.
 A. Stephens, Drn. Walter C.
 Aus. Sternberg, Baroness Alex.
 Sterling, Mary Jean
 L. Stevens, Fred G.
 Stevens, Henry C.
 A. Stevick, Mary Ellen
 L. Stoddart, Emily
 A. Stolzhus, Eli
 Stott, Henry B.
 A. Stouffer, Mahlon C.
 A. Stout, Ruth I.
 A. Strater, Henry Hyacinth
 Streatfeild, Granville E. S.
 Stricker, Louise
 A. Strong, Anna Louise
 Sturge, Evelyn
 Sturge, Paul D.
 A. Sturgis, Mabel R.
 Sutton, Etienne John
 A. Swanson, John Emel
 L. Swinburne, Mrs.
 Swithinbank, Gertrude E.
 Sykes, Joseph J.
 Sykes, Sarah
 A. Taggart, Lester Samuel
 A. Tamplin, Harry Edward
 Tanner, John W.
 Tarr, R. Lawrence
 Tarver, Mary E.
 Tatlock, Robert R.
 A. Tatnall, Ashton Richardson
 Tattersall, John
 A. Tatum, David Scull
 A. Tatum, Julianna R.
 A. Tatum, Dr. Mary B. M.
 A. Tatum, Oliver P.
 Tawell, Theodore
 Tawell, Thomas E.
 Taylor, Bernard D.
 A. Taylor, Jeannie Lydia
 A. Taylor, Dr. Marianna
 Taylor, Dr. Millicent
 A. Taylor, Richard Robb
 A. Taylor, Robert G. and Mrs.
 Taylor, Robert C.
 A. Teague, Charles M.
 Tebbutt, Charles Fred
 Tebbutt, E. Hope Mary
 Tebbutt, Gladys Mary
 L. Terrell, A. Mabel
 L. Tester, George
 A. Thatcher, Dr. Harvey S.
 Theakstone, Martha
 Theobald, Geraldine
 Theobald, Ronald F.
 A. Thom, William Taylor, Jr.
 A. Thomas, Alice S. B.
 A. Thomas, Anna B.
 A. Thomas, Bevan W.
 A. Thomas, Cleaver Shoemaker
 A. Thomas, Lester Ralston
 A. Thomasson, Walter C.
 L. Thomasson, Elizabeth L.
 A. Thomasson, Elwood D.
 L. Thompson, Doris (now Hinde)
 Thompson, Eric Hall
 Thompson, Eric Ruskin
 Thompson, F. Longstreth
 L. Thompson, Florence M.
 Thompson, Helen G.
 Thompson, John
 Thompson, Rebecca
 A. Thornburg, Russell Wright
 Thorp, Arthur George
 Thorp, James
 Thorp, Margaret S. (now
 Watts)
 Tillard, Violet (died 1922)
 Tillie, Moira (now Jones)
 A. Timbres, Harry
 A. Titcomb, William Caldwell
 Tod, Harriet E.
 Todd, J. Hall
 L. Tolson, Annie
 A. Tomlinson, Morris Noah
 A. Tomlinson, Robert K.
 Toms, Edith Pierce
 A. Toplitz, Frances B.
 A. Tostenson, Frederick Oscar
 Tottenham, Percy M.

- | | | | |
|-----|--------------------------------------|-----|---------------------------------------|
| A. | Tow, James Oliver | | Walton, John |
| L. | Towers, A. E. | | Ware, Henry Arnold |
| | Townend, Gertrude | L. | Ward, H. Montague |
| A. | Townsend, Augusta | A. | Ward, Paul A. |
| | Tozer, Emma M. | A. | Ward, Alfred Raymond |
| L. | Tracy, S. Thornhill | A. | Ware, Willard Hadley |
| L. | Trapnell, Arthur L. | | Warner, Nora Elizabeth (now Marriage) |
| A. | Traviss, Jay Coleman | | Warren, Frances Mary |
| A. | Treadway, Clay A. C. | A. | Warren, Luther E. |
| | Trevelyan, Robert C. | L. | Waterfall, Theodore |
| | Trew, Harold F. | | Watkins, Gwladys |
| | Trouton, Eileen G. | | Watson, Alfred E. |
| A. | Tucker, Harold Mark | L. | Watson, Hubert |
| | Tupholme, Alice Mary (now Friedrich) | | Watts, Arthur |
| | Turnell, Eleanor G. | | Watts, Ashton |
| | Turner, Elsie | | Watts, Ethel A. (now Dungan) |
| | Tylecote, Florence E. | | Watts, Frank |
| | Ubsdell, Ethel H. (now Fryer) | | Watts, Leonard C. |
| A. | Underwood, Byron E., Jr. | | Watts, Renshaw |
| | Unthank, Herbert W. | | Watts, William |
| A. | Urban, Leigh Roy | A. | Way, Robert Frank |
| A. | Vail, Alfred C. | L. | Webb, Dr. Helen (died 1926). |
| A. | Vail, Edwin Holloway | | Webb, Maria (died, date uncertain) |
| A. | Vail, Helen (now Rhoads) | A. | Webb, William |
| A. | Van Gieson, Ito A. | | Webber, Arthur A. |
| | Vernon, Margery | | Webster, Arthur B. |
| | Vickers, Wilfred | A. | Webster, Edward Lownes |
| | Vine, Barbara | | Webster, Margaret A. |
| A. | Vlaskamp, Arend Michael | | Wedderburn, Betty |
| A. | Vlaskamp, Stephen P. | | Weeks, Ernest S. |
| A. | Votaw, Ernest N. | A. | Weightman, John Wallace |
| | Vulliamy, Grace C. | A. | Weightman, William Bailey |
| | Vulliamy, Violet | A. | Weil, Ethelynde |
| | Wackrill, Ellen G. | A. | Weir, Mary Alice |
| | Wadsworth, Kathleen | | Weir, William |
| A. | Waggener, Leroy George | | Weiss, Charles |
| | Waley, Rhoda F. | | Welch, Gregory |
| | Walker, Ethel K. | | Wellman, Fred J. |
| | Walker, Harold L. | | Wells, Annie R. |
| Aa. | Walker, Martin Frederick | L. | Wells, George J. |
| | Walker, Fred | A. | Wells, George Ronald |
| A. | Walker, Sydnor H. | Aa. | Wells, Hugh |
| | Wallis, Arthur T. | | West, Edward G. |
| L. | Wallis, Edith | | West, Harold E. |
| | Wallis, Sidney T. | A. | West, Miriam |
| | Walls, Leonard | | Westlake, Aubrey T. |
| L. | Walsh, James | | Weston, Henry P. |
| | Walmsley, Charles | A. | Wetherald, Alfred Edwin |
| | Walmsley, Cyril | A. | Wetherald, Samuel |
| A. | Walser, Frank Emil | | Wetherall, Clara E. |
| | Walton, Arthur | | |
| A. | Walton, Dorothy | | |

- Wetherall, F. Herbert
 Wharton, Gregory
 Wharton, Margaret
 Wheeldon, William M.
 Whitaker, Kathleen M. S.
 A. Whittall, William Henry B.
 White, Dorothy E. (now Webb)
 L. White, Ellen
 A. White, Esther M. (now Rigg)
 A. White, Frances Mary
 White, Godfrey M.
 A. White, Headley Stapler
 White, L. Dorice
 Whitelegge, Margaret Anne
 A. Whiteley, Paul Leroy
 A. Whiteley, Ralph Edwin
 Whiting, Dorothy (now Price)
 Whiting, Mildred
 L. Whiting, William
 Whitlow, J. Penrose
 A. Whitney, Charles L.
 A. Whitson, Esther M.
 A. Whitson, Thomas Barclay
 L. Whitwell, Raymond
 L. Whitehorn, Alan D.
 Whyte, Evelyn
 Wicksteed, Alexander
 Wigham, J. Cuthbert
 A. Wild, George Henry
 Wildblood, Marjorie S.
 L. Wilde, Elizabeth M.
 A. Wildman, Alvin E.
 A. Wildman, Walter Edmund
 Wilkins, Dr. Arthur G.
 Wilkinson, Cicely E.
 L. Wilkinson, George E.
 L. Wilkinson, John
 Williams, Edith Theodora
 A. Williams, Emma T. R.
 Williams, Harold
 Williams, Harry B. (died 1917)
 A. Williams, Jonathan C.
 Williams, Kate A.
 A. Williams, L. Griswold
 Williams, Minnie
 Williams, Ruby (now Morgan)
 Willison, Jenny (now Hitler)
 A. Willits, Clarence Cecil
 P. Willman, Tadeuz
 Willmore, Charles F.
 L. Willott, Olga
 Wilson, Alice U. M.
 Wilson, Amy Berta
 Wilson, Elsie D.
 Wilson, Francesca M.
 Wilson, George
 L. Wilson, Rt. Hon. J. W.
 Wilson, Kathleen
 Wilson, W. Maurice (died 1925)
 Wiltshire, Harry L.
 L. Winchester, Alfred
 Winders, Ernest G. J.
 A. Winslow, Amy
 A. Winslow, Charles Donald
 A. Winslow, Earle Micajah
 A. Winslow, J. Raymond
 A. Winslow, Leonard F.
 A. Winston, John Clark, Jr.
 Winter, Ella
 G. Wirth, Irmgard (now Taylor)
 Witherington, Florence (died 1922)
 L. Wolfram, Dr. William Henry
 A. Wohlfahrt, Bertha S.
 L. Wohlfahrt, Rosa (now Splett)
 A. Wood, Carolena M.
 Wood, Donald
 Wood, E. Maurice
 L. Wood, Frank
 Wood, Henrietta M.
 L. Wood, Herbert
 A. Wood, Gerald Haworth
 Wood, H. Steer
 L. Wood, Jessie A.
 A. Wood, Laura Lenora
 L. Wood, Marie (died, date uncertain)
 A. Wood, Raymond Vincent
 A. Wood, Richard Reeve
 Woodall, John Edward
 Woodhouse, Frederick E.
 Woodhouse, Ida
 A. Woods, Roy C.
 Woods, William James
 Woods, Joseph and Madge
 Woolmer, Frank P.
 Woolmer, Mrs. Frank P. (died 1917)
 Worsdell, Margaret
 Wray, Maxwell H.
 Wren, Sister E.
 Wright, Charles B.
 Wright, Dorothy M. (now Morgan)

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| A. Wright, Edward Needles | A. Yoder, Solomon |
| Wright, Herbert | Yorkston, Wilhelmina |
| A. Wright, Lester B. | A. Young, Cornelia |
| A. Wright, Noah Valentine | Young, Lois C. P. (now Trew) |
| Wright, Phyllis M. | Young, Monica G. |
| A. Yarnall, Howard E. J. | A. Young, Wilmer J. |
| A. Yarnall, D. Robert | A. Zachary, Jonathan T. |
| L. Yates, Dora | A. Zavitz, Edwin C. |
| Yates, Florence A. | Aus. Zimmerl, Roman |
| Yeoman, Gilbert S. | A. Zimmerman, John S. |
| Yeomans, Joyce E. | F. Zipper, Madeleine |
| A. Yoder, Floyd | A. Zook, John D. |

*(Additions or corrections to this list will be gratefully received
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